

FDC 63500

HUSTLER®

DEFYING THE ODDS

MAY 1986 \$3.95

**EYEWITNESS
ACCOUNT:
'MARILYN WAS
MURDERED'**

**38 PAGES OF
THE HOTTEST
WOMEN
IN PRINT**

**EXPLICIT
READER
LETTERS**

**X-FILMS'
MOST
RESPECTED
REVIEWS**



WARNING: Material of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors, and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it or place orders for merchandise offered herein.

VCA
Pictures
A DIVISION OF VCA LABS, INC.

It's no *Secret* anymore

Candida Royalle
and
Femme
PRODUCTIONS

Proudly
Announce Their
Springtime Love Story

"An idea whose time has come."

—PENTHOUSE

"Heavy on romance and erotic fantasy."

—HUSTLER

Adult video used to be a man's world. That is, until Candida Royalle created a whole new kind of erotica with **FEMME**. Now, after the unprecedented success of **FEMME** and **URBAN HEAT**, comes **CHRISTINE'S SECRET**. Join four loving couples as they check into a charming country inn for the weekend—and get back to nature in a most intimate way. Real lovers sharing real desires.

RATED X • IN COLOR

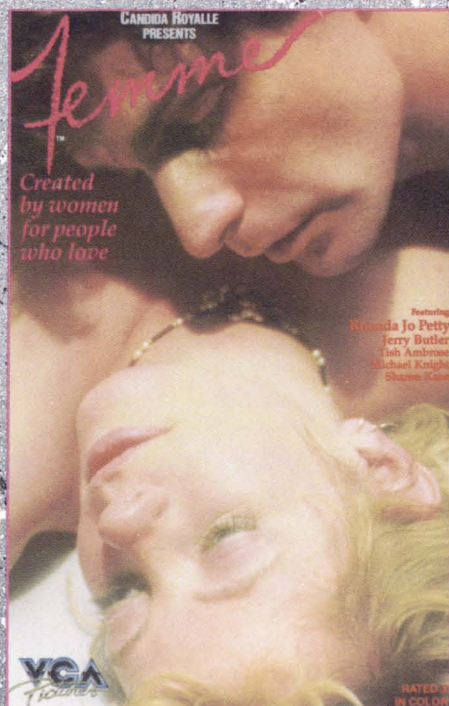
EACH FILM ONLY
\$59 PLUS \$3
SHIPPING
& HANDLING
Full Color Adult
Catalog Only \$3

Dealer Inquiries Accepted
Visa/MC Accepted

SEND TO: VCA PICTURES
9333 Oso Ave. Dept. HU5-6B
Chatsworth, CA 91311-6089

Toll Free 1-800-458-4338
In California 1-818-993-5858

SEE COUPON ON PAGE 25

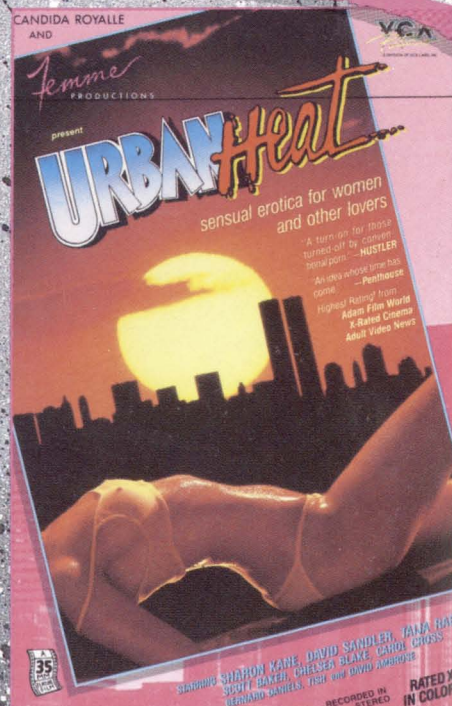


NOW AVAILABLE

Springtime is for
lovers... and so is



Taija Rae, Carol Cross, Jake West
Chelsea Blake, George Payne, Joey Silvera
AVAILABLE IN APRIL 1986



NOW AVAILABLE

HUSTLER®

VOLUME 12 NUMBER 11

may

5 Feedback

9 Hot Letters

13 Bits and Pieces *Swine Cooler, Haley's Comet . . . and More.*
Edited by Lonn M. Friend

19 HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment



26 Jonelle: Rooftop Rendezvous
Photography by James Baes

36 'Marilyn Was Murdered'
Eyewitness Account by James E. Hall

42 Billie: Fruit of Her Loins
Photography by James Baes

52 Muffy: An American Original
Centerfold Photography by James Baes

64 HUSTLER Humor

66 Executive Sweet *Fiction by Walter Francis*

72 Bolts From the Blue *Photography by Matti Klatt*

87 Beaver Hunt *Quim and Quiver*

93 Bring Back Dick! *Ad and Personality Parody*



IMPROVE YOUR VIEWS!

At last! An Honest Guide to Adult Video!



If you're a home viewer of adult video-cassettes, you've probably got some questions about the current crop of carnal vids. HUSTLER'S EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE will answer them all, plus questions like these: Do you want the poop on Hyapatia Lee's anal activity? Or the secret of Little Oral Annie's deep-throat technique? What adult classics are on video? HUSTLER'S EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE fills you in on those topics and more. This brand-new bimonthly offers the following dynamite features:

- ★ Honest, right-on photo-illustrated reviews of XXX-cassettes.
 - ★ Sizzling interviews with your favorite porn stars.
 - ★ Explicit photos and a porn-star layout.
 - ★ Juicy inside gossip from the porn industry.
 - ★ Informative articles!
- Make your video viewing count.
Pick up a copy at your favorite newsstand or use the handy order form below.

HUSTLER'S EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE
Flynt Subscription Company Inc.
P.O. Box 67068
Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944

HUSTLER'S EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE

_____ issues @ \$3.95 each, totaling \$ _____
Postage and handling (\$1 per copy) \$ _____
TOTAL \$ _____

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO F.S.C. INC.

CGRHE

Interbank No.		Exp. Date	
		mo.	year

All magazines delivered in unmarked wrappers.
Please allow 6 to 8 weeks to process your order.
Sorry, no Canadian orders can be accepted.

HUSTLER®

HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.

LARRY FLYNT
editor and publisher
ALTHEA FLYNT
co-publisher
TIM CONAWAY
executive editor
JAMES BAES
director of photography
N. MORGEN HAGEN
managing editor
BILL SKURSKI
art director
CATHERINE DOYLE
photo editor
DWAINE TINSLEY
SUSAN TINSLEY
humor and cartoon editors
LONN M. FRIEND
senior editor
DOUG OLIVER
entertainment editor
ALLAN MacDONELL
copy chief
MICHAEL HEIMOWITZ
research director

MIKE FERRIS, MICHAEL LEVINE,
MICHAEL DIGREGORIO, *associate editors*;
RICK WOODS, *copy editor*; DEAN BRIERLY,
associate copy editor; RUTH WAYTZ, *researcher*;
LIZ OTOS, *editorial assistant*

ART

FRANK MORRIS, LAURA MORRISON,
MICHIO TSUZUKI, CRAIG JONES,
GLENDA LEWIS, MELISSA SIMPSON,
associate art directors; DON GILBERT, *chief*
typographer; DEANNA PARKER, MILLIE
STROM, *typographers*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MATTI KLATT, CLIVE McLEAN, LADI VON
JANSKY, *senior photographers*; RALPH
FOWLER, *production designer*; KEN
DeMARTINES, *associate production designer*;
CLAUDIA ARIAS, *talent coordinator*

PRODUCTION

DONNA HAHNER, *production manager*

ADVERTISING

ELIZABETH STAGNITTA, *advertising*
director, (213) 556-9200

The U.S. Edition of HUSTLER MAGAZINE (ISSN-0149-4635) is published monthly by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC., 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Advertising inquiries: 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Copyright © 1986 by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to HUSTLER will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to HUSTLER's right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons and places in fiction in this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photographs posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photographs, nor the words used to describe them, are meant to depict the models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

HUSTLER MAY 1986 VOLUME 12 NUMBER 11

Single copy, U.S. Edition \$3.95, International Edition \$4.95 (add \$1 postage per copy). For subscription information see page 8—sorry, no Canadian subscription orders accepted. Change of Address: Six weeks advance notice, and old address as well as the new are necessary. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to HUSTLER MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944. Controlled-circulation postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. HUSTLER is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC. The International Edition of HUSTLER MAGAZINE is published monthly by IZ, LTD., P.O. Box 1803, Grand Cayman, B.W.I., with permission of HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.

Cover photo by James Baes

Please Print

Name _____

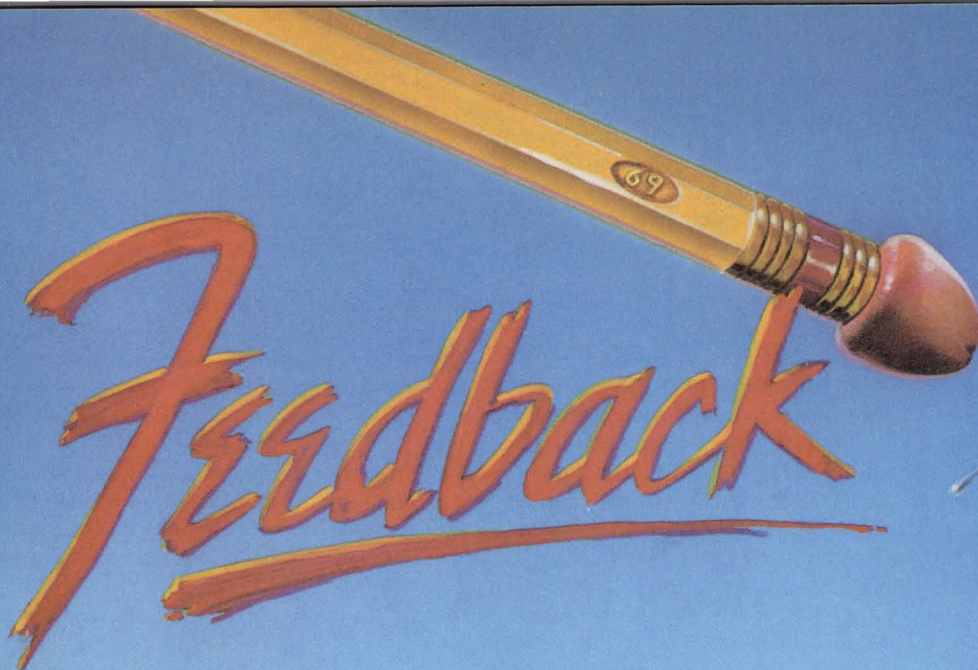
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature (I am 18 years of age) _____

Date _____

Phone Number (Include Area Code) _____



BEACH-BABE BOOTY:

Thanks for the gritty presentation of *Sandy: Life's a Beach* in your March '86 issue. That close-up of her cooze from the rear—shit, goddamn! And that little pixie bends every which way!

Keep these fine prime honeys coming our way, and you'll keep me buying your No. 1 mag!

—Doug C.
Berkeley, California

HONEST LESBO LOWDOWN:

Finding *Confessions of a Teenage Lesbian* in your March '86 issue, I expected to see a tailored-to-fantasy piece done by a man under a pen name and was instead delighted to discover Susie Bright's byline. As usual, she lived up to her name, being friendly, funny and informative. Her column in *On Our Backs* is a good source of true information on female sexuality for those who don't share the prim, middle-class outlook and bias of Drs. Ruth and Toni Grant.

If Susie, Debi and the rest at *OOB* aren't careful, they might replace the image of lesbians as hostile, ugly, antisex women.

I make it a point not to annoy dedicated dykes (butch bi's are another case), but in answer to Susie's implied "query" (no pun intended), I suspect the popularity of lesbians is due to their assumption of the burdens of sexuality and their relative freedom from manipulation and game-playing—in a word, their comparative honesty.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

DEADBEAT READERS:

Larry Flynt, you're a real fucked-up dude! You probably don't have the balls to print this! Your magazine is definitely a medley of chicken-chokin', fist-fuckin' filth! The reason for the letter is to remark on *Colleen: Brassy Bitch* (February '86). You've covered and uncovered ma-

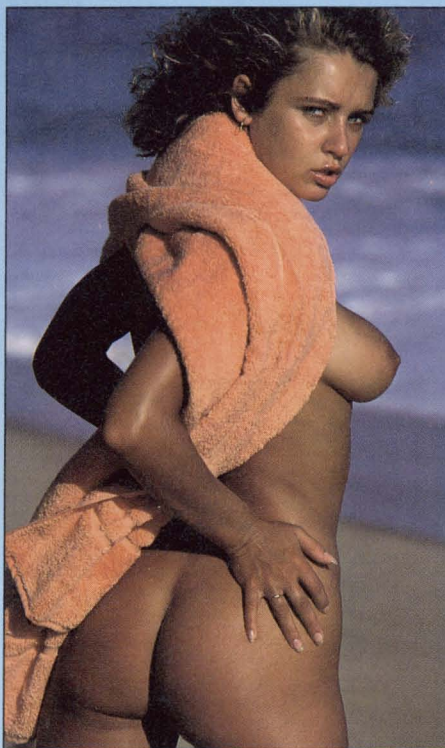
ture women, full-figured women, even hair-covered women! This is gr-e-e-e-at! Now Colleen! When her eyes are shut, she looks as dead as a smelt! You and the HUSTLER staff have always got a dirty trick up your sleeves! Keep up the good, honest work.

—J. S. and J. J.
Costa Mesa, California

LORDING IT OVER US:

As a first-time buyer of HUSTLER Magazine, I was quite impressed with the February '86 cover-shot of Traci Lords. It sold me! Doug Oliver's up-front and personal interview with Traci was very interesting as well as informative. Her pictures weren't bad either!!

—E. L.
East Chicago, Indiana



Sandy: Life's a Beach

Regarding your February '86 profile of porn star Traci Lords: Gentlemen, you jest! Traci Lords is one of the most boring personalities in X-rated movies today or ever. She's laughably phony in her scenes, a terrible actress, and her ridiculous love screams were aptly described by one of your own reviewers as those of "a pack mule being butt-fucked by a horny prospector." Traci's got a very nice body, but tits and ass are not enough. Come on, HUSTLER! We guys have to put up with too many dumb bimbos in everyday life without having to read all about them in the pages of America's top men's magazine.

—G. N.
Yonkers, New York

This letter concerns your February '86 issue, specifically your layout and interview with porn star Traci Lords. She is my No. 2 favorite porn star. I say that because Christy Canyon is No. 1 with me. I would very much like to see an 11-page layout and interview with her. You can do it for Traci; why not Christy?

—C. C.
Winchester, Virginia

We consider all requests, and Christy's certainly a major-league contender; so keep your eyes open. HUSTLER's comprehensive close-ups of leading pornstars is all part of our modern coverage.

AFTERSHOCK:

Congratulations to Roderick Thorp on his very on-target report *Earthquake: The Death of Los Angeles* (January '86). As a

native Californian, I read his account with extreme interest, but I must point out one oversight.

Thorp notes inadequate building codes and unheeded warnings to the local government as partial causes of potential devastation. I would like to add public apathy as a major cause of death. For years, experts have warned us about the "big shake." Every year, local emergency services conduct comprehensive disaster drills publicized by local news media to bring the problem back into the public eye. Most people still seem to refuse to make preparations that would save their lives when the major quake finally comes. I know of people who aren't even able to cope with a flat tire, let alone an earthquake. So, to all my fellow Californians who can't or won't get ready to help themselves, good luck. You'll need it.

-T. L.
Lakeport, California

BEAUTY OF BEAVERS:

Rene, Rene, Rene! What do we have to do to see more of Rene from Detroit (January '86 *Beaver Hunt*)? That Motor City lady is all we talk about now. We'd love to see more big women exposed in your magazine. You guys are still No. 1.

-The Guys From Anaheim
Anaheim, California

I am writing to say "good choice" on putting Luanna from Jacksonville, Florida, in your January '86 *Beaver Hunt*. She works as a topless dancer at the biggest club in Jacksonville, and the lady is hot! Everybody who has seen her incredible body would love to see Luanna in *HUSTLER*.

-W. C.
Jacksonville, Florida

FILM BUFFS:

Being a big fan of *HUSTLER*, I always like the film and video reviews. Most people like myself either rent or purchase an adult film. But it's about time to get rid of the Neanderthals of porn, such as Ron Jeremy. He might have 10+ inches, but talk about an ugly body and dick. And how about teenie wienie Jerry Butler, always in an anal scene—it's so small, most women don't feel it. Harry Reems needs to retire to Social Security and a rocking chair! And what about the so-called sex goddesses, like Vanessa Del Rio? A director would have to be cheap to hire that Cuban-looking bitch! Seka, now that has got to be the oldest has-been cunt in pictures, next to Marilyn Chambers.

These are just a few examples. Let's see more new stars, such as Ginger Lynn, Rambone, Traci Lords, Amber Lynn and Christy Canyon.

-J. C.
Harahan, Louisiana

I have been reading *HUSTLER* for a few years now, and for the past few months I have been seeing black porn stars in videos. I have always had a dream of seeing myself in a porn movie. I told my friends about my dreams, and they said, "Sometimes dreams do come true." It would be so thrilling to be given a chance to act in an adult movie, making love to some of those beautiful ladies. Would you please give me information about getting into adult movies?

-G. W.
Brooklyn, New York

I have been a reader of your magazine for years. I would like to know when you are going to do an interview with porn star Vanessa Del Rio, or if I have missed an issue with her in it. Thanks.

-H. C.
Henderson, North Carolina

I have a simple request. How about running an update pictorial-listing of the porn stars now working? Since names like Jessie St. James, Lisa DeLeeuw and Jamie Gillis have taken a backseat to stars like Traci Lords, Amber Lynn and Peter North, I'd like a good reference source on what these stars look like and what they're offering. It sure helps when selecting a porn flick at the store!

-J. C.
New York, New York

For the latest updates on the old guard and the new, who's hot and who's not, check out both HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment in this magazine, and the new HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. The premiere issue, on sale now, offers the article "Breaking Into X-Rated Films." An interview with Vanessa Del Rio appears in the July '86 edition, on sale April 29.

CARTOON CUTS & CHEERS:

I wish you would wake up to the fact that you are severely compromising the quality of your magazine with your constant tasteless "humor." I firmly believe that without this negative aspect, *HUSTLER* would be very erotic and a good buy. There is nothing wrong with sexual portrayals, and we must fight to keep our freedoms. Porn is great fun!

It's just a shame you ruin your image by combining blood, death, rape, shit and generally vile comics with the beauty and hot lust. You probably think the controversy brings higher revenues, and your past success certainly indicates that you are doing something right. I'll wager, however, that your subscriptions and sales would skyrocket if you made an effort to keep the pretty women, etc., but showed some taste in your humor.

-Dave
Santa Barbara, California

I've been a fan of *HUSTLER* for ten years. You always manage to have very

(continued on page 118)

MAY *HUSTLER*

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$50 TO G.R., HALIFAX, N.S., CANADA

Pastel
SERIES

JONATHAN BURROUGHS'

Material

girl

**SHE CAN
BE HAD!
SHE CAN
BE BAD!**

**ALL IT
TAKES
IS
MONEY!
(LOTS OF IT!)**



starring

**NINA HARTLEY
SHANNA
McCULLOUGH
ANGEL KELLY**

with

**JERRY BUTLER
FRANCOIS
PAPILLON
JOEY SILVERA**

and introducing

JULES ST. CLOUD

VIDCO
The VIDEO COMPANY

**ORDER DIRECTLY FROM
PLEASUREMART**

**17029 DEVONSHIRE ST.
SUITE 155
NORTHRIDGE, CA 91325**



**"A hustler
knows what
he's after!"**

**Give women a break
and wear your T-shirt**

Are you a
"hustler"? Then
give women fair
warning. Tell 'em
you know what you're
after.
Enjoy your way of
life, setting your own
rules, in **HUSTLER**,
the man's magazine.

HUSTLER

T-shirt available in black only.

**Twelve issues of HUSTLER® plus
a free T-shirt for just \$37.50**

Offer expires April 30, 1986

HUSTLER

FLYNT SUBSCRIPTION COMPANY INC.

P.O. Box 67068 • Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944

CGRHH

I want HUSTLER! And I want the free "HUSTLER" T-shirt.

Please check:

- ☐ T-shirt and 12 months of HUSTLER for \$37.50, a \$46.45 value!
Add \$8.00 for foreign order.

T-shirt size:

- ☐ Small
☐ Medium
☐ Large
☐ Extra Large

Please add \$2.00 for shipping and handling
so we can rush your T-shirt to you!
MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO F.S.C. INC.

Enclosed is check or money order for \$ _____
(cash not accepted) or charge to ☐ Visa ☐ MC:

Order additional T-shirts on
separate sheet of paper at
\$8.95 each, plus \$2.00
shipping and handling.
Please indicate sizes
desired.

Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery
of first issue and T-shirt.

SORRY, NO CANADIAN ORDERS
ACCEPTED.
ALL MAGAZINES DELIVERED IN
UNMARKED WRAPPER.
ALL SUBSCRIPTION PRICES SUBJECT
TO CHANGE.

Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date _____
mo. year

Signature (I am over 18 years of age)

Date

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

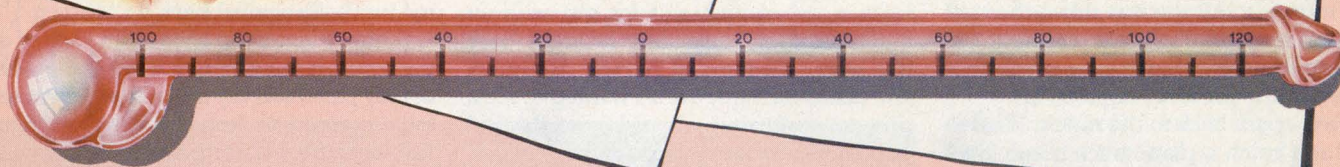
Phone Number (Include Area Code)

**Take a look at us—
for a bargain rate.**

**We'll send you 12 super issues of HUSTLER
Magazine plus a free "HUSTLER" T-shirt for
only \$37.50. The T-shirt is an \$8.95 value
and you are saving \$9.90 off the newsstand
price—a total savings of \$18.85!**



LETTERS



HUMPING COWBOY STYLE

I love anything in the outdoors—camping, riding, hiking, you name it. I think of myself as a real nature girl. So I was thrilled to get a chance last summer to spend a weekend at a dude ranch in Wyoming. It proved to be far more exciting than I'd even imagined.

The first night there, at a get-acquainted barbecue, I spotted a couple of studs I was more than willing to get to know better. There was one in particular, a tall good-looking blond guy named Lee. He was definitely a real cowboy and had all the girls panting after him.

The next morning I signed up for the overnight trail ride and made sure I was in the group that Lee was guiding. Riding behind him in line, my eyes lingered on his easy movement in the saddle, and my pussy tingled. I could almost imagine what it would be like to have his strong hands touching my body. Since he hadn't given any indication of wanting to become friendly, I pushed the thought out of my mind and enjoyed the ride.

When we finally pitched camp, most of the group was tired and sore, but I was feeling pretty good. While everyone was lying around, trying to get the kinks out of their legs, I found a stream nearby and thought it would be a nice idea to go for a swim and wash off some of the trail dust. I peeled off my clothes and dived right in. It sure felt good. I had been swimming for about 15 minutes when I heard a sound behind me. I turned around and saw Lee astride his horse. I was standing in water that barely covered my breasts and could feel his steel-gray eyes going right through me. He wrapped one leg around the saddle horn and said in his slow, easy manner, "You shouldn't wander off by yourself like that. You might get lost. You'd better come out so we can get back to camp."

I told him I'd come out as soon as he turned around so that I could get dressed. It was obvious he had no intention of looking away. Finally, I snapped at

him, "I'm just going to stay here until you turn your back."

"Well, then, I guess I'll just have to come in and get you," he replied, getting off his horse. I turned my back as Lee began to undress, hoping he was just trying to scare me out of the water. Suddenly, I heard a splash behind me. I turned around, but didn't see him anywhere. Then I felt his hands grabbing me and pulling me under the water. I struggled, but he was too strong. He crushed me to



his body and started kissing me with hungry, demanding kisses.

Whipping me up in his arms, Lee carried me to the bank, lay me down and began exploring the rest of my body. He ran his hands down between my legs to caress my hot mound, while planting soft kisses on my breasts and neck. He would suck each nipple while molding the other with his fingers. He had my body begging for more. I felt his stiff manhood pressing against my leg, and my hand found his hard prick and stroked it gently. God, how I wanted it inside me. Lee moved his head between my legs.

"M-m-m, you smell so sweet," he panted, forcing open my cunt lips to lick and tease the pink interior. Just when I

thought he was finally going to fuck me, he picked me up again and carried me over to his horse and sat me down. I thought it was all over, but he climbed into the saddle and swung me up on his lap, facing him. "Now," he said, "I'm going to show you how to fuck cowboy style." With that, he lifted me onto his hard-on. It went in easily for he had me dripping wet. Reaching behind me, he untied the horse, draped the reins over the horn and gave a gentle kick. It started off nice and easy with Lee's cock snug inside my pussy. The natural rhythm of the horse's gait kept Lee's cock sliding in and out of me with ease. God! I never felt anything so exciting! He kept probing my tits and mouth with his tongue while his hands pounded me up and down on his prick with the motion of the horse. I was coming unglued.

With every step of the horse, Lee's cock would go deep, rubbing the very top of my vagina. I would never have thought it possible for him to penetrate so deeply. I grabbed hold of his head and let the sensational feeling take me to heights I had only dreamed of. My legs were beginning to cramp, but I didn't care. I wanted this feeling to go on forever. When I started to come, he stopped the horse and ground his prick that much harder into me. I screamed with all my might so that the whole world would hear me. I thought the top of my head was going to blow off. Lee was moaning softly as he built his rhythm. He slammed me down hard one last time and held me tight as his prick jerked and squirted his love juices inside of me.

Lee shot my pussy so full of his cum, it was overflowing and running down my thighs and all over the saddle. He just held me till our spasms subsided. Then he helped me dismount, and we walked back into the stream to rinse off and relax. We kissed gently and quietly held one another.

"I guess we had better get back to the others," he whispered softly. We dressed and rode back to camp. It seemed no one had missed us.

We returned to the dude ranch the next morning. All the way down the trail the slow gait of the horse rubbing the saddle on my sore snatch gave me a slight encore of the previous night's ride.

After we got back to the ranch, I had to pack and catch a plane back home. So I never got a chance to have a repeat performance with Lee. But I know the first chance I get, I'll return. I can't wait to get back in the saddle again.

—C. C.
North Little Rock, Arkansas

HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

I love the friendly Japanese girls at the whorehouse downtown, dancing all in a loose line in their skimpy bikinis and high



"Lee shot my pussy so full of his cum, it was overflowing and running down my thighs."

heels—or nothing at all, looking at me so sincerely and longingly with big, brown, innocent eyes. They wet their lips and fling their black hair around—each and every one beautiful and tantalizing in her own way. It's not hard at all to stroke my penis as I watch, pretending I'm holding one of them by the hips and ejaculating deep inside her warm twat as she shakes and squirms and teases me unmercifully. Whenever I save enough money and get the chance, I pay a little extra and romp around with one of these beautiful women.

In fact, just last week I was with a cute Japanese girl at a place that charged four bucks to watch an exciting striptease. I

sat alone at a table and ordered a beer from a tall, young, slender girl with an understanding smile. She brought back the beer, introduced herself as Sunny and asked me right off if I wanted to see a private nude show. I said I would and walked beside her to a small, dark room, where she put her hands on my shoulders and gently pushed me into a chair.

She wore a gold, tight-fitting top and a short red skirt, dark nylons and high heels. She looked about 20 or younger. Starting with her back to me, moving her butt around, she barely pulled up her skirt so I could see the tops of her black nylons, a garter belt and some teeny, lacy panties. Watching her shapely hips, buns and long legs exhilarated me so much, I couldn't stand it. I unzipped my pants.

Sunny danced around, facing me, dropped the skirt to the floor and kicked it off to one side. Next, her top came off. She stood in just a bra, panties and heels, all black and so snug and tight-fitting on her delicate body that I wanted to come all over her little tits. I undid the snap of my trousers to better release my throbbing dick. Surely, she was very athletic and health-conscious. I imagined her sprawled out on a bed, asking me, begging me, to fuck her.

In no time at all I was stroking and teasing my penis as she kept up her gyrations—kind of a cross between slow-motion aerobics and erotic striptease. I particularly liked her long, strong legs. I

wanted to feel them wrapping around me, my belly against hers.

Sunny wiggled up to me and yanked at my trousers. In one quick tug she pulled off my pants *and* my underwear. I was totally exposed to her, my dick hard and full, pointing at her. I could see her cunt hair sticking out all around her panties. She suddenly pulled them off and tossed them into my lap. They were warm and fragrant.

I was out of my mind with pleasure. The more Sunny took off, the younger she looked. Her cunt hair was black and silky, her lips large and pink and turned out for me. When she sat on my lap, my tall boner rested against the outside of her twat, rubbing against her pubic hair. She clasped her hands around my neck and touched her forehead to mine, looking right into my eyes, point blank.

I was absolutely overwhelmed with desire. She was so tantalizing that my cock was already storing jism just beneath the tip. I wanted to shoot my load inside Sunny and see her expression when I did. I knew she was a whore; that made her apparent innocence all the more inviting. I let my prick take over, along with that tight, expectant feeling in my gut that I get when I'm involved with something new and exciting.

Sunny gave me the cutest smile and quickly backed off, continuing her sinewy movements as I fished out a \$20 bill from my trousers and handed it to her. She put her back to me, spread her legs and bent over forward, offering me a perfect view of her asshole and cunt lips. She was looking at me upside down, between her legs, her long black hair hanging toward the floor, and a happy smile on her face. No matter what she did, Sunny was always smiling. The view knocked me out. My dork was so hard and under so much erotic pressure that just a sweet glance from her was enough to make it throb. The music was loud and rhythmic and perfect for sex shows. Sunny was right in step with the beat and knew how to make a guy yearn for her body.

Before I knew what was happening, she had nimbly spread apart her pussy lips, straddled my lap and sat down on my rod, her high heels firmly on the floor. Sunny had the wettest, warmest cunt I've ever been in. It was absolutely burning; she must have put something in it. She rose up and down, her bottom cheeks slapping my thighs as I held onto her around her thin waist.

"I knew she was a whore; that made her apparent innocence all the more inviting."



"Fuck me, baby," she whispered into my ear. "Doesn't that feel good?" At the same time she lifted her titties up to my mouth and let me taste the nipples. I kept feeling her squeeze my penis with her vaginal muscles, and she looked me right in the eye as she did it, smiling cutely and seductively all the while.

Well, I was now beyond the point of no return. Sunny was making me feel like a high-school kid having his first fuck. I was thoroughly involved with what I was doing. There's no denying I loved Sunny for those few moments, or at least I loved what she was doing with me. It was only a few more sexy, teasing moments before I started to breathe more sharply, and I tensed up in anticipation of releasing my boiling cum deep within her.

"Do it inside me," she yelled. "Let your cock put that sperm in my pussy!"

The first spurt of my cock was long and forceful, and successive pulsations shook me to my toes. We were both breathing heavily and hanging on to each other. Sunny felt so soft and smooth to me as my dick continued to play out its throbbing inside her pussy.

As I calmed down, she flashed another huge grin. I told her she was fantastic, and she slipped off my dick, then collected her clothes.

Of course, my blond wife knows nothing of my monthly excursions downtown. I try to visit the whorehouse on nights when she's on the rag. But she does won-

der a bit, however, about my recent cravings for sushi. . . .

—D. G.
Los Angeles, California

MY FIRST SPANKING

Several weeks after my 18th birthday I ran away from home when Mom and Pop divorced, and Mom's new "husband," a

225-pound lesbian fork-lift operator, moved in. Her name was Katie, and it was her opinion that I "had been handled with kid gloves when what was needed was hard leather." The strop she used to keep her straight razor sharp was the hard leather she had in mind. It hung in the bathroom by the sink, and every time I saw the thing, I shuddered at the thought of being punished with it. I'd heard that's what was used regularly on kids in the old days. No wonder they didn't party like we do.

One Friday night Mom and Katie went out. I was home alone and did some snooping in their bedroom, where Katie had forbidden me to set foot. But when I looked through her top drawer, I found a jar of lubricant and a dildo with a strap-on harness. It must have been a foot long and as big around as the head of a door-knob. No wonder Mom moaned and squealed so at night. Now I understood the joking references and threats about "Igor" between them and the way Katie referred to Dad as "Shorty."

I also peeked in Katie's underwear drawer to see what size bra it took to halter those humongous jugs I was dying to see: 44EE was the answer. In an envelope in the bottom of the drawer were a stack of color snapshots showing Katie wearing a skimpy bikini and showing off her well-developed muscles during a women's bodybuilding competition. There were also pictures of Katie displaying the hairi-

"I was beyond the point of no return. Sunny was making me feel like a high-school kid having his first fuck."



HOT LETTERS (continued from page 11)

"Katie was standing in the middle of the front yard, holding the razor strop and laughing loudly."

est crotch and belly I'd ever seen on any woman, with breasts that hung like perfectly round targets with big brown bull's-eyes six inches in diameter. She even had hair around her nipples. That hairy belly with the washboard musculature was too much. I dropped my pants to my knees and, holding a picture in my left hand, started whacking off. When I realized I was about to come, I tried to run for the toilet, but was hobbled by my pants. I tripped and made a mess on the white, plush bedroom carpet.

Suddenly, the front door opened, and Mom called my name. I didn't answer as I tried to get the pictures back in the envelope. But I was too late. Katie and Mom were standing in the doorway. Katie walked down the hall to the bathroom without a word and got the strop.

"My carpet!" Mom cried.

"It looks like I won't have to wait for report-card day," I heard Katie say as she came back down the hall, the strop swinging nearly to the floor.

I ran out the door past them and down the stairs, then out the front door. When I looked back over my shoulder, Katie

was standing in the middle of the front yard, holding the razor strop and laughing loudly.

I slept in my friend's car that night and didn't even have enough money to get a bite to eat at McDonald's the next morning. I decided to go back home and try to get Mom to stop Katie from beating me with that thing.

Mom spoke first as they confronted me shoulder to shoulder and blocked me from entering the front door. "Son," she said, "we've decided that if you want to live under our roof, you're going to have to follow our rules or else accept the consequences. You've got to take your licks like a man and show Katie what a brave boy you are and that you're sorry for the terrible thing you did in our room last night."

I was expecting the razor strop, but was surprised to see that she had taken a bundle of willow and hickory branches, each about three feet long, and tied them all together into a frightening-looking rod.

"Take off those pants," Mom ordered with an uncharacteristic firmness I

couldn't argue with. After I stripped naked, I had a full erection I couldn't tame.

"Cover your privates with both hands while I'm switching you so they won't get cut up," Katie ordered during the backswing of the switch. I did as I was told and cried out when the stinging switch tips landed on the back of my thighs. A dozen dark red welts appeared across my legs and ass. The back of my thighs caught fire as I started running around the room, but the large woman moved with the agility of a middle linebacker—and hit just as hard. Wherever I went, she was behind me with that awful switch. It hurt like hell, but my stiff dick throbbed with excitement.

"I'm sorry for going in your room," I cried. "I'm gonna behave."

Katie stopped swinging the switch, and I thought the whipping was finally over. I'd meant it too. I was going to improve my attitude. Then out of nowhere a searing lick landed right across both butt cheeks, and I turned to see Mom with Katie's razor strop. When Mom finished, she made me kneel to kiss the strop. My butt muscles were cramped, and I was covered with welts. Katie sat me down on the couch and let me cry and nuzzle in her big bosoms for a few minutes while Mom got dinner on the table.

All of a sudden Katie grabbed my hardened cock and began a slow jackoff. "This is what good boys get when they behave," she whispered. My prick was oozing pre-cum fluids from tip to base as her slippery fingers pumped my bone. Just when I thought I'd shoot my load over Mom's spotless couch, Katie bent down and took my rod into her mouth. I couldn't hold back any longer! I filled her cheeks with the biggest load of sperm I'd ever seen. Mom raced back into the living room as I screamed in orgasmic bliss and just in time to see Katie swallow the last of my seed.

At first it seemed a little weird, getting a blowjob from a big dyke, and I didn't know whether to feel good or humiliated, what with all that bare-ass spanking business. This has really been the most interesting experience of my life, but naturally I'm not real anxious to talk to my friends about it. I sure appreciate HUSTLER for being here to air my story.

It's been three months now, and I haven't been spanked since. Needless to say, I've been a very good boy and do everything they tell me. It's taken a little getting used to, but once more we're a happy family.

—P. W.

San Francisco, California

Send your *Hot Letters* to HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

MAY HUSTLER



"Bad dog!!"



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

When so-called men of science use questionable sources and random statistics to support their self-serving views, then try to foist those findings on the public as scientific facts, they are assholes. That's why Victor B. Cline, Ph.D., is our Asshole of the Month.

This leaky beaker from the University of Utah isn't just sounding off his fart-breathed claims to the public at large. He has ripped his cheesy reports in front of the National Pornography Commission, the allegedly unbiased body Reagan's cohorts established to overturn the soundly scientific 1970 report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. That panel—whose members included clergymen as well as sociologists—found that erotic material did not promote harmful behavior, but has been rejected by every right-wing oppressor, all of whom typically grandstand on moral issues to mask their inability to deal with real problems and needs.

There are always low-life rats willing to jump on repressionists' bandwagons. Take Victor Cline, who admits that his claims that pornography is

Victor B. Cline



addictive and that it leads to acting out fantasies are based on studies of people with admitted sexual problems or on court-ordered examinations for sex offenses. Not only does he ignore possible roots of those problems—abuse or molestation as children, basic mental or neurological disorders, or others—but the punctured scumbag also claims his study used “real people in the real world,” not like precise scientific studies. Do those use fake people? And are all “real people” admitted sickos?

Cline's shit-brained logic is like saying that eating potatoes will make you fat because fat people admit they ate potatoes—without considering the tons of cakes, pies and burgers they gluttoned.

Cline also tries to claim that people are programmed by the erotic material they watch or read, supporting the old notion that people can't think for themselves. He stretches findings in which men were programmed to mild fetishism—not rape or S&M—in

clinical settings using scientific programming techniques—hardly the living-room VCR.

Like other morality-mongers, Cline drags kids into his weak arguments, hoping to cloud reason with emotion while ignoring the vital lack of decent sex education. He excuses negligent parents whose kids dial recorded sex messages, claiming instead that it's up to the government to deny erotic materials to all because some parents can't or won't control their rugrats.

Other bullshit he tries to pass off as science are contentions that erotica promotes violence against women, based on feminists' hang-ups, not science. Sex-haters mimic Cline's shoddy methodology by spreading his foul claims without admitting the questionable sources of the data. Hungry for backup to their oppressive ideas, they eat any shit packaged as truth, then pass their ideological dung on to you.

No doubt, Cline's standing in Utah's predominantly Mormon academic community will rise, but his blowjob on the consciences of moralists is a severe blow to real scientists—and a lie to the American public.

Swine Cooler

Sure, the gals you meet in singles bars may look like pigs, but after a half dozen bottles or so of old-fashioned Country Swine Cooler, you won't even notice. And the stuff will sure as hell get old Bertha, or whatever the oinker's name is, in the mood for a quick roll in the mud. So next time you sidle up to the drinking trough, make yours a Swine Cooler, if you're in the mood for some serious porking.



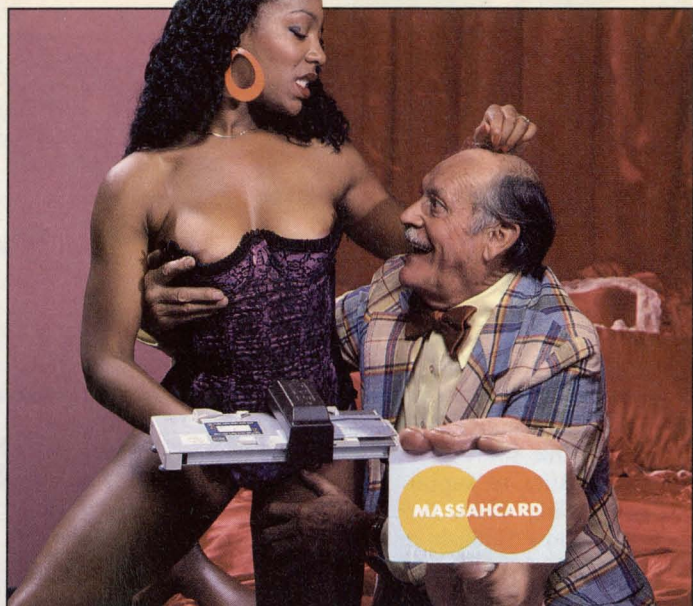
Fishnet Stockings

Soon to be the latest craze in underseawear, these stuffed stockings have already made a splash in coastal cities. Of course, some folks may take a while to get over the

shell shock, not to mention the great danger of crabs. But it shouldn't be long before you can tell a young lady she smells like fish, and she'll take it as a compliment.



Puppy Love



Put It On My Massahcard

Remember strolling with a bone in your pants through the back streets of New Orleans? And you didn't

have a dime for some pussy? Don't get caught on a Southern street without Massahcard—da plastic da poontang loves t' see.

The Realist

September-October, 1985
Premiere Issue
Number 99

Price: \$2
Editor: Paul Krassner
Fact Checker: None

Doonesbury



Let's Get Real

The Realist, Paul Krassner's irreverent newsletter originally published from 1958 to 1974, is back. The premiere issue features an essay on the taste of semen and a look at

Reagan's asshole. A 12-issue subscription is \$23. Write The Realist (Box 14757, San Francisco, CA 94114).



The Lady Di-Brator

Even princesses get lonely. So at last there's a truly regal vibrator, the perfect gift for the hot-blooded blueblood who knows just where the family jewels belong. If it's good enough for Di, it's good enough for anybody; so go ahead and give someone you love the Royal Shaft.

The Lady Di-Brator

"In her majesty's secret cervix, a vibrator fit for a queen."



GREAT MOMENTS IN POLITICS

We'd like to see



"I'll never go back!"

"All right, Byrne, we know the nigger's hung, but do you have to make a federal case out of it?"

"Tell it, Mama!"

Look! It's Haley's Comet

So what did you think? Don't look to the sky; look to your sink.



Here's a boost for sex education in the schools: In Los Angeles, on-campus birth-control clinics may replace those grainy old films and badly

Here's a boost for sex education in the schools: In Los Angeles, on-campus birth-control clinics may replace those grainy old films and badly

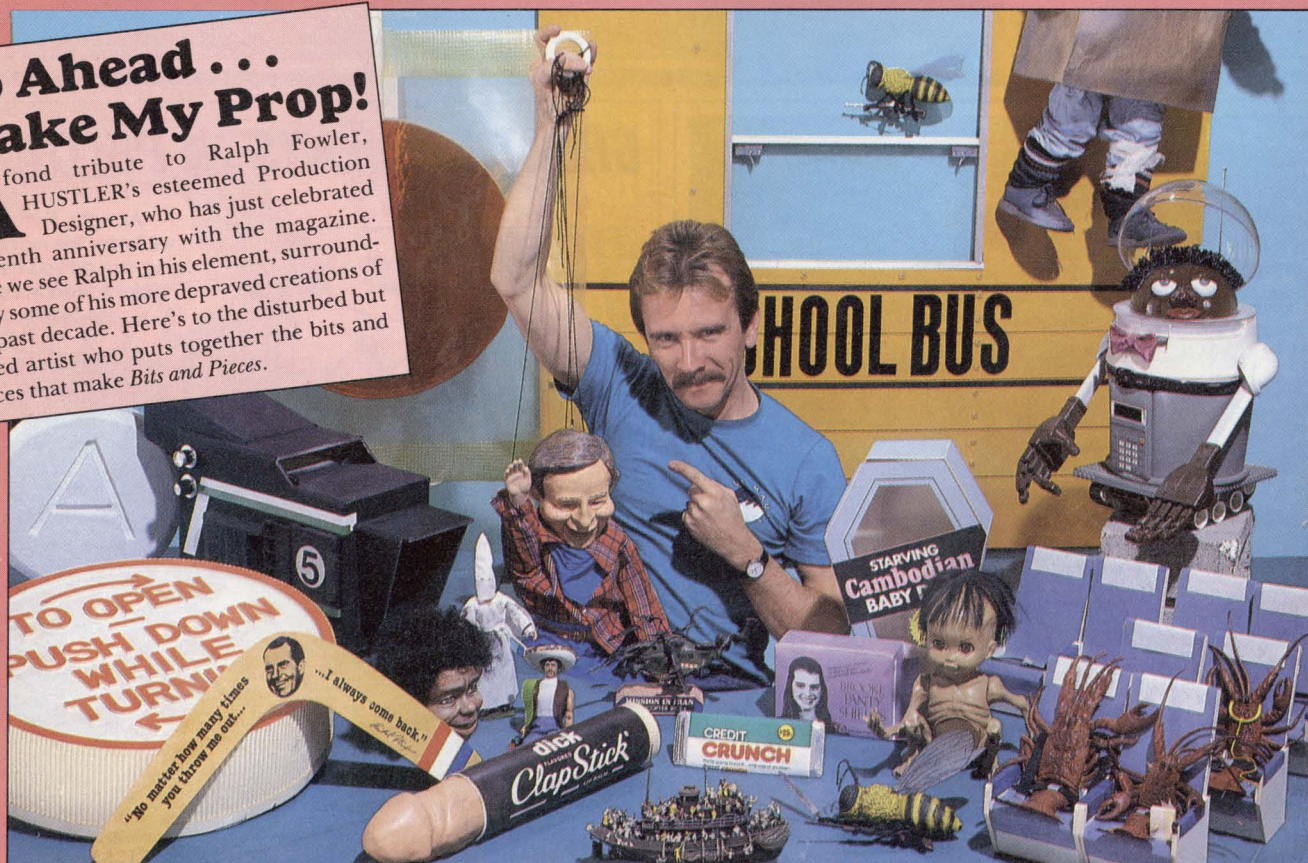
written pamphlets that only confuse the matter. Not only should it cut down on teenage pregnancies, but also it'll probably increase the attendance rate.



Don't hoard that antique smut; take it out from your underwear drawer and share it with the world. Send your dirty old photos to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We'll pay \$150 for any picture we print. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your photos returned.

Go Ahead . . . Make My Prop!

Make My First
A fond tribute to Ralph Fowler, HUSTLER's esteemed Production Designer, who has just celebrated his tenth anniversary with the magazine. Here we see Ralph in his element, surrounded by some of his more depraved creations of the past decade. Here's to the disturbed but gifted artist who puts together the bits and pieces that make *Bits and Pieces*.





Sex News Bits

FINAL

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

May 1986

Condoms Are a Girl's Best Friend

Minneapolis, Minnesota—The Mentor Corporation has hit upon a unique marketing idea—the first line of condoms targeted at women. This makes sense since, according to Mentor executive vice-president Thomas Hauser, women buy 40% of the condoms sold in this country anyway. The “Cadillac of condoms” is sold mainly in the feminine-hygiene area of drugstores, comes tastefully packaged with six condoms and fancy plastic “applicators” in a designer box and cost about

\$2.50 each, three or four times the usual price of rubbers. One other unusual feature of the Mentor Contraceptive is the special sealant that causes it to adhere to the skin. Hauser admits that men may be leery of this at first, but explains, “The thing is to peel them off gently. You don’t want to try ripping them off.”

Courtroom Drama

Victoria, British Columbia—Canadian law states that police can’t secretly record conversations without a court order. But that didn’t stop Victoria police from

secretly videotaping a series of prostitutes with various customers in a hotel room: It was a silent movie. The johns were then strongly encouraged to testify in court by the suggestion that if they didn’t appear, their video performances would be played as evidence. The president of the British Columbia Civil Liberties Association called the legal loophole “absolutely remarkable.”

Would We Lie to You?

Washington, D.C.—A Defense Department training manual for polygraph examiners has been

scrapped due to pressure from Congressional investigators. The manual encouraged those administering lie-detector tests for security purposes to assess the subject’s sexual habits in detail. Questions included, “Have you ever received sexual stimulation in a crowded area?” “Have you ever been party to an abortion?” and “Have you ever engaged in sex acts with an animal?” Investigators pointed out that such questions could scarcely have a bearing on counterintelligence, though they may have been entertaining for examiners.

We Are the Weary

Band Aid, Live Aid, Farm Aid, Hearing Aid... it seems there’s no end in sight to the onslaught of musical benefit events. Finally, however, there’s help for the people who need it most—rock stars caught up in the nightmarish cycle of these charity concerts.

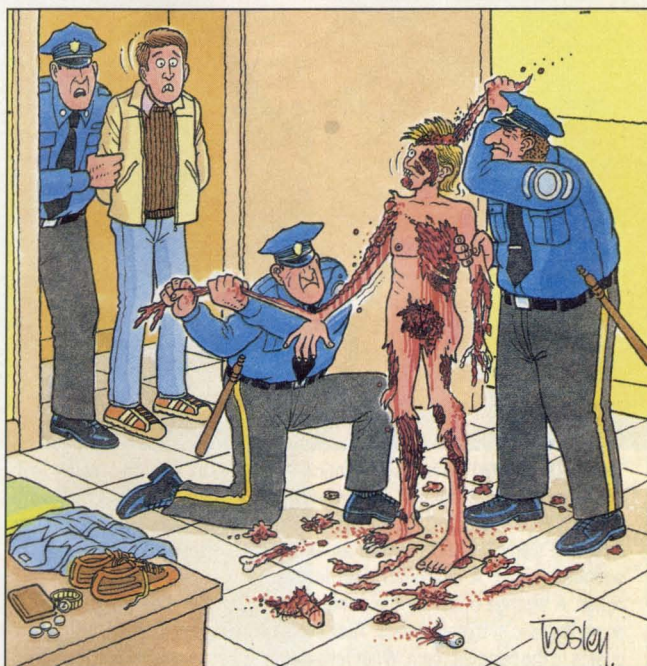
As one long-suffering musician puts it, “Before I knew what was happening, I found I had to

give a benefit before my morning coffee. Doing coke and ’ludes was a picnic compared to this. Now I’m getting wired on emaciated Negroes with balloon bellies.”

Treatment at the AID AID clinic includes intensive selfishness therapy and the constant reminder that, no matter what you do, it really won’t make any difference anyway.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



“Here’s another one for strip-search. . . .”

Contributors

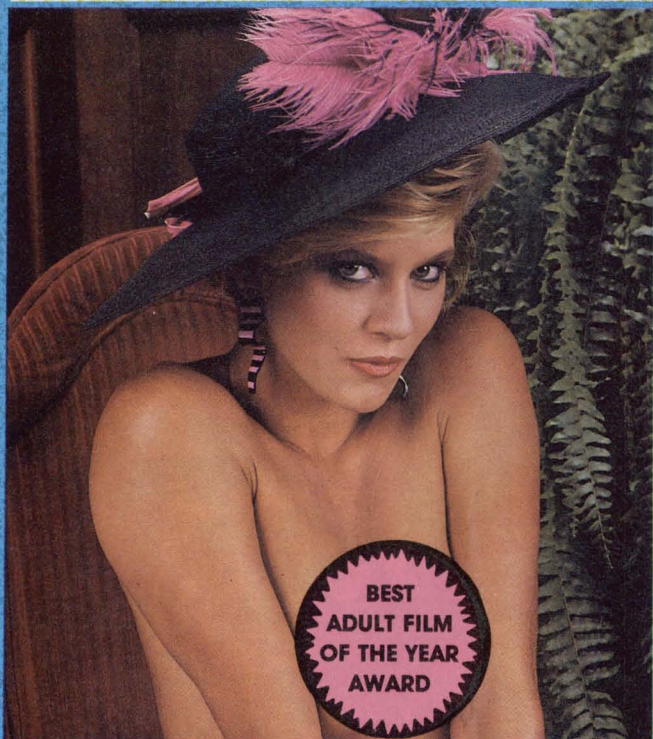
HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers’ submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we’ll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For this month \$150 goes to L. Collins, Adam Goldman and Jeffrey A. Holmes. HUSTLER’s comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material (“items”) are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER’s use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred. Said commentary is printed for the purpose of educating our readers through social commentary, and not necessarily as a humorous feature designed to enhance our readership.

EXCALIBUR FILMS

MAY SPECIAL \$49⁹⁵★

Ten Little Maidens

STARRING: Ginger Lynn, Harry Reems, Lise De Leeuw, Jamie Gillis, Nina Hartley, Eric Edwards, Janey Robbins, Paul Thomas, Amber Lynn, Richard Pacheco and Kitten Natividad



Ten Little Maidens is an erotic take-off on the Agatha Christie murder mystery, "Ten Little Indians". Reviewers have called this film the "BEST ADULT FILM EVER PRODUCED." It begins with a mysterious letter being delivered to John and Carol inviting them to an all-expense-paid weekend vacation on a secluded island. A chartered boat leaves them upon a lonely and desolate beach. A strange butler by the name of Renfro shows them to the mansion, a decaying relic of bygone years. That evening an elegant dinner is served to the guests in the banquet room. What follows is the most erotic feast ever filmed — a feast that makes "Tom Jones" look like a breakfast cereal commercial. And then, at the culmination of the banquet, after they have tasted all that lay before them . . . an Alfred-Hitchcock-like voice is heard fortelling them of their impending doom. To divulge any more would ruin the surprise twist at film's end. Since we also feel that this is clearly the best adult film of all time **we guarantee that you will enjoy it completely!** Period! If you disagree, just send it back, no questions asked, and we will exchange it for the adult movie of your choice — all you pay is shipping.

TO ORDER

TOLL FREE **1-800-BETA-VHS**

In California: 1-800-VIDEO-CA or (714) 773-5855 7 Days

★Offer void after midnight May 31, 1986.

Now you can enjoy the finest in adult movies in the privacy of your own home — the complete original productions packaged by the movie studios, all at low, low discount prices. Plus, you can exchange these movies as often as you like. There are no time limits. No hidden costs. And no membership fees.

PURCHASE ANY TITLE YOU WANT —

\$54⁹⁵

(plus \$2.50 shipping & handling)

★ The same titles selling elsewhere for \$99.00 and up.

EXCHANGE ANY TAPE PURCHASED —

as low as **\$3⁵⁰**

(plus \$2.50 shipping & handling)

★ The world's largest selection of X-rated video movies.

★ Exchange as often as you wish.

★ No monthly 'Club' fees.

★ All orders shipped promptly.

★ Lifetime quality guaranteed!

★ Dealer inquiries welcome.

LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED !!!

We guarantee that our prices for video movies are the lowest available throughout the United States! Period! We refuse to be beat by any competitor. If you find a movie advertised at a lower price than we advertise, we will beat their price by \$1.00!!! All you have to do is attach their ad to our order form and deduct \$1.00 from their advertised sale price — that's all you pay.

THIS MONTHS TOP 40

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 TEN LITTLE MAIDENS ★ | <input type="checkbox"/> 21 NOTHING TO HIDE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 SNAKE EYES | <input type="checkbox"/> 22 PINK LAGOON |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 SEX WAVES | <input type="checkbox"/> 23 ALICE IN WONDERLAND |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4 GREAT EXPECTATIONS | <input type="checkbox"/> 24 DIXIE RAY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5 GRAFENBERG SPOT | <input type="checkbox"/> 25 SCOUNDRELS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6 DEADLY LOVE | <input type="checkbox"/> 26 GIRLS ON FIRE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 7 RAW TALENT | <input type="checkbox"/> 27 IRRESISTIBLE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 8 CAUGHT FROM BEHIND | <input type="checkbox"/> 28 SUZIE SUPERSTAR |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 9 SPITFIRE | <input type="checkbox"/> 29 TABOO IV |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 10 BLACK THROAT | <input type="checkbox"/> 30 TRINITY BROWN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 11 FIRESTORM | <input type="checkbox"/> 31 PROFESSIONAL JANINE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 E'RY WOMAN HAS FANTASY | <input type="checkbox"/> 32 SURRENDER IN PARADISE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 13 INSATIABLE II | <input type="checkbox"/> 33 DEVIL IN MISS JONES II |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 14 NEW WAVE HOOKERS | <input type="checkbox"/> 34 TALK DIRTY TO ME III |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 15 DEEP THROAT | <input type="checkbox"/> 35 TRASHY LADY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 16 STIFF COMPETITION | <input type="checkbox"/> 36 THROAT 12 YEARS AFTER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 17 SEX WORLD | <input type="checkbox"/> 37 X-FACTOR |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 18 DANGEROUS STUFF | <input type="checkbox"/> 38 DEBBIE DOES DALLAS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 19 MATINEE IDOL | <input type="checkbox"/> 39 BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 20 SWEET YOUNG FOXES | <input type="checkbox"/> 40 MISTY BEETHOVEN |

☐ Please send the following movie(s) at \$54.95 plus \$2.50 shipping/handling (CA residents add 6% tax).

(exchange forms will be sent with order)

☐ VHS format ☐ BETA format ☐ Please send color catalog

Signature _____

I AM OF LEGAL AGE

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge ☐ Money Order ☐ Check Card # _____

Interbank # _____

Exp. Date _____

EXCALIBUR FILMS

3621 W. Commonwealth, Fullerton, CA 92633

Any movie advertised in Hustler is available through us for \$1.00 off of their advertised price. We will not be undersold!!!

EROTIC HUSTLER

Entertainment


X-RATED FILMS, FUCK TAPES AND MORE

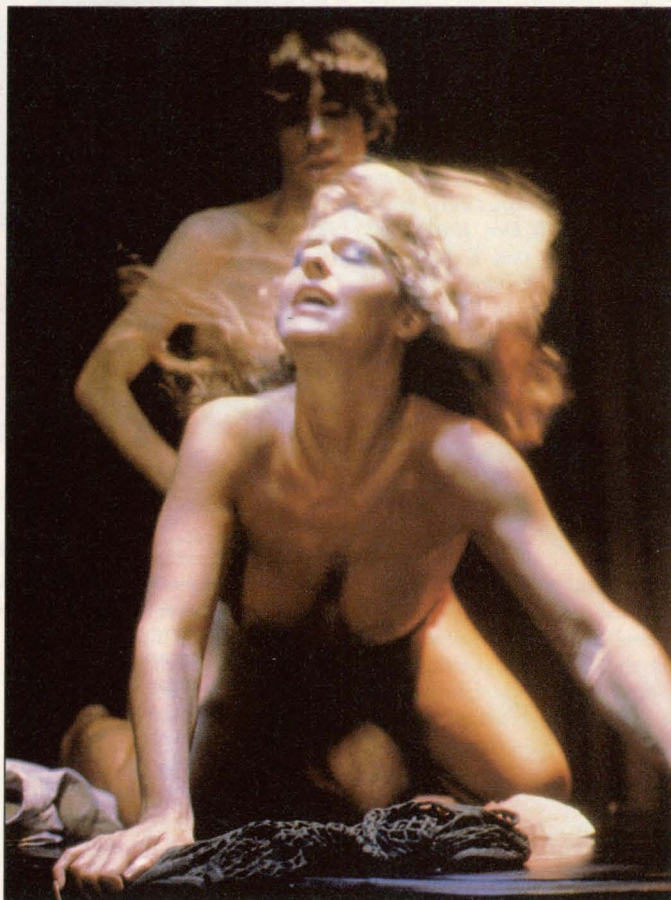
X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Sex Crimes 2084

 *Three-Quarters Erect.* Produced and directed by Chuck Vincent; written by Chuck Vincent and John Blaise; starring Sheri St. Clair, Billy Dee, Robert Bullock, Ali Moore, Sharon Kane, Colleen Brennan, Taija Rae, Bobby Spector, Siobhan Hunter, Rod Retta, Rick Bend and Scott Baker.



Sex cop Sheri St. Clair arrests Bobby Spector's virginity in 'Sex Crimes 2084.'

Running time: 74 minutes.

Picture this: a smoky, hazy, futuristic nightclub full of horny, naked sluts. Some slide their twats up and down dildos affixed to a bench. Others suck ravenously at disembodied dicks that poke through holes in the walls. Still others feast on the semen that spurts from the cocks of heavy-hung studs. The cops arrive. It's a bust. Who's arrested? An innocent bystander... for nonparticipation. In the year 2084, you see, it's a crime not to fuck your head off!

If *Sex Crimes* had pursued its atmospheric, moody, sex-drenched opening scene, it would no doubt be a *Film to Reckon With*. By opting not to stay in the future—and risk comparisons to cult classic *Café Flesh*—director Chuck Vincent jettisoned the heavy intellectual baggage, brought his sex police back in time to the 1980s and, simply, delivered one of the year's funniest and most enjoyable X-rated films.

Billy Dee, Sheri St. Clair and Robert Bullock portray the sex cops who journey back through time to fuck the people on their lists who the future-worlders know to have been sexually re-



Bench-warming is a favorite pastime for slutty sexual athletes in '2084.'

pressed, erotically deprived or just plain prickeases.

First off, St. Clair—currently one of the most enthusiastic starlets in adult films—tackles a nerdy kid pianist (Bobby Spector) onstage at a recital. Although the climax is predictable (the curtain opens, revealing them balling on top of the piano), the action here is sexy and funny. Spector, as the dazed kid who decides to go for it because this will probably never happen to him again, is perfectly cast.


Another hilarious scene features Bullock porking newlywed Siobhan Hunter. He screws her at one end while her unaware hubby (Rod Retta) is busy at the other. Likewise, Colleen Brennan's sensational turn as a widow who fucks Billy Dee under the table at a séance is a real tour-de-farce. And so it goes, scene after breezy scene, until the Three Fuckateers are scheduled to return to the future. Bullock, by the way, stays behind. He's fallen in love with an auto mechanic . . . Taija Rae.



'Sex Crimes 2084': Robert Bullock loans a tool to auto mechanic Taija Rae.

Slick, witty and technically superb (although there are some story and acting flaws), *Sex Crimes* is the best of Vincent's recent films. With eight hard-core scenes there's a lot more sex than in many of his other efforts, but his preference for sensuousness and suggestion give much of the lensing a tentative quality that may disappoint some viewers. But one thing everyone will agree on: *Sex Crimes 2084* is a hell of a lot of fun. —D. O.

Blonde Heat

 *Half Erect. Produced by David F. Friedman; written and directed by Tim McDonald; starring Seka, John Leslie, Angel, Gina Carrera, Rene Lovins, Richard Pacheco, Laurie Smith, Jill Jason, Billy Dee, Ericka Idol, Joy Cummings, Dan T. Mann and Cindy Carver. Running time: 88 minutes.*

Blonde Heat is notable only for the smoldering presence of super-fuck-star Seka, who has been too long absent from the blue

screen. As an actress, Seka is assured, cool and elegant—with only a touch of Chicago in her voice—qualities that enhance her striking beauty, but seem to hinder her sexual performance somewhat. For all her control, however, and even though she doesn't suck his dick, her one sex scene with John Leslie is the highlight of this humorous take-off on *The Maltese Falcon*.

The story revolves around detective Mark Lowe (Leslie), who's been hired by ex-porn-film star Mona LaPierre (Seka) to locate the Maltese Dildo, a bejeweled dong said to have been given by Caesar to Cleopatra to divert her attention from her soldiers'

production values, excellent photography and lighting, good sets and costumes, an entertaining and amusing script (which is just as confusing as *The Maltese Falcon*) and, generally, an above-average level of acting. It stumbles in the sex scenes and the pacing. With the exception of the lengthy Seka/Leslie encounter, the fuck scenes are mostly brief and lethargic. And the pace of the picture is only a little speedier than coal turning to diamonds. (There's nothing wrong with this movie that 12 cups of coffee couldn't have helped.)

Blonde Heat will probably do well as a couples film. After all, the sex is tender, there's nothing




Detective John Leslie searches for Seka's missing dildo in 'Blonde Heat.'

crotches. (Yes, we do get a flashback to those crazy nights on the Nile for a glimpse of Cleo—complete with snake-sucking off one of her guards.) We meet a number of shady characters who are interested in obtaining the Dildo, and Leslie balls a couple of beauties in his search for information as to its whereabouts. But, as in the original, the priceless dingus never turns up.

Blonde Heat boasts first-rate

gross or kinky, nothing that would make your partner blush and keep her from looking you in the eyes after it ends. Unless, of course, your eyes are closed, and you're snoring. —D. O.

Showgirls

 *Half Erect. Produced by Tony Montana; written by Tommy Jackson; directed by Robert McCallum; starring Joanna*



Horny Nina Hartley and Joey Silvera provide 'Showgirls' with its hottest fuck.

Storm, Jessica Wylde, Stacey Donovan, Eric Edwards, Nina Hartley, Joey Silvera, Jon Martin, Steve Drake, Mike Horner, Tiffani Duponte and Chris Chase. Running time: 74 minutes.


This ordinary, run-of-the-mill movie is riddled with atmosphere location shots of the dazzling neon galaxy that is Las Vegas at night. This encourages us to believe that *Showgirls* is a big-budget, mind-boggling, wienie-wanking extravaganza. Well, it isn't any of those things... except, maybe, mind-boggling in its eccentric disregard for things like an interesting plot, hot sex and common sense.

The story, about a floundering tits-and-ass revue that gets saved because the screenwriter says it does, has a couple of steamy moments. The first is a pud-pounding, well-lit, excellently photographed encounter between Nina Hartley and Joey Silvera—who fuck like they mean it! The tone of this segment both in sexual electricity and visual effect is so different from the rest of the film that it looks as if it were from another movie. The second is a sensuous oil massage that rapidly turns into a threeway with Joanna Storm, Jessica Wylde and muscular Chris Chase.

The remaining trysts are sometimes clever, sometimes funny and sometimes even border on the imaginative—Stacey Donovan's rich boyfriend makes her earn a diamond bracelet by screwing a stud dressed like a pirate while he videotapes the proceedings—but the action can only sometimes be called torrid. Particularly dick-numbing is a tired, mechanical in-and-out between Eric Edwards and Storm, a fuck marked by a blandness usually achieved only by David Cannon and Bridgette Monet.

This lukewarm film is typical of the crop of sex flicks being cranked out today: It's not really bad; it's just sort of *there*. One of the characters fervently proclaims that in order to save their revue, "You've got to give the audience something that television doesn't." The same could almost be said of *Showgirls*. (And who goes to Las Vegas to watch TV anyway?) —D. O.

Heart Throbs

 **One-Quarter Erect.** Produced by Bob Bouschard; written and directed by G. W. Hunter; starring Gina Valentino, Laurie Smith, Susan Hart,



Ron Jeremy pokes two beach bunnies with his big bone in 'Heart Throbs.'

Raven, Aurora, Morgan Lane, Jade Nichols, Harry Reems, Ron Jeremy, Sasha Gabor, Miles Long and Greg Rome. Running time: 80 minutes.

You know you're in trouble when the high point of a sex film is not a sex scene. This flick peaks when Greg Rome, playing-to-perfection—a rowdy, obnoxious beachboy, explodes in humiliated indignation and unleashes a torrent of bluster and empty threats at Harry Reems. He's pissed because Reems had the nerve to rescue Rome's girl

(Morgan Lane) from what nowadays is called date rape.

Other than this humorous, brief, sexless episode, there's little about *Heart Throbs* to recommend. It has the standard number of sex scenes, the requisite amount of pretty girls and an intriguing plot that in capable hands would have been more than promising: Reems, Ron Jeremy and Sasha Gabor portray three "old farts" who come to Hawaii for a convention. They go gaga over the local beach bunnies, but are as intimidated by the girls' youthfulness as they are attracted by it. To their surprise—and ours—the girls dump their young stud boyfriends in favor of the older gents.

Unfortunately, *Heart Throbs* not only looks as if it was made up while it was being filmed, it looks as if it was made up by someone whose previous film experience was snapping Polaroids. (You can almost hear the director saying, "Hey, wouldn't it be great if we...")

Scenes are thrown together, camerawork is uninspired—as is the sex—and the situations are totally unbelievable even for a middle-aged-male fantasy. We're asked, for example, to believe that having just met Gabor, hardened hooker Raven's heart melts,

prompting her to tell him the impending fuck is free because what she feels for him is "real." Other nonhighlights include an endless, uneventful Frisbee game and a disappointing, uncompleted threeway femme frolic.

Fans of Ron Jeremy will enjoy his free-for-all with Laurie Smith and Aurora—whose roomy snatch accommodates Ron's big bone to the hilt—but for everyone else, the throbbing produced by this movie will only be cured with an aspirin. —D. O.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER* and *HUSTLER's Erotic Video Guide*. The films below may be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

New Wave Hookers
She's So Fine
Snake Eyes
Taboo IV
Trashy Lady

Three-Quarters Erect

Bedtime Tales
Caught From Behind III the Movie
Girls of the Night
Looking for Mr. Goodsex
Love Bites
Missing Pieces
More Reel People, Part 2
Night Prowlers
Passion Pit
Passions
Perfect Fit
Sister Dearest
Squalor Motel
Taboo American Style, Part I
Taboo American Style, Part III
The Love Scene
Tickled Pink
Too Naughty to Say No

Half Erect

Beverly Hills Exposed
Blue Ice
Burlexxx
Candy Strippers II
Dames
Dear Fanny
Flesh and Ecstasy
Inside Little Oral Annie
Naked Scents
Street Heat
Supergirls Do General Hospital
Taboo American Style, Part II
Taboo American Style, Part IV
The Pleasure Hunt, Part II
The Ribald Tales of Canterbury

One-Quarter Erect

How Do You Like It
Tower of Power

Totally Limp

Bordello
For Services Rendered
Sex Drive

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

-  **FULLY ERECT**
Superior. A top production.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
A well-made film.
-  **HALF ERECT**
So-so. Limited appeal.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
Poor. Don't expect much.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**
A waste of time and money.

PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 15,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

Heidi A.— The Erotic Misadventures of a Total Slut!

(Cinematrix) These Erotic Misadventures have a very promising opening with gum-snappin', cum-lappin' Patti Petite displaying more sexual variety and vigor in the first ten minutes than some porn princesses can muster in an entire tape. As Heidi A., a much younger Joan Rivers-type with sex appeal, Petite consults a psychiatrist to discover why she's a total slut. The flashback episodes begin with baby Heidi's sitter (Laurie Smith) boffing boyfriend Blake Palmer on the living-room rug, then progress through Heidi's own deflowering at the prick of Peter North and proceed at a rapid pace until her life is brought up to the present, at which time we find that Heidi has seduced her shrink. Although Petite is definitely appealing and remarkably convincing as a total slut, and although the sex is all enthusiastically performed by attractive human beings, none of it really stands out. This is partly because nothing outrageous happens and partly because the filmmakers show the entire fuck

from start to finish in every sexual situation. Sadly, sex is only arousing from beginning to end when you're doing it yourself . . . and not always then.

—Allan MacDonell

Ginger's Sex Asylum

(Vivid Video) Set at an institution for "sexual extremists," *Ginger's Sex Asylum* is a lighthearted excuse to get luscious Lynn and her



cast-mates into as many lusty situations as possible. While many of the jokes may fall flat, the pokes and strokes hit home nearly every time. During a quadraphonic cunt-a-rama between Ginger, Bionca, Sharon Mitchell and Brittany Stryker the feverish beaver-eaters tongue- and finger-bang each other prior to inserting various sex toys in their pussies and poopers. In one funny and rod-stiffening scene the loopy Dr. Pap (Harry Reems) forces Boris (Francois) to boff a sexy inmate (Stryker). After Stryker dances a snatch-splitting striptease, Francois eats, fingers and fucks her twat, then slams his meat into Stryker's bunghole with a vengeance. When Reems, crazy with lust, waves a .45 automatic and commands Francois to come, the Frenchman does just



Newcomer Brittany Stryker and Steve Drake are inmates in 'Ginger's Sex Asylum.'

that, spilling a full load on both of Stryker's love holes. In the end the evil (and obnoxious) doctor is transferred to another mental institution, this time as a patient, leaving Ginger to run the show. With Ginger in charge, this "Sex Asylum" is a nasty nuthouse every pud-puller will want to visit.

—Bill Butler

Girl on the Run

(Vista Video) Kimberly Carson is the raunchy runaway at the center of this adult adventure. Carson is trying to hitchhike to San Diego—the only trouble is, everybody who gives her a ride wants to ride her. Sound familiar? This plot may be among the oldest in porn (*Fanny Hill* anyone?), but it still manages to please the peter. During her "travels" Carson meets a biker (Blair Harris), a horny American couple (Lili Marlene and Dan Mann) and a horny "British" couple (Rebecca London and Jon Martin). There

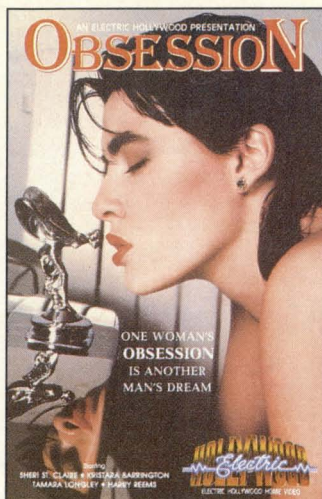
are an adequate number of sex scenes, but two in particular are rod-raisers: In the first, Marlene furiously masturbates her peroxidized pussy. Just when you think she can take no more, she grabs a dildo and crams it into her snatch, but she's still not done. Next, she shoves a plastic prick into her butt and goes to town in a do-it-yourself double insertion. The second, and the last, notable beaver bash comes in the final scene, a free-for-all featuring the entire cast. By this point, Carson has given up hope of ever reaching her destination, and the party quickly develops into a humping, pumping, slurping and bumping cum-coated clusterfuck. It's no carnal classic, but *Girl on the Run* provides its fair share of filthy fun.

—B. B.

Obsession

(Electric Hollywood) If you're in the market for a run-of-the-mill, second-rate pornvid, look no farther. The first hint that *Obsession* is going to lead to dong depression is on the cassette box: Kristara Barrington and Tamara Longley both receive billing, but they're nowhere to be seen on the tape. The half-baked plot has eccentric (goofy is more like it) millionaire Harry Reems inviting three couples to his secluded mansion. When they arrive and start doing the dirty deed, he watches them through hidden video cameras. Reems gets a real charge out of the goings-on, but the fuck and suction is only so-so. Jessica Wylde, Lili Marlene and Sheri St. Clair supply the cunts, and Jon Martin, Joey Silvera and Jack Baker have the cocks that fill them in this routine raunch-a-

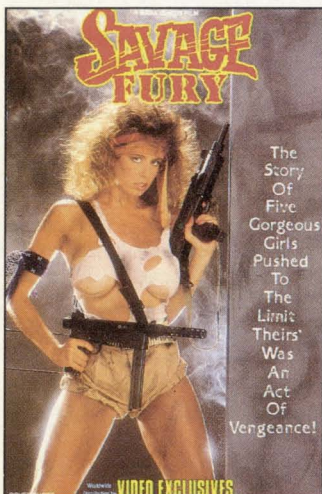




thon. If you're a big fan of one of these ladies, you might give *Obsession* the once over, but be warned. There's nothing exceptional, extraordinary or even very hot about *Obsession*. The best scene in this fuck-flick flop is the last one. Not the one where Reems finally busts his nut, the one after that. The one where those two long-awaited words finally appear . . . *The End*. —B. B.

Savage Fury

(Video Exclusives) This torrid tape lives up to its title: The sex is savage, and the pace is furious. Magnum-titted super slut Christy Canyon heads the female side of the capable cast, but her pussy-packing co-stars (April May, Bunny Bleu, Josephine Carrington and Beverly Bliss) also turn in top-of-the-line blue-screen performances: Bad guys Craig Roberts, David Sanders, Rick Savage, Peter North and Tony Martino set the story in motion by raping the five coeds in their college dorm. Rape being the big no-no that it is in porn these days, the



producers have carefully structured the scene to reflect women's rape fantasies rather than a brutal, realistic portrayal of the deed. The results are very, very hot. Director Mark Curtis knows where to aim the camera and fills the screen with throbbing, thrusting genitalia and slo-mo volleys of jizz. *Savage Fury* builds to fever pitch as the avenging angels pay back their macho attackers. After a year they've tracked the men down and fucked their brains out. Then, while the guys are groggy with sexual exhaustion, the girls waste them—totally—with a red-hot hail of machine-gun fire. Because of objections to the violence—even though it's retributive—the producers have reedited some of the cassettes to get rid of the men's bloody bodies. No great loss . . .

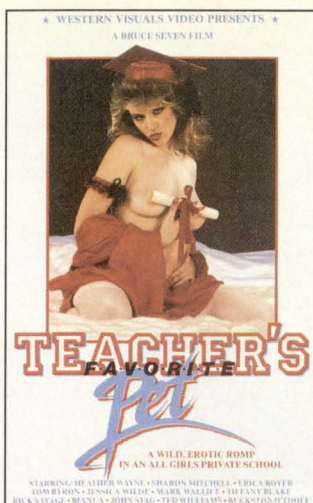


'Teacher's Pet': Heather Wayne shows her teacher exactly what to pet.

the sex is what's important here. Even without the gore, this outrageous tape is a killer. —B. B.

Teacher's Favorite Pet

(Western Visuals) Hot cutie-pie Heather Wayne plays a misbehaving 18-year-old whose exasperated father ships her off to Erica's Finishing School. Along with fellow students Jessica Wylde and Tiffany Blake and school administrators Sharon Mitchell and Erica Boyer, Wayne helps turn the first portion of this fuckvid into an appetizing sapphic smorgasbord. Among the entrées on their lesbo menu are hyper tit-flailing, ass- and cunt-sucking, tongue-fucking, facejobs, vibrator probes, riding-crop disci-



pline, intense 69-couplings and a metallic-dildo double penetration of Blake. Later the girls also bang a lot of dongs—Marc Wallace's and Tom Byron's for in-

stance—in a wide variety of situations and at a high level of heat. Sultry, slutty Sharon Mitchell virtually steals the show with two sizzling stripteases, and even the closing orgy has erotic moments. *Teacher's Pet* should be an easy favorite among students of porn. —A. M.

SEX VIDEO RATING GUIDE

Superior. Delivers fullest satisfaction.

Above average. Hard-on material.

Standard video fare. Has moments.

Little to recommend. Desperation time.

Back Door Babes

(Wet Video) *Back Door Babes* is one video that definitely lives up to its title. This is cinematic ass-fucking at its finest. There are no lingering doubts about which hole the pole is sliding into—Wet Video's trademark surgical-quality close-ups zoom in big and clear on the poop-chute action, providing optimum viewing conditions. The *Babes* themselves (Erica Boyer, Tami Lee Curtis, Jacqueline Brooks, Penny More and Summer Rose) are for the most part better-looking than the type of sluts who usually end up engaging in this particular line of work, and they are true shithole specialists. These cunts will do anything—and dig it. At one point Steve Powers pulls his pulsing rod out of the ass of one bitch and immediately comes in the mouth of another. "Oh, that tastes good," she says before sharing a cum-rich kiss with her girlfriend. There is one scene with no butt-slamming, a very energetic and messy blowjob of Powers by Tami Lee Curtis, which is an enjoyable detour from all the sodomizing. *Babes* has no vaginal-anal double penetration, no regulation closing orgy and no affection—easily overlooked because it also has no bullshit. —A. M.

Hill Street Blacks

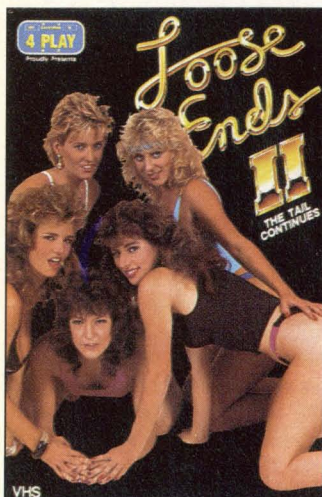
(Dreamland Home Video) Set in a police station during a late-night power failure, *Hill Street Blacks* is a tale of interdepartmental jealousies, interpersonal relationships and interracial sex that manages to be humorous, touching and very hot at the same time. Producer/director Scotty Fox gets good performances from his mixed-blood cast, and the resulting action is fast, sizzling and plentiful. When four hookers (Kristara Barrington, Jeannie Pepper, Chanel Price and Kim Tatum) are brought in for questioning, cock-wielding cop Field Marshal Bradley is soon pushing his spunk-spitting nightstick into the mouths and pussies of his prisoners. One is a busty black beauty (Pepper), the other a bottle-blond white amazon (Price)

who's got enormous *everything!* Things really heat up when stud Robbie De's black dong invades Price's shit chute for a round of cross-racial rectal-reaming. *Hill Street Blacks* has all the action an equal-opportunity pud-pounder could want.

—B. B.

Loose Ends II: The Tail Continues

(4 Play) If you don't get a hard-on from *Loose Ends II*, there's either something very wrong with you or you don't have a penis. These 105 minutes ooze sexual energy. For starters there is a montage summation of *Loose Ends I* that includes numerous anal/vaginal double penetrations, bondage, a four-finger ass-fuck and some heavy dildo action—all of which, with additions, turns up in *Loose Ends II*. The intensity of this video seldom lets up, thanks in large part to the inspiring energy of Erica Boyer, a national treasure who is clawing her way toward the Porn Hall of Fame. There are hordes of smut girls who will allow anything to be done to them; only a few, like Boyer, are capable of *doing* everything with conviction, expertise and delight. Whether inserting large portions of her hand up a writhing cunt, attaching clothespins to pussy lips and clit, pummeling pudenda with her hyperinflated mammaries, biting butt, dripping hot wax on erect nipples, coaxing jizz onto her face and tits or simply getting boned up the ass, Boyer is tops in this tape. Though only average technically, *Loose Ends II* is also tops in dialogue, pacing and cast (Bionca, Kelli Richards,

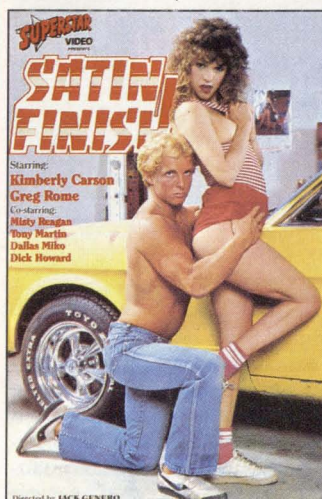


Detained hooker Kristara Barrington takes a cop's cock in 'Hill St. Blacks.'

Penny Morgan, Marc Wallace, Peter North and Francois, to mention only a few). To list every potentially erectile moment this tape offers would take at least 105 minutes. Just see it! —A. M.

Satin Finish

(Superstar Video) Only diehard fans of Kimberly Carson need



this lame shot-on-video production that scrapes the bottom of the barrel in nearly all categories. Carson is a good actress when there's a script to work from and a consistently hot sexual performer. And *Satin Finish* provides a couple of opportunities for her to strut her stuff, notably a threeway with Greg Rome and Misty Reagan, and a good gash-grind with Oriental orifice Dallas Miko. But Carson's surrounded by poor performances and technical incompetence. Microphones are constantly being bumped into, the camera rarely gets the right shot, and the canned music drowns out dialogue—which is generally not worth hearing any-

way, tending to run to the "that's good, that's great, that's good, that's great" variety of sex talk. Well, *Satin Finish* is neither; only bad.

—Sam Lowry

Swedish Erotica Volume 64

(Caballero Home Video) This edition of the venerable loop series has two segments. The first, "Dream Lover," has Tom Byron playing guinea pig for doctor Herschel Savage's sex experiments. By strapping on some electrical headgear, Byron's fantasies are transformed into palpable realities, and he finds himself in a bathtub sinking his sudsy shaft into Shawn Michele. For the finale Byron showers her with such a torrential downpour of cum, he practically glues her eyelids shut. Episode 2, "Forbidden Snapshots," features Byron and Paul Thomas as photographers competing for the favors

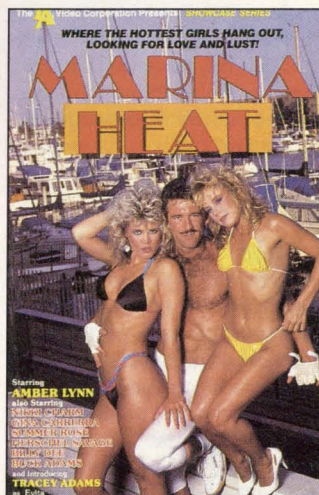


of model Sheri St. Clair. Thomas wins, Byron gets Summer Rose, then the four of them grind it out in ho-hum fashion. *Volume 64* features the good production values that keep this series ranked at the top, but the sex in this outing is mostly routine. Good for parties, but not for the collection.

—S. L.

Marina Heat

(L.A. Video) In this unexceptional sexvid real-life siblings Buck Adams and Amber Lynn star as an investigative-reporting team out to do an in-depth exposé of the sleazy lifestyles of free-and-easy Southern California swingers. Buck and Amber indulge in mild flirtations, but—sorry, incest freaks—they do *not* fuck each other. Yet. Amber does fuck Billy



Dee and Herschel Savage; brother Buck porks Summer Rose, Gina Carrera and fascinating woman-child Nikki Charm—whose one-position fuck in a cramped boat is reason enough to search out this tape. (Charm must need to show ID to buy cigarettes. How can her little-girl body take all that cock? How long will she be able to preserve the angelic sinfulness of that jailbait face? Catch her before she turns to dogmeat.) The only kink to speak of is Billy Dee jamming his log up Rose's mud pack, but her A-hole is invaded so often, one more incursion is really not headline material. *Marina Heat* takes a long time to come to a boil. There are extended set-ups of the early fucks before any action commences; once things heat up, some scenes are marred by shadows and glare. Though it stars the scorching Amber Lynn, *Marina Heat* is ultimately tepid.

—A. M.

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE!

Only VCA PICTURES dares to offer an adult video bargain like this! Purchase any VCA TAPE featured in this ad for \$59.00 AND RECEIVE ANOTHER VCA TAPE OF YOUR CHOICE, **ABSOLUTELY FREE!** Buy two, get two free! Buy ten, get ten free! It doesn't matter how many or how few tapes you purchase—you'll get a free tape of your choice for every tape that you buy! And all of the titles featured in this ad are FULL-LENGTH ADULT MOTION PICTURES on videocassette. NO SHOT-ON-VIDEO! So take advantage of this incredible offer from VCA PICTURES before it's too late.

**The BIGGEST blockbusters
with the HOTTEST stars
at the LOWEST price ever!**

**PRICE: \$59.00 EACH—FOR EACH TAPE YOU PURCHASE,
PICK ANOTHER TAPE FROM THIS AD ABSOLUTELY FREE**

- ☐ A DIRTY WESTERN
- ☐ A FORMAL FAUCETT
- ☐ ALL THE DEVIL'S ANGELS
- ☐ AMOUR
- ☐ AROUND THE WORLD
WITH JOHNNY WADD
- ☐ BIRDS & BEADS
- ☐ THE BITE
- ☐ BUDDING OF BRIE
- ☐ CHOPSTIX
- ☐ CHORUS CALL
- ☐ CONTACT
- ☐ COME WITH ME, MY LOVE
- ☐ CUMMIN' ALIVE
- ☐ DANGEROUS PASSIONS
- ☐ DARK DREAMS
- ☐ DEVIL'S ECSTASY
- ☐ FANTASY FOLLIES PART II
- ☐ FIONA ON FIRE
- ☐ FRENCH FANTASIES

- ☐ FRENCH HEAT
- ☐ FRENCH KITTENS
- ☐ FRENCH POSTCARD GIRLS
- ☐ FRENCH ROMANCE
- ☐ FRENCH THROAT
- ☐ FRENCH WIVES
- ☐ FROM RUSSIA WITH LUST
- ☐ GOIN' DOWN
- ☐ HEAVENLY DESIRE
- ☐ HIGH SCHOOL BUNNIES
- ☐ HOT CIRCUIT
- ☐ HOUSE OF LOVE
- ☐ I WANT WHAT I SEE
- ☐ INTIMATE REALITIES VOL. 1
- ☐ INTIMATE REALITIES VOL. 2
- ☐ LITTLE ORPHAN DUSTY
- ☐ LUNCH
- ☐ MARRIAGE AND OTHER
FOUR-LETTER WORDS
- ☐ MATINEE IDOL

- ☐ THE MATING SEASON
- ☐ MIDNIGHT HUSTLE
- ☐ MISS SEPTEMBER
- ☐ NAKED CAME THE STRANGER
- ☐ NOSTALGIA BLUE
- ☐ THE STIMULATORS
- ☐ SUNNY
- ☐ SUNNY SIDE UP
- ☐ TAXI GIRLS
- ☐ TEENAGE HUSTLER
- ☐ URGES IN YOUNG GIRLS
- ☐ VIRGIN DREAMS

AS LOW AS
\$29.50
EACH

SIGNATURE _____ (I AM OF LEGAL AGE)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ST. _____ ZIP _____

CHECK METHOD OF PAYMENT:

☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ CHECK

CHECKS HELD 3 WEEKS
BEFORE SHIPPING

CARD # _____ EXP. DATE _____

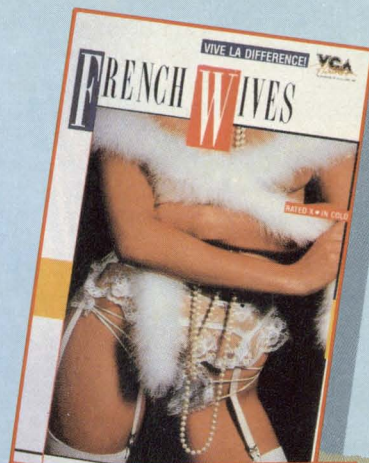
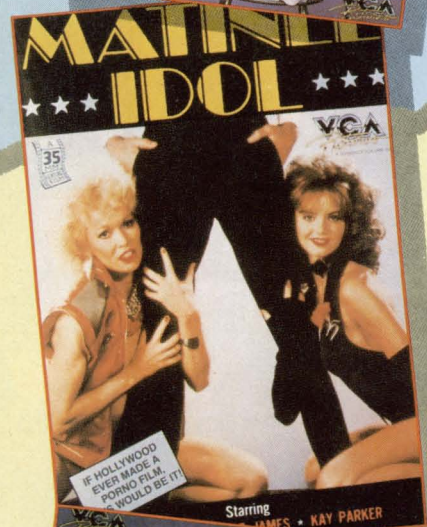
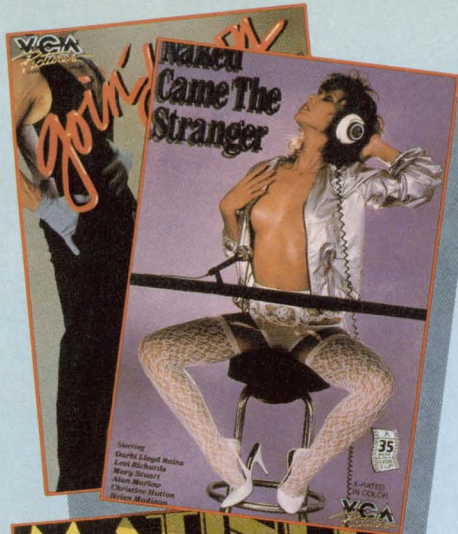
I HAVE PURCHASED _____
TAPES @ \$59 EACH, AND HAVE
CHOSEN THE SAME NUMBER OF
FREE TAPES FROM THIS AD.
ENCLOSE \$3.00 PER TAPE FOR
SHIPPING AND HANDLING.

- ☐ VHS
- ☐ BETA

ALL FILMS RATED X / IN COLOR

TOLL FREE 1-800-458-4336
In California 1-818-993-5858

SEND TO: VCA PICTURES
9333 OSO AVE., DEPT. HU5-6A
CHATSWORTH, CA 91311-6089





Jonelle

Rooftop
Rendezvous





Photography by James Roes



At siesta time in the Mexican villa, Jonelle spreads out for a session in the sun. With *los muchachos* snoring, she figures she won't be seen. Even if a man does spot her, she knows she'll have until tomorrow before he tastes her taco.









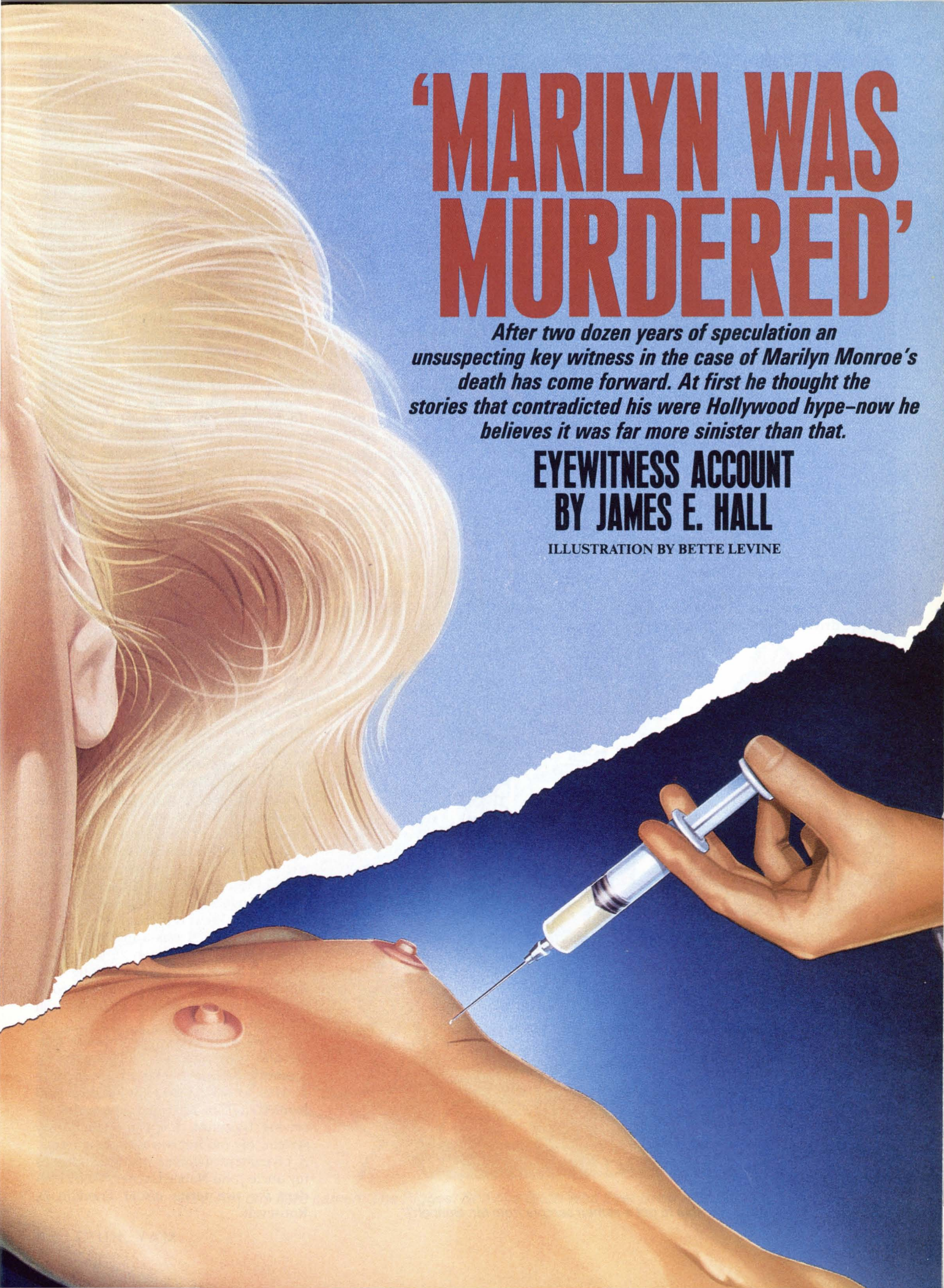










An illustration by Bette Levine depicting the back of Marilyn Monroe with her signature blonde hair. A hand is shown injecting a substance into her lower back. The background is a blue sky with a torn paper effect separating the top text area from the bottom illustration.

'MARILYN WAS MURDERED'

After two dozen years of speculation an unsuspecting key witness in the case of Marilyn Monroe's death has come forward. At first he thought the stories that contradicted his were Hollywood hype—now he believes it was far more sinister than that.

**EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT
BY JAMES E. HALL**

ILLUSTRATION BY BETTE LEVINE

Editor's Note: In early August 1962 the world was shocked to learn that Marilyn Monroe, the woman who defined *sex goddess* in an unmatched way, had been found dead. The case was ruled suicide from an overdose of medication. Suicide is not uncommon among the Glamour Capital's elite, but Monroe's case has never been rested.

Most recently, discrepancies in stories and the public's natural curiosity have aroused suspicion over details of the incident. The time of the call to police, the location of the body, her condition when help arrived and other details are under scrutiny. When James E. Hall, now in his mid-40s, saw the accounts in the days following the star's death, he figured it was Hollywood's publicity mills at work, trying to shed the best light on a tragic situation. Hall claims to know the real details—he was one of the ambulance drivers who arrived to help Monroe that night. Until 1982 Hall never questioned the cause of death, only some details after the fact, and he never concerned himself with the books about Monroe, stories about her Kennedy connections and the bundle of hypotheses that cases like this develop.

Hall simply needed money and, seeing people everywhere get paid for their personal stories, decided to tell his tales of celebrities he aided as a Los Angeles ambulance driver in the early '60s. He is ne-

gotiating rights to the book, the final chapter of which serves as this startling HUSTLER report.

When we received Hall's manuscript, we were skeptical—another Marilyn Monroe story. As we reviewed the material—and did our own background checking as usual—we discovered that his story offers some interesting contradictions to existing accounts of MM's death, raising a "reasonable doubt" about the official explanations and modern-day theories.

While so-called Marilyn experts dwell on the Kennedy association, no one—including the cast of players in this real-life Hollywood drama—has offered a concrete, unchanging explanation for the events early on the morning of August 5, 1962. The principals' stories have varied over the years, new theories have emerged from time to time, and the entire incident is clouded by a pall of suspicion on the part of the not-always-gullible American public. Only Hall's account gives intimate details that seem uncontrived and have withstood repeated examinations, including polygraphs and hypnosis.

Hall never realized the full implications of what he saw early that morning until he decided to come forward with his story. Now he's facing the usual test of a new witness in a mystery grown old and heavy with conspiracy theories. Hall's

then-boss, Walt Schaefer, has listed two other men as the drivers on the Monroe call, and his version—that she was taken to a hospital, died there and was returned home—is another view casting doubt on original stories.

When HUSTLER asked Schaefer, now in his 80s, if Hall worked for him, he replied, "Not to my knowledge." It's been a long time, but Hall wasn't simply another set of hands at the wheel. Hall's father had been the doctor Schaefer first asked to ride with him when he began his ambulance business. Besides a record of earnings, the author was involved in a court case at which Schaefer testified that Hall drove an ambulance for him, and Hall was photographed in uniform by a newspaper, hauling a body from a crime scene. Naturally, Schaefer's "fuzzy" memory about Hall as an ambulance driver versus the hard information HUSTLER dug up intrigued us even more about the story.

HUSTLER believes that James Hall's story deserves to be told: If it doesn't answer some longstanding questions about the Marilyn Monroe case, it at least raises some very important questions that we believe should be investigated. In the interest of laying her memory to rest at last, and perhaps to serve justice from the Fourth Estate, HUSTLER Magazine presents this eyewitness account.

* * *

When Marilyn Monroe died, I didn't go forward with my version of what happened, nor was I ever summoned for questioning. Although I thought it lax on the part of the investigators, I assumed that my testimony was unimportant. I was 22 and concerned about a teenage wife and the imminent arrival of our first child. After the initial shock of Monroe's death and after I had told everyone I knew and everyone who showed even a casual curiosity, I filed the story away.

The FBI still holds a secret file on Monroe. No one has ever been given access to parts of it, not even the district attorney in Los Angeles when he asked for it in 1982. Why? What is in that file?

Had I known I was a missing link to a chain forged more than 20 years past, I would have come forward long ago. But where would I have gone? Monroe's death seemed to involve many official coverups.

I think of myself as an ordinary guy. Born in Los Angeles in 1939, I grew up around medicine. My father, Dr. George E. Hall, is a Beverly Hills surgeon and former chief of staff of Los Angeles receiving hospitals, the city's emergency system. My mother was a surgical nurse. A prominent member of my family was my uncle John Nance Garner, Vice President for two terms under Franklin D. Roosevelt.



"Nurse, were you able to get a semen sample from Mr. Bennett?"



"Hey! Anyone here named 'The Biggest Son of a Bitch Who Ever Drew a Breath!'?"

MARILYN MONROE (continued from page 38)

"There were 12 pill bottles. They were all on the bedside table in nice neat little rows—with the caps on."

In 1961 I started with Walt Schaefer's California Ambulance Service. At that time, when Schaefer first set up his company, you had to have a doctor ride in the ambulance. Schaefer asked my dad to be that doctor, and Schaefer would buy the ambulance and drive it. So in 1961, when I was unemployed, Dad called Schaefer and got me the job.

My dad would show and tell us a lot of little moves to make when you're out, like when you're delivering a baby, the motions you go through, how to push and all that type of stuff. It helped a lot.

But back then, in 1962, you couldn't do anything. To drive the ambulance, you had to have an advance first-aid card, and that was it.

They gave you training right there. You went to work in the morning, got a crash course that night, and away you went. Then they got cracked down on by the Red Cross. The guy who was the first-aid instructor was Tom Fears—he was the first driver I rode with. After the Red Cross, Tom would hold the class once a week. In the field you'd go in and check for bleeding, breathing, poisoning, shock, broken

bones and then go. Load the patients, then go. You would work 24 hours on, then 24 hours off. The offices were real cramped. There were a couple of bedrooms, with the back bedroom having four beds for two crews, and the other had two beds for the police crew.

The guys who went to work at four would be the very last car to go out on a call at night. Generally, when you got there at four, you'd get a call from the county hospital to round up six or seven patients and take them in. Then you would come back and sit around because the other crew was working. The five o'clock crew was the police truck. When you got any police call, you'd go on that one if you were available no matter where you were in the city. The crash truck was No. 88, I remember. (All of Schaefer's vehicles in Santa Monica were numbered in the 80s, by the way.) When you came on at 6 p.m., that was the first-up private car. Any private-ambulance call that came in, you got to it first. You were second car on police calls, and the four o'clock car would back everybody.

Among the drivers was a guy by the last

name of Wright. A lady who lived right down the alley from Schaefer's Ambulance Service was an alcoholic. She'd come up that alleyway—she was hammered all the time—and the only person who had the patience to stand out there and talk to her was Wright. One day the lady was drunk and stepped into the crosswalk and got wiped out by a car. I picked her up. Then I had to go to court and testify that she was always drinking and, like they say, "Hey, drunks have a right to walk across the street too."

There was Pappie Fare, an Indian about 50 years old, who had these special Indian knots. He tied up a psycho one night, and the guy got loose and almost killed his attendant—just beat him to a pulp. Then there was Merle, whose last name I don't remember. And there was Joe Tarnowski, who was kind of like a foreman. When there was no other dispatcher around, he'd take over. He shortened his name to Joe Tarno. I think that's what Murray Liebowitz did when he shortened his to Leib.

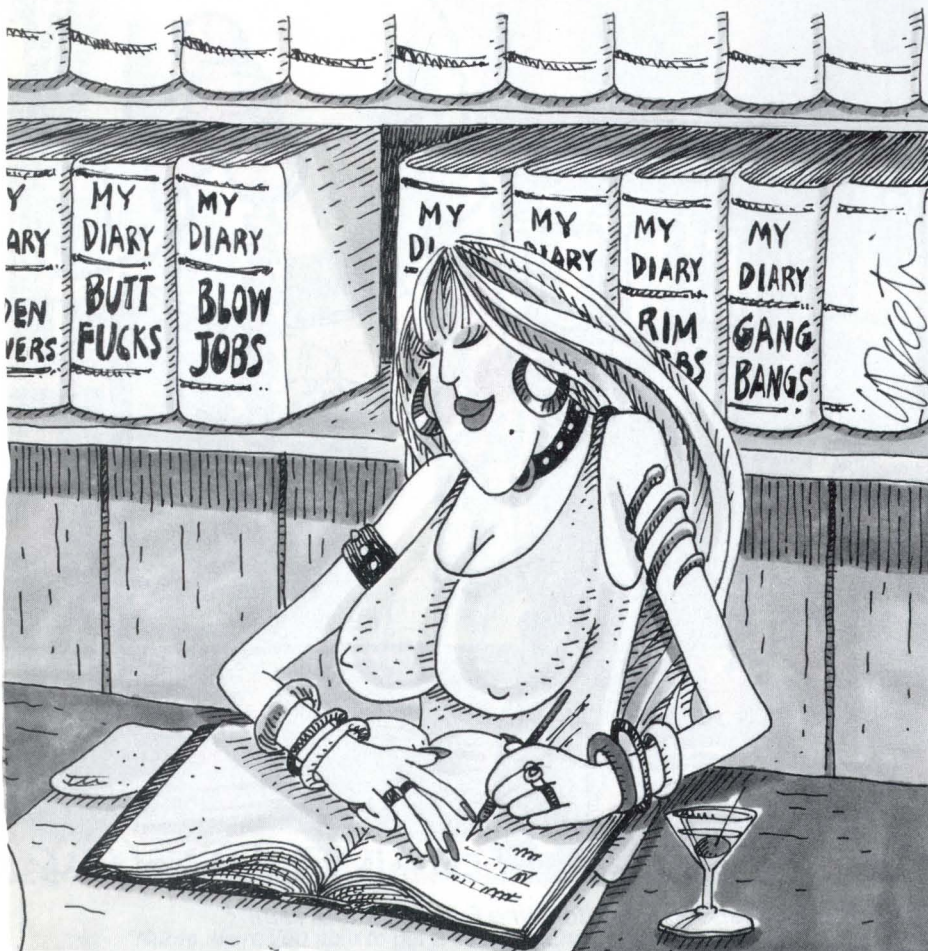
Then there was a really skinny kid named Kent Digort or Digert. He wasn't strong enough to lift patients up; so he didn't last too long. There was also Rick Summers—that's who rode with me most of the time. Rick Summers is Rick Greider, but he used the name Rick Summers when he was there. The main boss at the Santa Monica office was named Lucky.

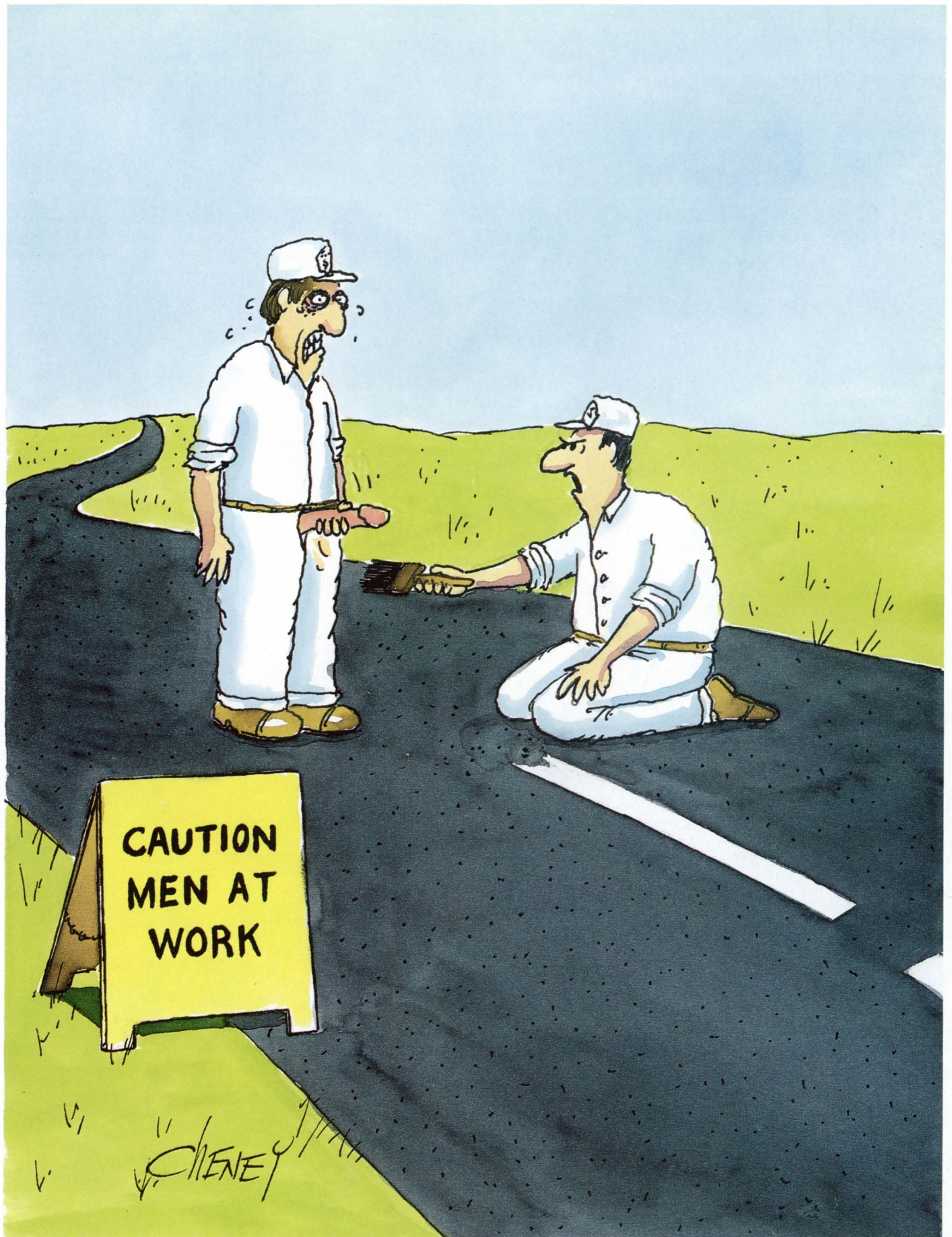
I don't remember any Ken Hunter, who's listed in other books, named with Murray Liebowitz as the drivers. I've never heard of that guy. Whoever he was, he didn't work in Santa Monica.

I handled a number of cases involving celebrities, which are recounted in my book, *Marilyn: The Final Chapter*. First of all there was a girl named Barbara Burns, whose father was old-time comedian Bob Burns. Picked her up in West Hollywood, had to step over a little white picket fence, real short one, and she was lying on the grass. We took her to a doctor named Nichols, who owned a little emergency hospital, where she was treated, and then we took her to the county hospital. There she expired from a heroin overdose.

I picked up another celebrity, from a home in Malibu. She was unconscious. They said she had taken a bunch of booze and pills and walked out onto the beach and tried to drown herself. The fire department, police department, they were all there. She went into Malibu emergency. I went in the back while Tom Fears drove. Her daughter rode in the backseat with me. Her daughter's boyfriend or husband—he was associated with her—rode in the front. Back in '62 you had the super clean-cut look, and this guy had

(continued on page 48)





"Oh, stop groaning . . . there's only 40 more miles to go!"

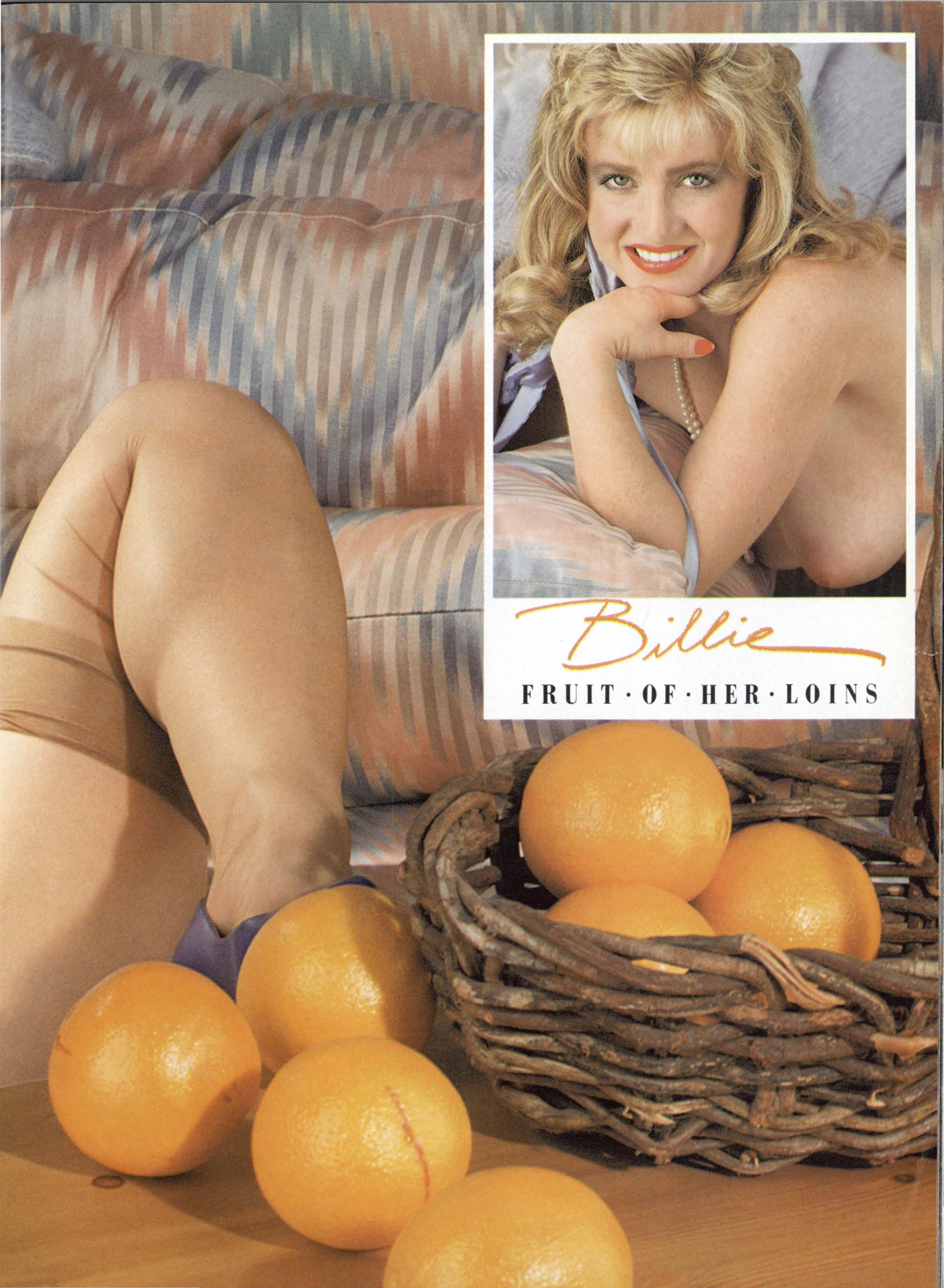


Photography by James Baes



Billie

FRUIT · OF · HER · LOINS





With her clothes peeled off, busty Billie has better things to do than contemplate her navels. "Maybe I love oranges because they're sweet and juicy," the sun-kissed beauty muses. "Just like me. And we're both certainly great to eat."







MARILYN MONROE (continued from page 40)

"Then he opened up his doctor's bag and pulled out a hypodermic syringe that already had a hard needle on it."

the first muttonchop sideburns I'd ever seen. I really thought he looked like an ass. Today it would mean nothing. As we pulled away, Tom Fears played "California, Here We Come" on the siren, which was hooked on the horn ring. It's not that way anymore—sirens are electronic now. The daughter said to me that we were swingers, and I said, "Yeah, the only ambulance crew that swings."

Then I picked up Betty Hutton. When we entered her house, we were facing the couch, and her bedroom was down the hallway to the right. We took her from her home, and at that time she had a real long Italian name, like a producer or something. We took her to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, to the Pavilion. The only cases that went to the Pavilion were obstetrics or babies. They thought she was miscarrying, but she wasn't. From what I understand, she later had a baby.

Irene Gibbons—"Gowns by Irene," MGM's top gown designer—picked her up three times. Lived on Doheny Drive in a penthouse with white carpet that was like angora or cashmere. An alcoholic, she was picked up twice at her apartment and

at her brother or brother-in-law's once, around Christmastime. He would always be there, and he would always tip. So everyone liked to pick her up because you got a \$50 tip.

Rick and I took her in, and I was accused of stealing her ring. Gibbons's brother said her ring was missing. The ring was one you couldn't believe—it was like a robin's egg, a diamond that would just knock you out. Lucky said, "You know you could never hock that. Irene's brother would like to know if you would go out and look in the ambulance and see if it's there." It wasn't. Twenty minutes later the brother called and said he'd found the ring but wanted us to check and see if her upper plate was out there.

Then I picked up a famous black entertainer's mother. Attempted suicide. When we got in the front door, there was a bronze bust of the star. The moment I walked into the house, I thought it was his house, but it was his dad's. We had to go up the stairs. The mother was sitting there in a chair, unconscious, with white cakey stuff around her lips. Had a funny smell, pupils were real pinpoint, pulse

real weak and thready, respiration real shallow. Classic OD. The husband started all that reverse discrimination. "Whitey, you ain't touchin' my old lady."

I said, "Fine, then just sign this refusal form, and I'm leaving."

A cop says, "You ain't leaving me here with this guy." We called a family doctor. Finally, the husband allowed us to take her; so we took her to UCLA.

Ernie Kovacs. I got a call, was headed across Santa Monica Boulevard and got canceled, and I turned around. They called me again and gave me the call for Kovacs; so I had to turn around again and turn on the sirens—people must have thought I was wacko. It was at night. He had stacked his car up against a telephone pole. The right door was open, and he was hanging out, his arm and his head. Like he just fell over. A cigar was on the ground, still burning. The car, I think it was a '62 Ford with wood paneling. We took him into the morgue, UCLA. At the time I didn't even know who it was.

* * *

On the night of August 4th-5th I don't remember what happened before Marilyn Monroe, except that I was out in the private-call ambulance when I was summoned. It was about 3:30 a.m. So I was coming back from the hospital, UCLA I believe, because you have to go almost right past her house to get back to our Santa Monica office. I had a response time of like two minutes. I was right on top of it. When we pulled up, we had the address as 12305 Fifth Helena—not the main house, but the servant's house or the guesthouse in the back.

In L.A., off certain main streets all the major houses in the front would be like Monroe's main house, and each house has a little side street going down to the back. It's a Helena. So I turned into the back there as we pulled up, and a woman who later said she was Monroe's publicist was standing there outside on the little porch, just freaking out. She was wearing a nightgown with a kind of housecoat over it that flapped open as she ran. Like she'd just got out of bed. I think the nightgown was white, but I don't remember what color the housecoat was.

She was slim, with what I call a flip hair—do or pageboy, where they tuck it under. Blond hair about shoulder length. In 1982, while reviewing photos, I recognized her in one where she was walking Monroe's poodle. The photo identified her as Pat Newcomb. Of all the calls I've ever made, ever—after I left Schaefer's, my dad and I owned Crown Ambulance in Norwalk, California—of all the calls I ever ran the whole time I worked in the ambulance business, I've never seen anyone as distressed or distraught or freaking out like she was. She was screaming at



John
Billings



"I'se so proud! All these folks come to see my boy!"

MARILYN MONROE (continued from page 48)

"If this guy had arrived a minute later, we would have been at the hospital with her. We could have saved her."

the top of her voice, "She's dead! She's dead!" I don't think she even knew she was screaming. We told her to relax, that we'd do the best we could. We grabbed the first-aid kit and went in the front door. We didn't even take a stretcher in.

All that I saw of the guesthouse is that we went through the front door and turned left, and then the bedroom was to the left. There was, I want to say a foyer, entrance way, but pretty good size. The guesthouse was small. We went to the left, into the lighted bedroom.

The room was small, with a table next to the bed, which looked as if someone had been sleeping in it. And on the table were a lamp, a telephone and a bunch of pill bottles. I didn't see any of that other stuff, like carpets or drapes. I couldn't see anything else in the house. I didn't pay any attention. I was mainly concerned with the victim. I saw the pills and tried to determine what had happened.

When I went into that room, Monroe was probably the only celebrity I recognized immediately during a call. I thought, *Oh, my goodness, that's Marilyn Monroe!* But that was as far as it went, and

then I started thinking about the patient. From then on it was just a patient.

Oh, yeah, she was still alive.

I looked around the room 'cause you want to try to figure out what happened. And I said something to that effect to the hysterical woman in the nightgown: "What happened?"

She said something about pills, but she didn't say possible suicide. She just said something about taking some pills, an overdose of pills. Now the pills were on the bedside table, on which a small lamp burned. I thought there were too many pills there because my dad was so frugal about the way he prescribed pills. When my sister had cramps, he didn't give her anything more than aspirin. So I looked at those pills and thought they were overprescribed for her. They just weren't those little vials. They were the big suckers. Twenty years later, under hypnosis, I remembered there were 12 bottles. They were all on the bedside table in nice neat little rows—with the caps on. There was no sign of any water or alcohol.

She was kitty-corner across the bed, with her head hanging off to the side. She

was stark naked. That's how I recognized her. I about freaked out.

Outwardly we saw, trying to figure out what was happening, that her color was a little gray, a dark color indicating lack of oxygen. There was no sign of vomit around the mouth, and there was no smell that I could detect. So I didn't know what was wrong with her.

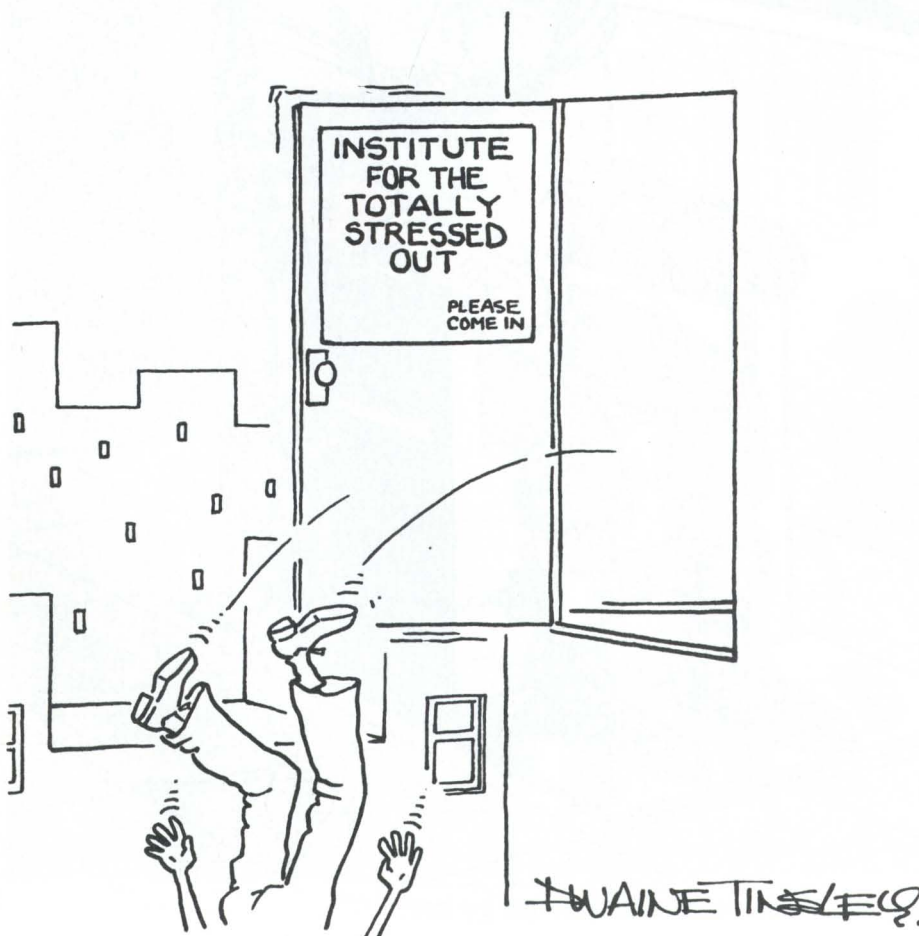
When the hysterical woman said maybe it was an overdose, we started looking for that, but that wasn't the problem. Monroe's pupils were not fixed; they responded to light. I remember opening her eyeballs—they were closed—and they contracted to the light. I thought her coloration might have been caused by the position of the head down below the body. Eventually, when we pulled her off the bed and started to do CPR, put the resuscitator on her, her color came back. So that might have been why she looked gray. Actually, gray isn't the right color. I want to say blue, but I don't want to confuse it as pooling of blood in the head. That's not what it was. It was just like she was running out of oxygen.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. First, I took her under the legs, and Rick took her under the arms to get her on a hard surface. She had a real heavy fanny. I couldn't believe that such a small woman could have such a heavy tush. As we took her off the bed, her butt hit the floor. The autopsy found a mark on her fanny that the L.A. County Coroner, Dr. Thomas Noguchi, couldn't describe—a bruise. Hitting the floor caused it. The autopsy also found a mark on Monroe's right upper arm that couldn't be explained. That's where Rick grabbed her.

The bedroom was so small that we didn't have enough room to work on her. So we slid her out into the foyer. I was giving her CPR. We took an airway out of the first-aid kit and put that in her. There were no obstructions. An airway is a six-inch-long clear-plastic tube that is curved and slides down through the mouth and down the throat. The airway has a lip shield so it can't go down your mouth. Just a tiny bit sticks out of the mouth. We put in the airway, started giving her CPR, and my partner went for the resuscitator. He brought it in, and I put that on her face.

I had moved up to the head of the patient. You use the thumb and forefinger of each hand on the mask and reach under the jaw with your other fingers so you have a tight seal. And then I rolled her head around to make sure that the airway was open. The machine was working perfectly. I was getting a great exchange of air. Normally at this point we'd get out a stretcher and transport the patient to a hospital. We weren't messing

(continued on page 82)





"Hello, Mildred. Just calling to make sure we have petroleum jelly
in the house. A lot of petroleum jelly!"



Photography by James Baes



MUFFY

★ *An American Original* ★

HUSTLER's high-toned Honey offers ass with class.











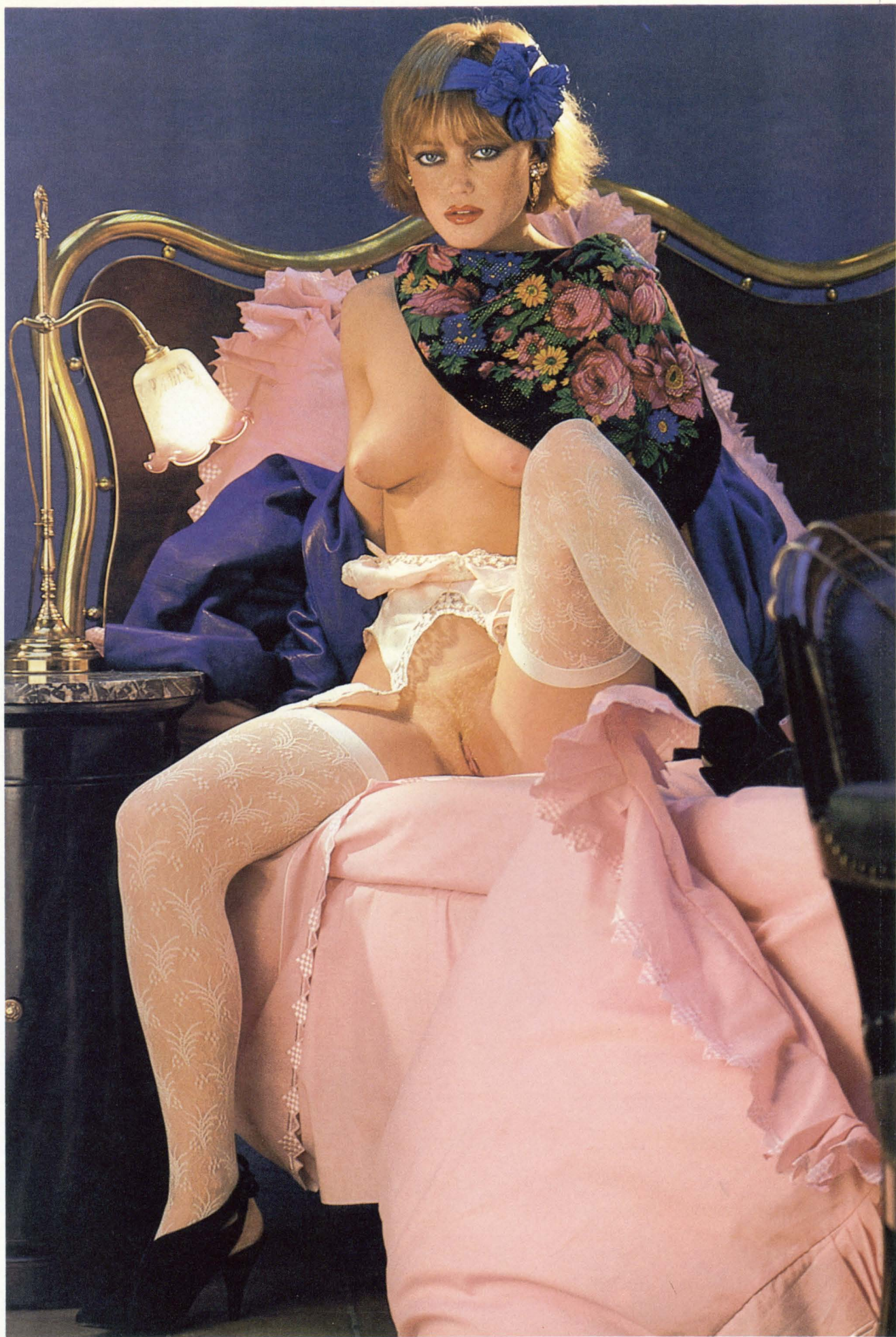






*A man makes
with style makes
with blue blood boil.
my Muffy*

HUSTLER'S HONEY • MAY 1986



LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT

LARRY FLYNT'S HUSTLER CLUB®

BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES
THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE



NEW YORK, NY	SAN FRANCISCO, CA	NEW ORLEANS, LA	BALTIMORE, MD
DETROIT, MI (NEW)	SAN DIEGO, CA	ST. LOUIS, MO	SHREVEPORT, LA
REDLANDS, CA	PARIS, FRANCE	MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA	CROYDON, UK

(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV

WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM



HUSTLER HUMOR

After experiencing severe menstrual pain for several months, a black woman decided to see her gynecologist. "What seems to be the problem?" he asked.

"It's mah period, Doc. It's been causing me pain."

"And how long have you been having this problem?" he inquired.

"Oh, about three or four months," the woman replied.

The M.D. shook his head, thought for a minute and then asked, "Well, tell me about the flow. Is there anything unusual about it?"

The woman looked puzzled and stared at the doctor for a long time. Finally, being totally perplexed, she said, "I don't know what that has to do with any of this, but mah flo' is linoleum."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *jailbait* as: a snatch with a catch!

One night in bed a man told his wife that he didn't want to make love to her anymore because her cunt was too big.

"Not anymore," his wife said proudly. "I've been doing exercises to slim up my pussy. Here," she added, grabbing both of her husband's hands and shoving them up her twat.

"Now what?" he asked.

"Try to clap your hands," the wife said.

"I can't."

"See?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *fart* as: toilet vapor.

Question: What would John Wayne, John Belushi and John Lennon be doing today if they were still alive?

Answer: Clawing at the inside of their coffins.

The geezer awoke in the middle of the night, and much to his surprise found that for the first time in two years he was hard as a rock and ready for action. With a twinkle in his eye he nudged his wife and, drawing back the covers, asked, "You see that, Ma? What you figure we ought to do about it?"

Sleepily the old woman replied, "Now that you got all the wrinkles out, it might be a good time to wash it."

An American wrestler was listening to his manager's advice about his next match. "The guy's an Australian who has this lock-hold that he calls a 'Kangaroo Hold.' If he gets you in this hold, you're fucked. It can't be broken." The manager demonstrated the hold and the ways to block it.

The match started, and immediately the American boy got locked into the dreaded Kangaroo Hold. The manager threw his hands over his eyes in utter despair. Suddenly, the crowd went wild. The manager looked up and saw the referee holding up the American's hand in victory. Back in the dressing room the manager said, "I didn't see what happened. How in the hell did you break that fuckin' hold?"

"Well," the wrestler said, "he had me all twisted up, and I looked up and saw this pair of balls hanging in front of my face; so I bit 'em. You'd be surprised how strong you can get when you bite your own nuts!"

Question: What does it say on a black epileptic's medical ID bracelet?

Answer: I'm not break-dancing!

Norm walked into his favorite tavern and started to bitch about his old lady. When he stopped for breath 30 minutes later, the exasperated bartender exclaimed, "It's hard to believe you're having trouble with that woman of yours, Norm. None of my other customers complain about her."

The Norwegian couple, always in the spirit for something new, retired to the bedroom, sat in chairs facing one another and began to shout, "Fuck you," "Kiss my ass" and other suggestive comments. After this went on for a couple of hours, the husband observed, "You know, honey, those damn Swedes think it's great, but this oral sex just doesn't do a thing for me."

A guy wearing a ski mask ran into an empty bar, pulled out a gun and told the bartender, "Put your hands up!"

"Don't shoot," the man pleaded. "I've got a wife and kids."

"Shut up," the crook muttered. "Just empty the cash register."

"All right," begged the barkeep. "Just don't shoot."

The robber took the money, pointed the gun at the bartender's head and said, "Get down on your knees, cocksucker, and blow me."

"Anything," cried the bartender. "Just don't shoot me." He started blowing the intruder, but soon the excited bandit dropped his gun. The bartender picked it up and handed it back to the crook. "Hold the gun!" he snapped. "One of my friends might walk in!"

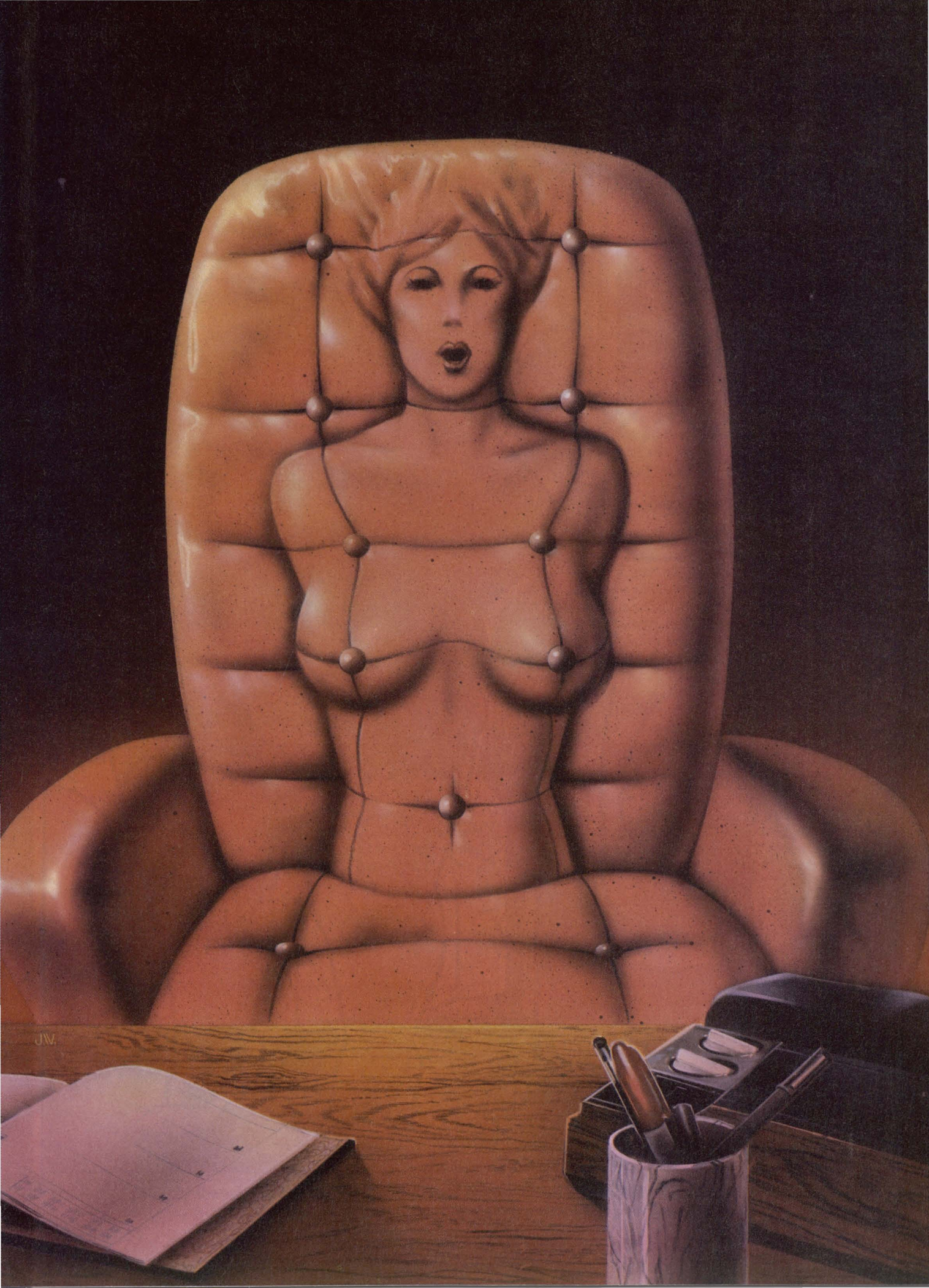
HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

Ghester the MÖLester

DAWNE TINSLEY



"I likes fuckin' honkies once in a while. I gets so tired
of those big dicks niggers have!"



EXECUTIVE SWEET

Fiction by Walter Francis

It was a day he had given up to his cock. Everything he saw, everything he touched, reminded him of a soft, sucking cunt. No one in particular. It didn't matter.

It had been like this from the moment he woke. His hard-on had pinched him awake as he rolled over to reach the alarm clock. His engorged dick was like a spring, forcing him back to stare at the ceiling. As he rubbed the sand from his eyes, he felt the strain of his cock stretching and bouncing on his belly.

Zachary was not a man prone to adventure, and this Day of the Swollen Dick was causing him strange feelings. He shifted in his seat behind the wheel as he moved through the morning rush-hour traffic. He could not find a comfortable place to shove his meat. It continually pushed against his confining corduroy trousers. He squirmed and

rubbed and readjusted his seat.

Zachary was a quiet, unassuming man. Very quiet. Very meek. In the eyes of the world, even to his closest friends, Zachary was a gentleman. Today, unlike most days, he was a man with a purpose. He was a man with a cock.

He had noticed the difference when he sprung himself from bed and stood before the toilet, waiting for the morning piss. As his hand aimed his cock toward the bowl, he noticed that what he was holding was huge. It was strong and solid and firm. As he stood there looking down at his dick and marveling at the strength of it, he felt powerful.

The thought came to him, quietly at first but loud and clear in the end, that he had to put his dick into something today. He wanted to drive his cock into sweet pussy. He needed to fuck somebody. Fuck her hard and strong. Long and deep.

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF WACK

Every time he jumped or stretched, Pamela could see the faint outline of a cock and balls.

It felt good to piss, and he pointed his hose directly into the water to listen to the glistening stream of urine splash and watch it bubble in the bowl. Zachary was a man fully enjoying every aspect of his manhood.

Fuck it, he thought, squeezing and stroking his meat until it stood firm and tight and throbbing. Today would be the day he fucked the boss. He laughed at himself. He snickered at his own daydream as if knowing it was impossible. But then, feeling his stretching cock skin, he looked down and wondered. He was swollen, and the stroking of his palm had caused a crystal-clear drop of seminal fluid to drip from the eye of the beast and ooze over his fingers.

After all, this was America—home of the free, land of opportunity. And she had invited him for coffee more than once, if only to discuss the day's business. "This is the day's business," Zachary said to himself as he gave his penis one last hard shake before shoving it back into his shorts. "I know my business."

Driving to work, he realized that an in-

itation to coffee would not be enough. His cock twitched. This would have to be a lunch day. He shifted in the driver's seat. Today he was going to fuck somebody. It would be his boss, Pamela.

* * *

Pamela watched him park as she did nearly every day. At exactly three minutes before nine she swung around in her chair, propped her feet up on the windowsill, lit a cigarette and stared at the front gate. She had done this every day for the past six months. Ever since she had first noticed Zachary at the company picnic.

He had been playing volleyball. It was managers versus staff. There was something about her quiet little employee that kept her staring. It was certainly not his massive size. Zachary was not a hunk. It was his shorts that had attracted her attention. Silk shorts. Not a designer outfit, but just silk shorts coupled with a raggedy old Marine Corps sweat shirt cut off at the sleeves. The guy didn't even have the sense to wear a jockstrap. Every time he jumped or stretched or just stood

there, Pamela could see the faint outline of a cock and balls. Black-silk shorts. Black-silk shorts that rode high on his hips and displayed some awfully strong thighs and what looked like some awfully hung balls.

She caught his attention once when they were both close to the net. Kris, a woman from the employee cafeteria, had jumped high to attempt a spike, and her arm drew down across Pamela's shoulders, dragging her blouse with it. For a moment Pamela's left tit had been exposed, and Zachary had noticed. Actually, he had stared. And he kept on staring at his boss as the game continued. Her own gaze met his crotch.

The summer picnic was long gone, but now Pamela kept right on staring. Every day at three minutes to nine she turned to look out the window, waiting for Zachary to roll through the gate. She waited for the moment when he would pull himself out of his vehicle and walk toward the front door. Today was no exception.

Except today there was something a little bit different about this young man with the silk shorts. She noticed something. Something big and growing. He was almost limping, self-consciously trying to adjust the bulge in his trousers to a less noticeable position. Pamela smiled. It was what she had seen at the volleyball game.

There was something else. He looked up at her window for the first time. He looked hard, and Pamela quickly swiveled on her chair to get out of his line of vision. It was too late. Their eyes had met, and Zachary had brazenly grabbed the front of his pants to shove his cock off to the side. He had seen his prey. And she, although not wanting to admit it, had become wet.

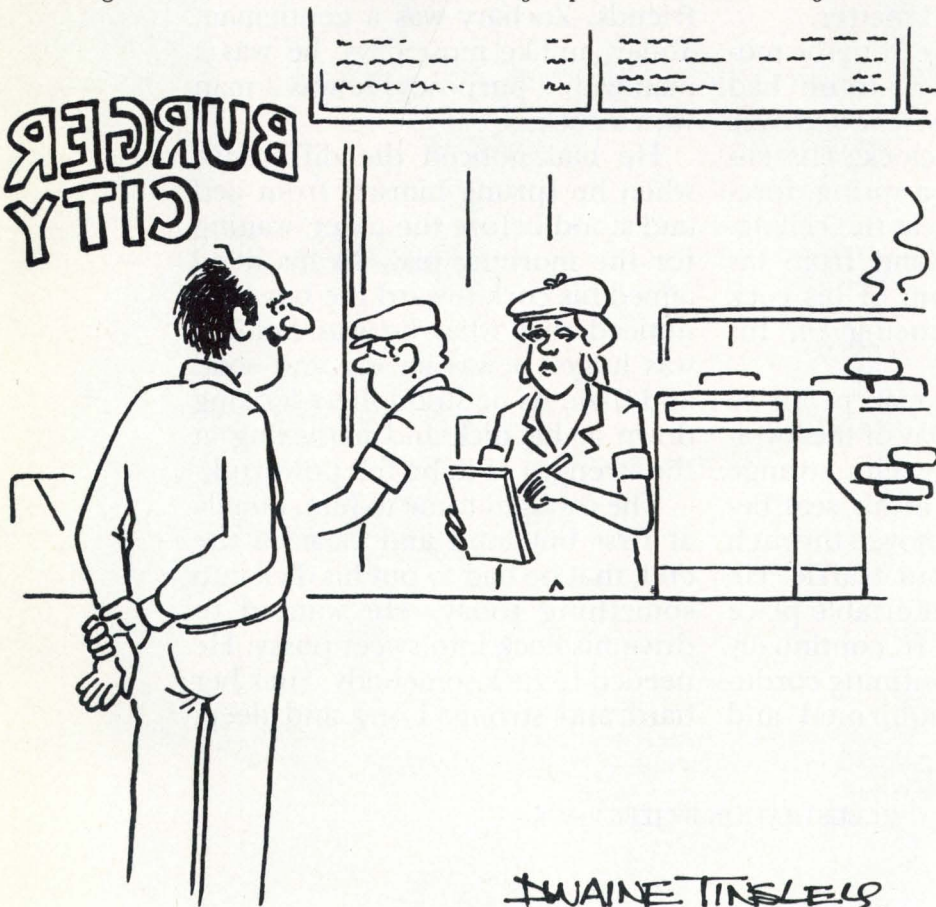
The phone rang. "You were watching me," a voice said. Pamela was silent. "You watch me every day." Pamela sat quietly, eyes closed, her brain reeling under the strain to find an answer to this cunt-baiting pressure.

"I'm your boss," she finally squeaked into the phone, realizing how timid she sounded. "I'm your boss!" she shouted, much too loud.

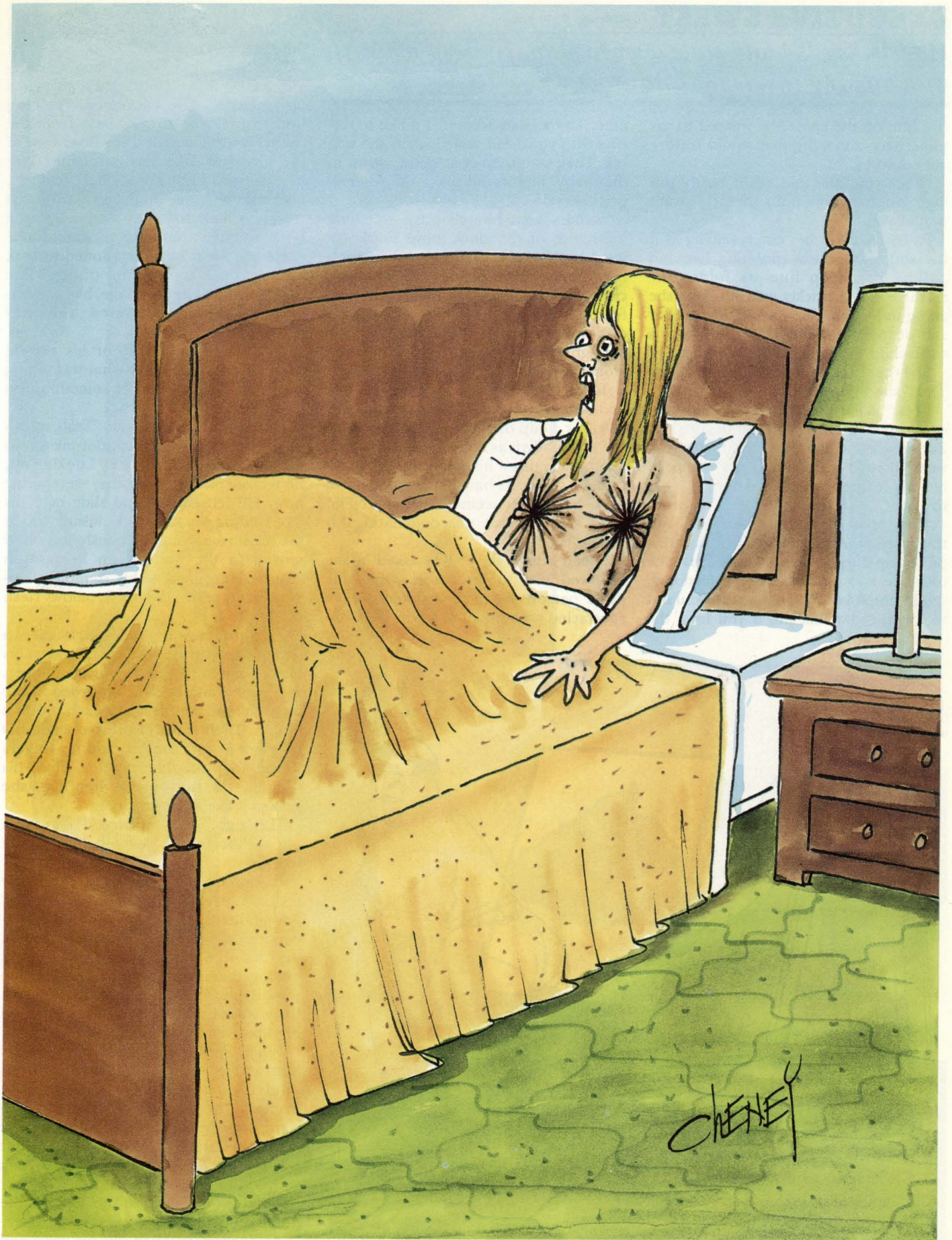
"Oh, fuck you," Zachary laughed, almost sneering at her over the line. "Do you think I care? Do you really think I care about your bossy little ass?"

Pamela said nothing, but a mixture of anger and desire churned in her stomach. *This has to be handled appropriately*, she thought, feeling her hand grip the phone tighter and tighter. She was becoming increasingly dizzy.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said, trying to regain her composure. She wanted to hang up the phone and walk to Zachary's office and



"I'll have a double cheeseburger... blowjob... small fries... blowjob... coke... blowjob..."



"Victor! Victor! Don't suck so hard!"

Look for head to the back, size tucked
(continued on page 99)
MAY-HUSTLER

He felt Kris's hand slide over his lap, finding his stiff dick pulsing inside his corduroys.

fire him on the spot. She wanted to say something. Anything that would restore her control.

"Fuck you," he said again, softly this time. An invitation, not a threat. "I want to fuck you."

Pamela sank in her chair, feeling as if the soft leather was grabbing her and pulling her deep into its folds. She flushed with a prickly warmth. Was she going to be sick? She was sinking deeper and deeper until she felt like she was a small child sitting in her father's chair.

She heard her voice squeak again. "No," she whimpered.

"Yes," came the reply as Zachary became bolder. The chase had begun, and Zachary knew Pamela's legs were too weak to run. He pictured her sitting in her big leather chair, not knowing what to say.

"Yes, Miss Pamela," he laughed into the receiver. And then, as if he had just picked up the phone, he changed his tone of voice and became the professional, model employee. "I'd like to take you out to lunch today, ma'am, if you have the

time. There is an account I'd like to discuss with you." He smiled when she said yes. They would meet at noon, down in the lobby. She would make the reservations herself.

Zachary kept himself busy, watching the hands of the clock move slowly toward 12. His cock filled with anticipation every time he had to walk past Pamela's closed office door. He moved quickly, fearing she would find him in the corridor and regain her composure long enough to take action and dump him from the payroll.

To kill some time, he rode the elevator up to the 16th floor and went to the cafeteria for a cup of coffee. He noticed the stares from Kris as he moved through the line. As she threw his coins into the register, she smiled at him and glanced down at his crotch. It seemed as if she could smell the sex that was dominating his thoughts.

"Been busy today?" Kris asked as she followed him to his booth. Only one other person was in the cafeteria, a bespectacled accountant at a rear table en-

grossed in the *Wall Street Journal*.

"Not really," Zachary replied. "Got time to take a break?"

"I'm here, ain't I?" Kris laughed, sliding next to him. "God, what a gorgeous day outside!" she exclaimed, reaching over to pull the curtains back from the cafeteria window. The 16th-floor view of the city and lake was inspiring. Her breasts were inspiring Zachary to stare, peeking down her blouse as she moved closer to him. Kris was a friendly little bitch, sniffing around more than usual.

He was erect as he continued to look past the open top buttons of her white uniform and at her cleavage, her perfectly curved young tits covered in the lacy whiteness of her bra.

Zachary snapped out of his reverie when he heard Kris ask what was wrong with him. "Hey, is there something on your mind, Zach?"

He knew what to answer. "Yeah, a couple of things," he replied, not taking his eyes off her splendid chest. Looking up, he was surprised to see they were alone now. He felt Kris's hand slide over his lap, finding his stiff dick pulsing inside his corduroys. Simultaneously, his hand moved to the buttons on her cotton blouse. He sighed as his trembling fingers finally reached the soft, pillowy flesh of her tit.

As contact was made, Kris sat up straight and thrust her bosom against his hand. Face to face, aware of the danger, they kissed and became absorbed in the warmth and wetness of each other's mouth. Their tongues pressed anxiously together in soft combat, and his fingers joined to pinch her nipple. When his tongue was fully inside her lips, she sucked it like a starving baby.

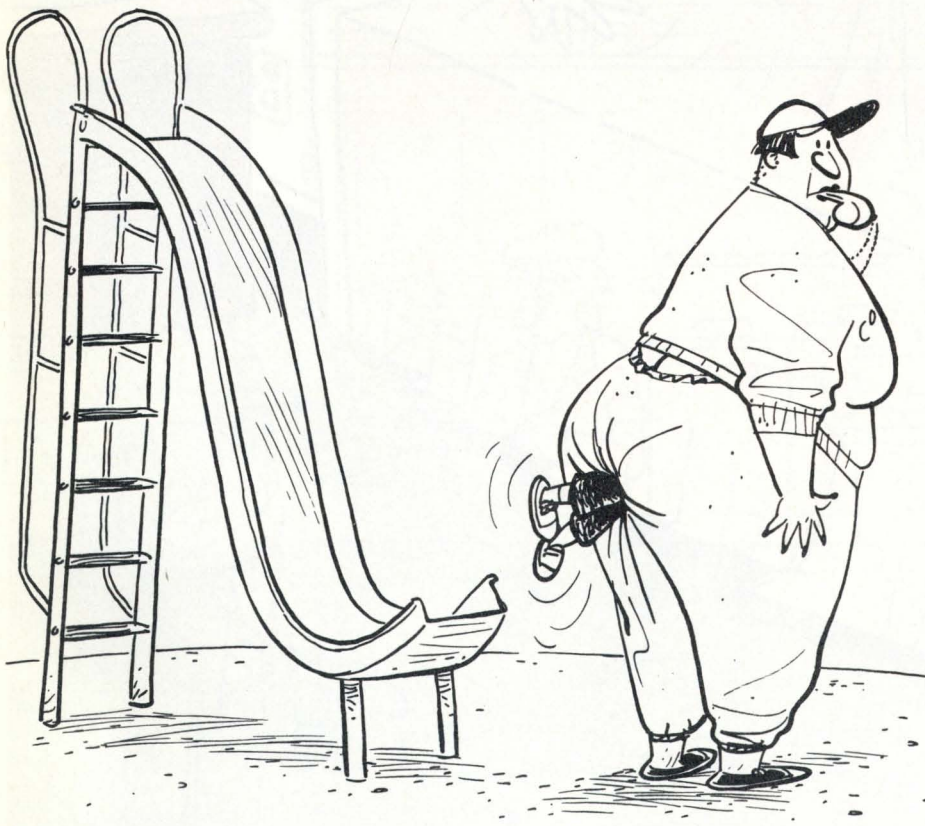
"Let's go," Kris moaned. Pulling him out of the booth, she led him to the freezer.

Passion made the room feel pleasantly cool, almost a relief to the heat of the past few moments. When they were safely hidden inside, she turned quickly and knelt in front of him, unzipping his pants and pulling them down to his knees in one smooth motion. She grabbed his cock through his cotton briefs and clamped her lips over the outline of his penis.

When she was satisfied that he was hard and strong, she yanked on his briefs until they stretched across his knees. Zachary lost his balance and fell backward until he was leaning with his back against the door, causing his hips to jut out toward Kris's pretty face. His cock swayed in front of her as she licked her lips and gently began to flick her tongue at the reddening sausage in front of her.

As Zachary reached out his arms and took her head in his hands, she lurched

(continued on page 90)



John Billings



"Lacks warmth. . . ."



Bolts Blue

FROM THE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



When it comes to
revving up, opening the
flaps and coming in for a
nosedive, nobody files
united better than this
voluptuous pilot and her
gorgeous grease monkey.















MARILYN MONROE (continued from page 50)

"That's when the flashbulb went off. I remember asking myself, 'How could reporters get here so fast?'"

around, but her color was coming right back. So when Rick went for the stretcher, right then is when a man who said he was Monroe's doctor walked in the door. He was a big guy wearing a suit without a tie. He had a ruddy complexion with tiny pockmarks on his face.

"I'm her doctor," he said. "Give her positive pressure."

I thought, *What do you think I'm doing, turkey?* I had a resuscitator on her. You can't ask for anything better.

Then there was a pause. After a while the guy in the suit shouted, "I said, 'Positive pressure!'"

Well, you know the woman there said she was Monroe's publicist, and she didn't say the man *wasn't* her doctor. So I assumed he was the real thing. He didn't identify himself by name; he just said he was Monroe's doctor. I'd been warned enough: Never argue with a doctor.

So I took the resuscitator off and put an extension on the airway—a straight piece that just comes away from the lip shield. And then I pinched her nose and tried to blow through the airway. Then he started pushing on her chest, but he

wasn't on the chest. He was way down like on her stomach. I remember noticing then that she had a fairly fresh scar there. Every time he'd push, whatever was in her stomach would come up that airway.

It was just gooky-looking. The fluid was dark. Maybe greenish. I remember distinctly that as he would push, I would blow back through the airway as hard as I could blow because I didn't want to get the stuff in my mouth. I remember sticking my tongue over the end of that damn airway, thinking, *I don't care who this lady is; I'm not eating that for nobody.*

The guy in the suit pushed for a while, and finally I said, "Look, Doc, you blow, and I'll push."

He was doing it wrong. That's when he said, "I have to make a show of this." I'll never forget that statement.

I wanted to get going. I kept thinking he could work on her in the back of the ambulance. Then he opened up his doctor's bag and pulled out a hypodermic syringe that already had a hard needle on it. Boy, I'll tell you that was a wicked-looking thing. I remember thinking that I was glad that needle wasn't going into me.

Next, he took out a little bottle with a rubber seal on top and filled up the syringe. I thought he was administering adrenaline. As if he were reading right out of a medical book, he said, "We have to inject this between the 'blank' and 'blank' rib," and he reached up and started feeling down each rib, counting to I don't know what number it was. He finally found the place and kind of pushed the breast aside and stuck the needle in, but it didn't go right in.

This is really a salient point, I think. It didn't go in, but he didn't back it out and start over. He just leaned on her. I couldn't believe it. Watching it hurt me more than it hurt her. I'd seen a lot of medical procedures, and this was downright brutal. The needle really popped in hard. He either got it hung up on the rib, and he either scarred the rib or drove it right through the bone or broke it. But that needle mark has to be on that rib. I think the puncture hole would be like in the crease of the breast, which is maybe why Noguchi didn't see it during the autopsy. He said he looked over the whole body with a magnifying glass and didn't find any needle marks, including under the tongue. But that sounds like a junkie shooting up, not like a reason to look at her heart. You wouldn't put a needle into your own heart, would you? So that needle mark has to be on that rib.

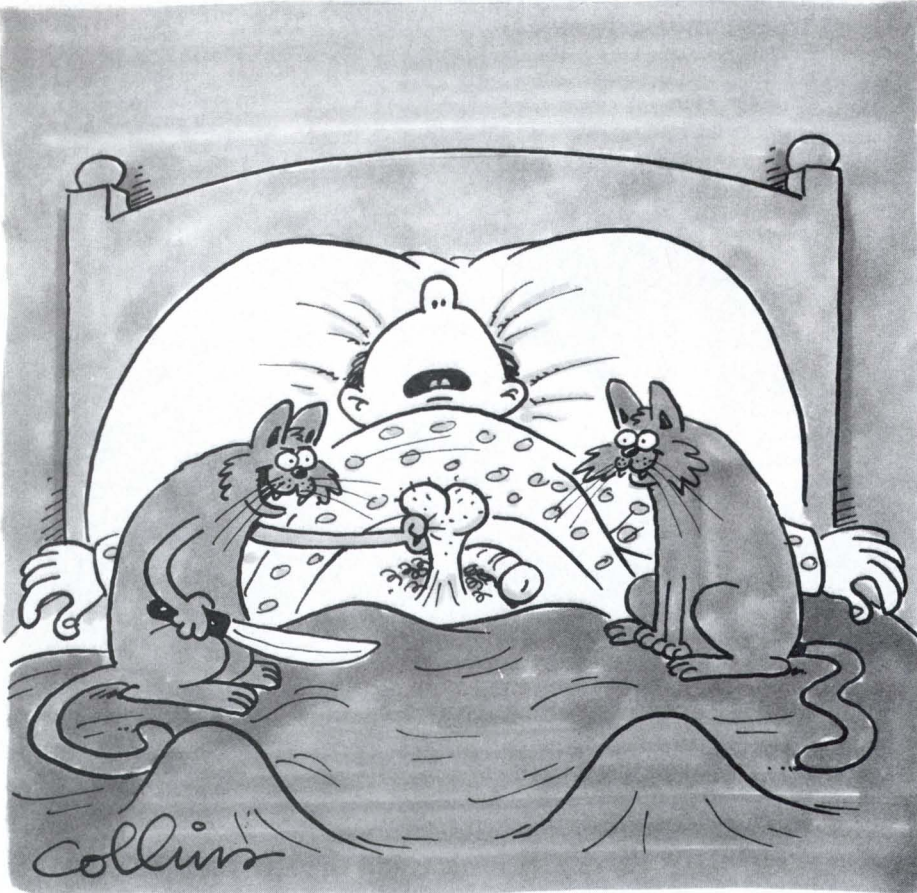
Okay, so the guy in the suit injected her, and we continued with the CPR and blowing in the airway. Then he put a stethoscope to her chest and said, "I'm going to pronounce her dead. You can leave." The whole time, I'm thinking, *Come on, let's get on with this. Put her in the ambulance.* We could drive her to the hospital, and he could fool around with her in back. I was trying to save her.

But he said, "I'm going to pronounce her dead. You can leave."

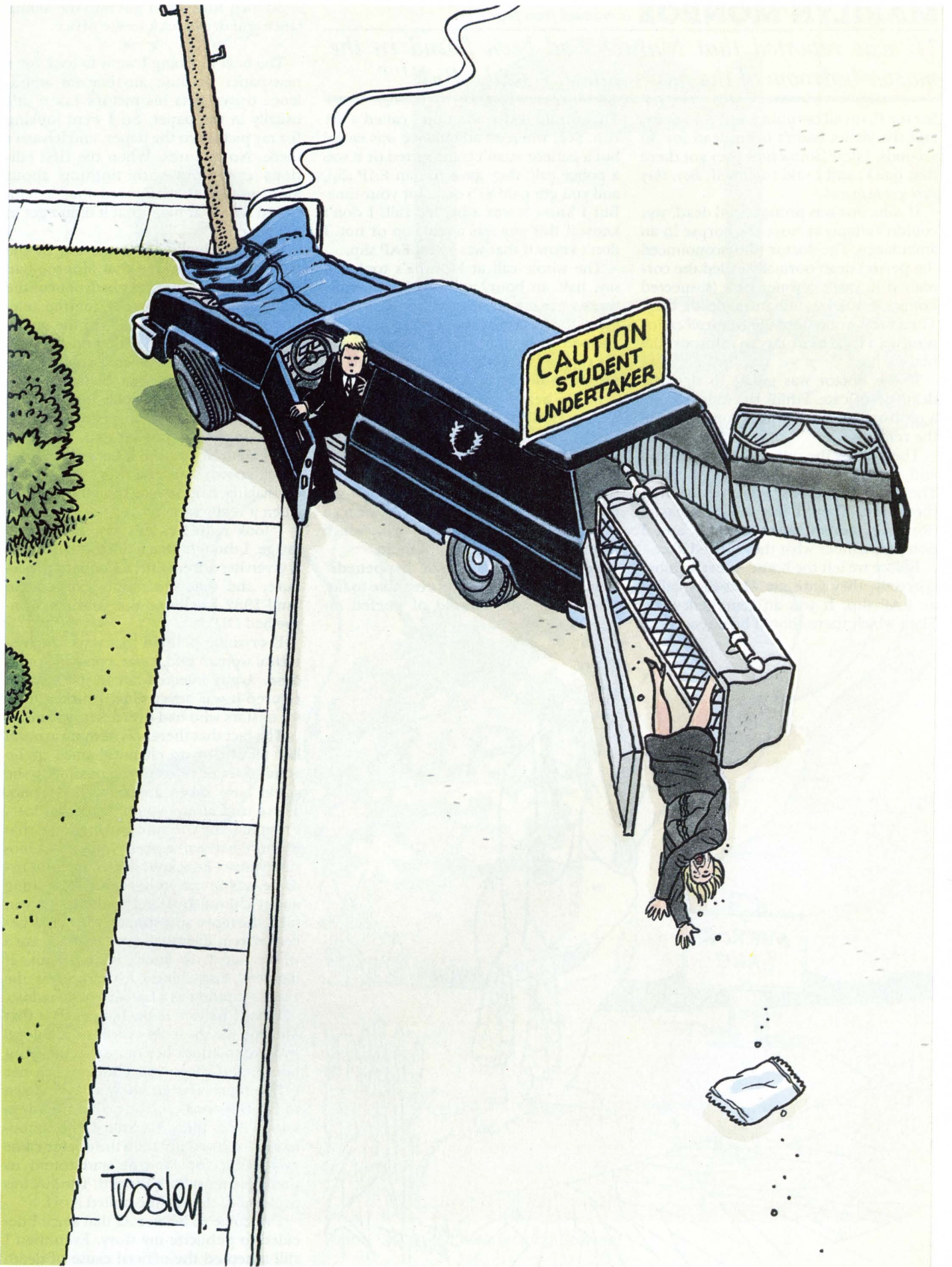
If this guy who claimed to be Monroe's doctor had arrived on the scene just a minute later, we would have been at the hospital with her. We could have saved her. I felt sick.

The whole time this was going on, the woman in the nightgown was still freaking out. You couldn't have put that act on. That was an Academy Award that nobody could get. She was really distressed. In fact, I remember there was a tiny pause in the action when the doctor was filling that syringe. I was going to get up and knock her out. I mean, it was that bad. She just kept trying to climb over us and get at her.

Ultimately, two other people came in, a guy wearing a police uniform and a guy like in plainclothes. We left. I went out the front door and headed for the ambulance. Parked next to it was the first-call car from a local mortuary. You don't call



"Let's see how he likes his ass neutered!"



MARILYN MONROE (continued from page 82)

"It was reported that Monroe had been found in the master bedroom of the main house. I said, 'Bull!'"

for the first-call car until you have a body, and the victim hadn't been dead for 30 seconds. I don't know how they got there that quick, and I said to myself, *Boy, they sure got here fast.*

If someone was pronounced dead, you couldn't simply remove the corpse in an ambulance. The doctor who pronounced the person dead normally called the coroner if it was a coroner case (suspected homicide, suicide, unnatural death, etc.). Then the coroner sent the first-call car or notified a local mortuary to transport the body.

If the doctor was going to sign the death certificate, I think he could just call a mortuary and say to just come pick up the remains.

These guys, the one dressed like a cop and the other guy, never said a word. They were just there. I don't know who they were. They didn't talk. At least I don't remember them talking, and I don't remember what they looked like.

Before we left the house, if I remember correctly, they gave me what they called an EAP slip. It was an Emergency Aid Plan, which there should be a record of.

That would be for what they called a dry run. See, when an ambulance was called but a patient wasn't transported or it was a police call, they gave you an EAP slip, and you got paid \$15 or so for your time. But I know it was a private call. I don't know if this guy was a real cop or not. I don't know if that was a real EAP slip.

The whole call at Monroe's took, I'd say, half an hour, and the only people there were myself, my partner Rick Summers, the hysterical woman, the man who claimed to be the actress's doctor, and the two guys who showed up later and appeared to be cops.

So we headed toward the ambulance, and that's when the flashbulb went off. I remember asking myself, *How could reporters get here so fast?* It was just too quick. Even if they were listening on a police radio and got the call, they couldn't get there that fast. Now, I know that wasn't a police call. It was a private call, which wouldn't go over the police radio.

Somebody said, "What happened?" That's the first time I was ever able to say, "No comment." It kind of puffed my head up a little bit.

So then Rick and I got into the ambulance and drove back to the office.

* * *

The next morning I went to look for a newspaper because anytime an ambulance driver gets his picture taken, it's usually in the paper. So I went looking for my picture in the paper, and it wasn't there. No pictures. When the first editions came out with nothing about Monroe's death, I figured that it happened so late at night that it didn't get in the paper.

When it finally did come out in the paper, it was reported that Monroe had been found in the master bedroom of the main house, reaching out for the telephone. And I said, "Bull!" In the guest-house the phone was sitting on the bedside table. The last place I saw Monroe was butt naked in that hallway. Then there were pictures of pills sprinkled on the floor, like she'd dropped some she was taking. They just set that up after I left. I figured they did it because she was a well-known star, and they played it up by making it look like something super when it really wasn't.

I took it to be, let's say, Hollywood image. I thought that a doctor had futilely given her adrenaline, a standard procedure, and that she simply expired. So until 1982 I believed that Marilyn Monroe had OD'd.

Everything pointed that way. The hysterical woman said it was a possible overdose. A guy injected her in the heart; I figured it was adrenaline. I picked up a lot of stars who had overdoses, ya know.

The fact that there was nothing around her mouth or no chemical smell or no vomit doesn't rule out the possibility she could have taken an overdose of pills. There isn't always vomit in an overdose. From reading the autopsy, I learned that Monroe had had a prescription for chloral hydrate-knockout drops. Chloral hydrate was found in her body. The thing about chloral hydrate is, the more you take, the more accustomed your body becomes to it. Eventually you have to take a whole bunch to knock yourself out. It happens that chloral hydrate gives the exact symptoms as a barbiturate overdose.

What I believe really happened is that Monroe was given an overdose of chloral hydrate to knock her out up in the front house, and they were gonna knock her off up there. She got away and got down to Pat Newcomb, looking for a friend, ya know. And then Pat called the ambulance. I showed up; then the doctor came in looking for Monroe and found us there. He must have flipped. The guy was pretty cool though—he pulled it off.

I've come to believe all that since I decided to publicize my story. Even then I still accepted the official cause of death

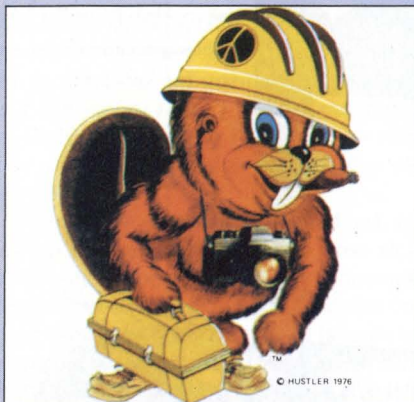


KURTZ



"There! I've said it with fucking flowers!"

HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see page 87. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. To increase your chances of being chosen, you should send in a copy of some form of photo ID, such as a driver's license, along with this release. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY
I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos and that my photographs can be published in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature _____

Date _____

and hadn't read any of the books about Monroe. I just thought I had an interesting version and thought I'd cash in on it. I saw everyone else selling their stories.

In 1982 I was working in Utah, but I moved to Las Vegas, Nevada, to be a manager of a sister office of ours selling water-conditioning equipment and solar-power systems. I have a pretty good reputation in that field. I was just making enough to keep two houses supported.

On television I saw people talking about Monroe and the 20th anniversary of her death. I thought, *That's the only thing I got going.* Everybody was always telling me, "Write a book; write a book about all the experiences," and I thought, *Well, maybe I've got something going with Marilyn.* I didn't think anyone would care. Someone suggested that I call the *Globe*.

The *Globe* paid for a friend named Bob Ruskin and me to go to West Palm Beach, Florida. While there they took me to the office of renowned polygraphist John Harrison. They had a list of questions, and they went over the questions, and we agreed on them. Then he gave me the polygraph. Now Harrison told the people from the *Globe* that he thought it was a fairy tale and that he would prove me wrong right off. He had been doing this for 40 years and had performed more than 100,000 polygraphs. He's the co-inventor of the machine. Nobody can say, "Well, the polygraphist didn't know what he was doing." This guy invented the machine.

First I was given a control test, and then they started asking real questions. After that polygraph was over, I was hypnotized by Harry Koder, a forensic hypnotist for the police department. He also had a police identity-sketch kit with him. I went through the whole thing for him. While closing, he gave me post-hypnotic suggestion that I had to tell the truth.

After lunch I was given another polygraph. Harrison asked, "Do you want to change any of the questions?" So I went over those questions, and I went over and over them, and I finally said that I wanted to change one. That's the only one I can remember besides "Are you Jim Hall?" and "Did you work for Schaefer's?" The question was "On the night of August 4th-5th did you administer lifesaving techniques to Marilyn Monroe?" I said obviously she was dead; so it wasn't lifesaving. So he said, "Let's change it to 'Did you attempt to administer?'" I said that's fine; then I took another polygraph.

And, of course, every one of them came out true.

After the polygraph they took me back in and rehypnotized me, and they regressed me and made me remember the doctor. Koder took out this police identi-

fication kit, I described what the guy looked like, and he put it together.

I said, "That's him, except he's fatter. Give him more jowls," and he changed the outline of the face, and that was the only change he made. Then the reporter looked at it and said, "Hey, I know that guy. That's Greenson. That's her psychiatrist." And I'll tell you that's a dead ringer—I hit him exact. In going over all the photographs, I saw one of Pat Newcomb walking Monroe's poodle.

The first time I ever saw the autopsy report was when I came forward with my story. I had to sign every page of the story for the *Globe*. The title read, "I Saw Marilyn Murdered." I looked at that and really thought. I had second thoughts about signing that because I thought, *Well, I don't know if she was murdered or not.* Then they showed me the autopsy and all the rest of it, and I thought, *Oh, my goodness.* The enormity of it hit. I should have come forward long ago. I just couldn't believe that so many public figures would lie about a thing like that. Age has taught me better. All the pieces fit into place.

Pat Newcomb was sleeping in the guesthouse. She admits to having been there the night before Monroe's death. I asked to see the record from Schaefer's. There isn't one, I was told. Schaefer's keeps records for only five years. And the records of the police call? Only the one made much later, at 4:35 a.m.

I was at Monroe's house around 3:30. *Something's crazy here,* I thought.

In 1983 Thomas Noguchi's book, *Coroner*, was published. In the former L.A. coroner's chapter on Monroe, I read this: "I found no needle marks, and so indicated on the body diagram in the autopsy report. But, interestingly, I did find evidence which might have indicated violence, and I also marked that evidence on the diagram. On Monroe's lower back was an area of slight ecchymos, a dark reddish-blue bruise that results from bleeding into the tissues through injury. The color of the bruises indicated that it was fresh rather than old."

These two facts strike home. I was responsible for that bruise. It happened when I pulled Monroe off the bed—I felt like hell about it. And no needle marks? That's a lie. I was there when Greenson gave her that heart injection. If her body is exhumed, I believe there will still be a scar on that rib bone. There has to be. Noguchi also said Monroe's stomach was empty. If she swallowed an overdose, there would have to be some residue in her stomach. It's this finding that led others to the conclusion she might have been injected with the overdose. That says murder. I say, "Yes, I saw her get that injection." So did Pat Newcomb. She was there too. Will she come forward?

WIN
\$1,000

Beaver Hunt

You don't have to go tromping through the woods to shoot the kind of wildlife we're looking for. Just snap a clear, color picture of your favorite Beaver and send it to us. If HUSTLER prints it, we'll send her \$100. Plus, there's always the chance your Beaver will be chosen

for an extended photo-feature and paid a cool \$1,000. All photos submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 86, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the money.

Photo by Husband

Photo by Husband



Twenty-three-year-old Janet is in banking and construction in San Diego, California. She's an ambitious gal, listing her hobbies as "MEN!, modeling, writing, dancing, children, working, learning, socializing, playing, etc." Janet says she and a friend hope to do a porn film together someday.



Twenty-year-old Angel is an Illinois housewife who loves dancing, cooking, decorating and sex. She dreams of making passionate love with her husband in the wilderness and appearing in *Beaver Hunt*. We've done our part; the rest is up to you, kids.

Carla, 27, is a hairdresser from Grand Junction, Colorado, who's into horses, music and motorcycles. She fantasizes about making love in the snow or on the beach.

Photo by Husband



Pearl calls Circleville, Ohio, home. Although 61 years young, Pearl says her goals are to keep her life sexually happy and have someone film her and her husband making love. She and hubby enjoy riding nude in their pickup and seeing the expressions on the faces of passing motorists.

Photo by Boyfriend



Trenton, Michigan's Berly, 20, is a waitress who likes dancing, swimming and singing. Her fantasy? Giving her boyfriend a blowjob in the elevator of a federal building.

Photo by Boyfriend



Photo by Dan



A physician's record clerk in Indianapolis, Indiana, sexy Sue, 22, dabbles in astrology and fantasizes about screwing in a hospital and about finding the perfect man.

Photo by Friend



A cashier from Louisville, Kentucky, 20-year-old Jessica enjoys skating, swimming, walking through parks and chanting. (Yes, chanting.) She dreams of making love on the beach.

Photo by Husband



Michelle is an 18-year-old college student from Hamilton, Montana, whose hobbies are horseback riding, playing pool and, of course, sex. Her fantasy is to make love to her husband in the mountains with a waterfall nearby.



EXECUTIVE SWEET (continued from page 70)

Kris shoved a fistful of ice underneath his balls and massaged the frigid crystals into his ass.

forward, mouth open wide to take his steaming prick down her throat. The cold freezer air was causing their breath to condense; so it looked like her mouth and his tool were smoking from the friction. She sucked long and deep, occasionally reaching up to stroke his member, forcing his fluids to the tip of his dick.

He moaned and pumped his hips to meet her advances. Kris gobbled and slurped, taking him deeper with every effort, gagging now and then, but not quitting.

Eyes closed in ecstasy, Zachary didn't notice her hand dip into the bucket of ice shavings. As his body jerked to her rhythm, he knew he was about to come in the head cashier's mouth. Without warning, Kris shoved a fistful of ice underneath his balls and massaged the frigid crystals into his ass.

Semen spurted from his raging cock, gushing onto her face as her tongue whipped back and forth, lapping at every bit of sensitive flesh. Her face was dripping with his juices, and her fingers searched for threads of cum to rub on

her breasts. Shoving her sticky hand down her blouse and freeing a tit from its confining cup, she rubbed and pinched her nipple as she sucked the final wads from his softening tool.

"Service!" someone yelled from the direction of the food line. "Come on! How about some service out here!"

Kris jumped up and wiped her face on the tail of Zachary's shirt. "Wait in the back until the coast is clear," she told him. "Then you can get out of here. And, uh, hurry back." Kris smiled and skipped out of the freezer.

As the door opened, Zachary caught a glimpse of the people in line. Pamela caught a glimpse of him too, standing in the freezer, adjusting his shirt and pants. Eyes met for a moment, and instead of waiting for the line to clear, Zachary boldly walked out, smiling all the while as Pamela's face turned red. As he passed her, he noticed it was not a blush. It sure seemed to be rage.

Pamela decided to play cool. At noon she walked to the office-building lobby and met Zachary. "I've picked a place for

lunch," she said softly, trying to remain aloof. It would be her way. She would not be humiliated by this clerk who fancied himself a stud.

As they walked to the parking lot, Pamela was surprised to see them heading for the company truck. "Whoa!" she said, stopping dead in her tracks. "I'm not riding in that to the La Fox restaurant," she drawled coolly. "I'm not one of your slut cashiers with cum on her face. We'll take my car." She was pleased with her arrogance and demanding tone of voice. Now he would know who was in charge.

Zachary grabbed her hand and pulled her toward the truck, walking hard and fast, scarcely aware she was having a difficult time keeping up in her spiked high heels. Her long strides forced the hem of her dress higher up her thighs, and her braless tits bounced as she almost ran to keep up.

"Stop it," she demanded without raising her voice. Pamela didn't want to draw attention to this sexual drama. Zachary answered by yanking her arm as he pulled her to the door of the cab. As she stretched to pull herself into the front seat, he could see a flash of her white, skintight panties. Her legs, smooth and taut, were encased in the nylon of thigh-high stockings.

"Where are you taking me?" she demanded as he popped up behind the steering wheel.

"Someplace where you can get a good meal," was all he answered.

"Pete and Mary's Tap?!" she exclaimed as they rolled into the gravel driveway of the notorious roadhouse. "Who in the fuck do you think I am?" she asked as he pulled her out of the truck.

"I think you're the boss, and I want to take you to a nice lunch in appreciation of all you've done for me," he answered with a straight face. "Now come on and don't embarrass me in front of my friends." They walked to the door, Pamela not knowing anymore who was in control of what. She certainly had never been anywhere like this before and felt self-conscious as he led her through the bar and into the dining area.

Dining area? It was a room full of Formica-topped tables in the center of which stood a pool table. As they sat, Pamela noticed a hand-lettered sign propped up against the cheap glass candle holder in the center of the table: FASHION SHOW TODAY.

"I like the fashion show best," said Zachary.

Pamela felt like a cheap slut as she pulled out a cigarette and drew on it deeply. But she would not give in. This game would continue until the end. She saw the first model coming from the back room and nearly swallowed her tongue.



"Ready, Helen? It's time again for the wonderful world of anal sex."



EXECUTIVE SWEET (continued from page 90)

Her pussy began a familiar twitch, an urge to pee and an urge to fuck. She decided, and she moved.

She looked back at the card on the center of the table. "Men's Undergear" was in small letters.

"What the fuck kind of place is this?" she asked Zachary as a boisterous group of women from a neighboring factory began to arrive and fill up tables.

"Don't you like men?" he asked. "I thought you might enjoy this."

And before the words were completely out of his mouth, Pamela felt a presence behind her chair. As she turned, her nose brushed against the silk cup of a black jockstrap, worn proudly by a blond boy of not more than 18. He looked down and smiled at the shock waves he saw rippling across Pamela's face. "You bastard," she muttered, looking directly at Zachary. The ball was in her court.

As the music blared and the young studs continued to prance about the tables, Pamela sat quietly and planned her next move. There had to be a way to beat this ballsy bastard, but she wasn't sure how. Anything she might do could only make things worse. Besides, she could feel herself getting wet. Roadhouses have

an aroma of their own, a mixture of the smell of booze and the scent of men and women in heat. Pete and Mary's was no different. As the horny factory women snatched and grabbed at the boys in their underwear, she got hotter.

She noticed the blond boy, the one who had managed to shove his sweaty loins in her face. As the women pinched and touched, his cock tightened in the slings he was wearing. His ass cheeks rippled when he walked, and his smooth muscular arms flexed so nicely when he placed his hands on his hips to pose. This boy, naked except for a see-through black pouch encasing his cock and balls, had struck a chord in Pamela's pussy. The urge to reach under the table and fondle her employee's cock was becoming too strong. She excused herself as soon as the model left the room. "I need to go to the ladies' room," she told Zachary.

Walking stiffly, her legs feeling as if they would collapse under her, she headed to the rear of the roadhouse, past the kitchen and into a dark corridor lit only by a single RESTROOMS sign. There

were three doors, and in the darkness she couldn't read the signs. "Shit," she mumbled under her breath as she pushed the first door open.

As she walked through the door, she was met with total darkness except for a small lamp shining dimly in the corner. She was about to turn to leave when she noticed a figure standing in the corner. It was a man, his back to her, leaning on his arms and looking into a dressing-table mirror. As her eyes adjusted, she realized he was naked. Her hand went up to her mouth in embarrassment, but her feet froze. She stared at the figure she now realized was the blond boy who had just left the stage. As the door latched closed behind her, he turned and looked at her.

"Who's there?" he asked, taking a graceful step toward her paralyzed body. "Am I on again?" He took two more steps toward her.

"I'm sorry," Pamela blurted out, again angry at the meekness of her voice. "I went in the wrong door."

The blond still came toward her, and she could see a slight smile on his face, which for some reason relaxed her. She laughed. "I'm sorry," she repeated with a giggle. *What harm could this guy do?* she thought.

As he came upon her, she saw his flaccid cock bouncing against his huge balls. His blond pubic hair made him look almost shaved. "Don't be sorry," he said in a voice much deeper than she expected. "I always like to get a visit from a fan."

"I'm not a fan. I mean I am, but I just wanted to pee." She couldn't believe she had said that. "I mean I have to go to the bathroom, and I thought—"

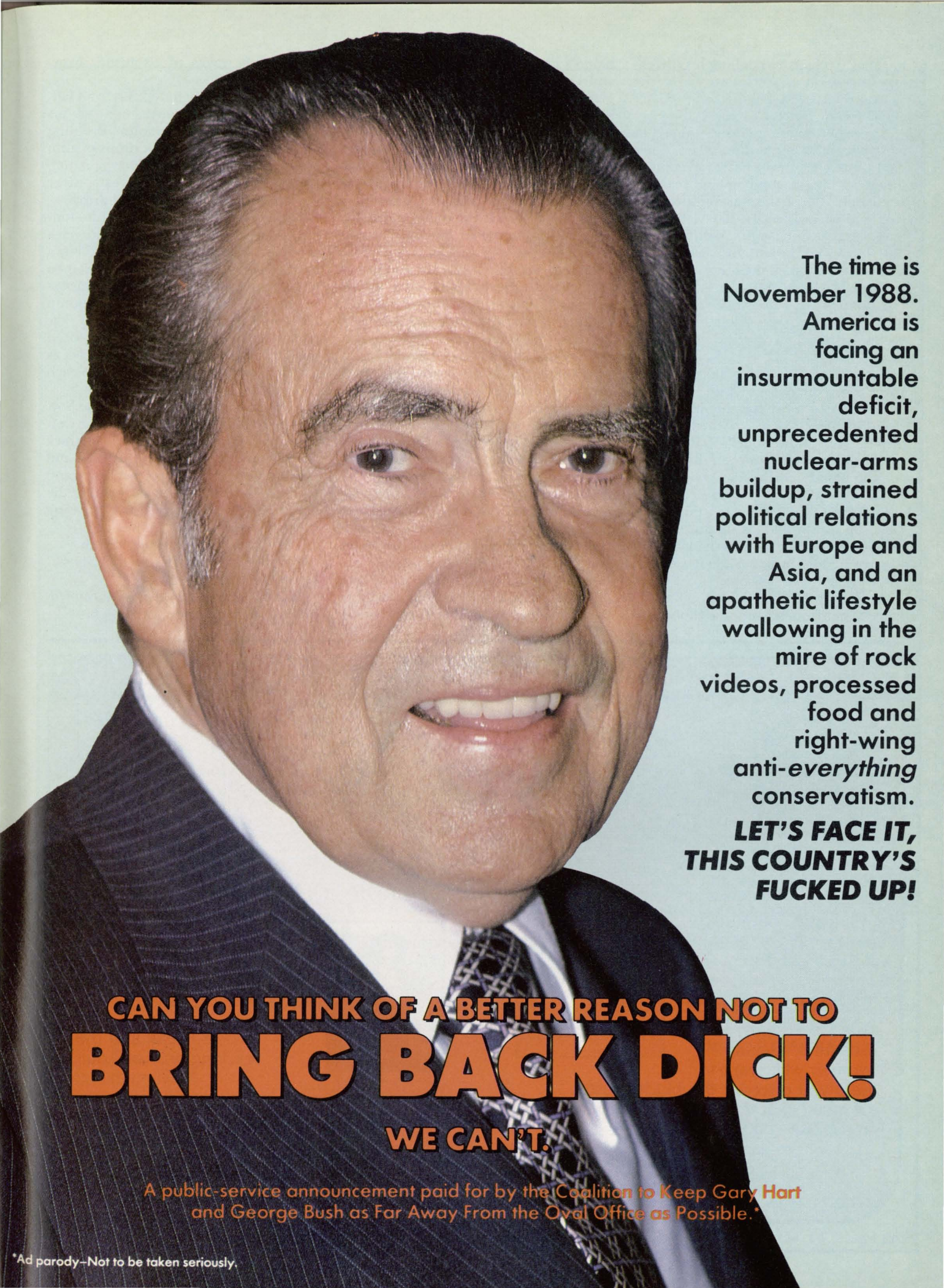
He interrupted her and rested his hands on her shoulders. "You didn't go into the wrong door, honey. This is the only bathroom here. If you have to piss, go ahead. I won't tell anyone."

It was a dare. Pamela didn't move or speak as the boy turned on his heels and walked back to the dressing table to look in the mirror. In the opposite corner was the toilet and a sink. She stood quietly for a moment, strangely comfortable in the darkened room, intrigued by the naked boy and his fascination with his mirror. She was about to turn to walk out when she saw him lift his hand to his balls. He began to slowly circle his nuts and gently stroke his own thighs. She could see his muscles tense and his legs begin to tremble at his self-induced pleasure.

Without conscious thought she felt her own hand come up to pinch her nipples. Her pussy began a familiar twitch, an urge to pee and an urge to fuck. She decided, and she moved.

As she strode toward the toilet, she hiked her dress over her hips, not once taking her eyes off the young man who





The time is
November 1988.
America is
facing an
insurmountable
deficit,
unprecedented
nuclear-arms
buildup, strained
political relations
with Europe and
Asia, and an
apathetic lifestyle
wallowing in the
mire of rock
videos, processed
food and
right-wing
anti-everything
conservatism.

**LET'S FACE IT,
THIS COUNTRY'S
FUCKED UP!**

**CAN YOU THINK OF A BETTER REASON NOT TO
BRING BACK DICK!**

WE CAN'T.

A public-service announcement paid for by the Coalition to Keep Gary Hart
and George Bush as Far Away From the Oval Office as Possible.*

*Ad parody—Not to be taken seriously.

was now stroking and pulling his stiffening, full cock. Deliberately smiling as she watched him gaze at her, she wriggled her ass out of the flimsy panties.

As she sat on the stool, she spread her legs wide, allowing him full view of her dainty pussy. As she urinated, she unbuttoned her blouse, cupping her breasts in her hands. When she was finished, she rose and walked toward her victim, demanding that he sit down. And when he did, she moved closer to his face, feeding him one tit and then the other.

There was no turning back, and even the sound of an opening door didn't stop her momentum. She knelt before her blond fantasy and slowly lowered her head.

Zachary had been worried. Perhaps Pamela had slipped out the back door. Now he knew what had happened. He stood in silence as he watched his boss grip the base of the model's shaft and dip her head lower and lower until he could see the blond's prick slide between her lips.

Sucking it deeply down her throat, she came up for air and, as the turgid cock popped out of her mouth, she looked at it, stroking it to make certain it was at its full length.

As Zachary pulled off his clothes to come at her from behind, she rubbed the

blond's cock head against her lips, nose and chin. She brushed it through her hair, causing the young man to buck his hips and let out a low, almost-whispered moan.

Zachary carefully closed the door behind him and walked slowly across the room toward the writhing figures of Pamela and the male model. He moved in behind her, nostrils twitching, and slowly lifted her ass in the air. In one sensuous movement he slid his hardened cock deep into her juicy cunt. He watched as she took the boy's entire cock in her mouth, closing her lips around the base, sucking hard and digging her nails into his smooth, hairless chest.

She thrust her ass back toward Zachary, wanting him in her farther and harder. The clerk pounded into her like a bull, squeezing her ass as he jammed his cock forward. He was locked in the powerful clutches of her tight, sopping cunt, grunting obscenities as he shoved his meat into her.

Pamela appeared to have gone completely insane with her pleasure. Her body whipped from side to side in a berserk frenzy; she thrust herself backward and forward, controlling the motions of the men pounding into her from both ends. She abandoned herself totally to the primal sensations that racked her

frame with waves of exquisite, overwhelming delight.

As the model fought to keep from falling off the chair, Pamela pumped his straining dick into her mouth, drooling and slobbering as the first drops of cum escaped from his glans. Her moaning turned into gurgles as stream after stream of cream shot down her throat.

Zachary could contain himself no longer as he saw Pamela's face and neck showered with white goo from the boy's magnificent geyser. As Pamela screamed with delight and rubbed the jizz across her breasts, Zachary continued to pump her furiously from behind. Sweat flew from their bodies, and Pamela was lifted off the floor by the force of the impact as the clerk and his boss slammed into each other again and again.

Not wanting to be outdone by the boy, Zachary pulled his dick out from the wetness of her snatch and shot his load, thick jets of juice spewing from his cock and landing with a splash on her back and hair. He stood over her ass, milking the last drops from his prick and watching them fall to her flesh.

They sat there for a while, silently.

"Wipe that cum off your face, boss," he commanded.

"Lick it off, tough guy," she replied, pulling on her panties. 🍑



APPETIZER

Join Success! Meet Wealthy Women who will leave you hungry for more! Call Linda at 1-312-262-6900.

MAIN COURSE

The Love Club! Beautiful, exciting women who want to help you discover the hidden tastes of mouth-watering sex! Call Tracy at 1-312-262-9800.

PLUS: ORAL AND ANAL SEX with Kristi's friends, 1-312-262-6900. ... **Denise's BI-GIRLS**, 1-312-262-9801 ... **SWINGING FOR SINGLES** with Bob and Melinda, 1-312-262-9030. ... **DOMINANT AND SUBMISSIVE WOMEN** from Mistress Elsa, 1-312-262-9802.



Sexual Menu

JUST FOR YOU!



DESSERT

The Sweet Girls of the Club Nice. Sugar-coated girls who are interested in Love, Dating and Marriage. Call Mary at 1-312-274-9600.

ENTERTAINMENT

Be a Star! Learn how to break into the exciting field of Adult Movie-making!

Illustrated guide helps you on your way! Call Darlene Dawn at 1-312-262-9030.

THE LOVE CLUB

P.O. Box 59238-H
Chicago, IL 60659

HOT AND NASTY HARDCORE VIDEO

1 HR FULL COLOR ORIGINAL and UNCUT-THE HOTTEST AND WETTEST VIDEOS AVAILABLE TODAY!

\$29.95 EACH
2 or MORE
\$24.95 EACH



H-107
 Tits like basketballs, an ass like an hippopotamus, and a pussy that must taste like chocolate candy! Big bad Mama has all the loving she can handle and she can handle one hell of a lot! Big cocks, little white pussies, and lots of friends all get a piece of Big bad Mama, and she loves it all!



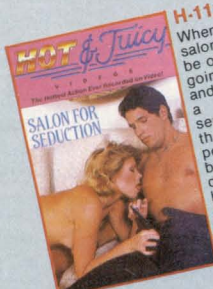
H-108
 What happens when three horny, hot-blooded females get together? A lot of tongue twisting action, as well as some sweat, some love juice, and a bunch of finger, candle, toe and tongue work, in every crack and hole! There's even a scene where a couple of the girls give each other a milk bath, with titty-milk!



H-109
 Five fabulous, fantastic, fervent featurttes about oral sex, both male and female style. Everything from SANDY KING'S Deep Throat Oriental Suck, to a group of your favorite porn stars getting each other off by lip, and tongue, and mouth, and everything that can be put in those places! Cum-filled delights, orally!



H-110
 Young stuff will get you in trouble every time. These two little teeny-boppers are out on the road, just looking for some action, when two of the baddest dudes in town show them what the big boys do! They like it so much, the kids bring the studs home to Mamma! She gets to like them too!



H-111
 When their beauty salon seems to be on the brink of going broke, JAKE and OKIE decide that a few "special" services will bring them back to prosperity. So they bring in their daughters, and business begins to boom! So much that a lot of the neighbors get into the act. The salon is the busiest joint in town!



H-112
 This is what you call a lot of woman! A definite contender for the championship of sex! BIG BERTHA fucks, sucks, eats pussy, takes didoes up her ass and cunt, and generally has one hell of a good time sexually! There's a whole lot of passion between those creamy thighs, and you'll love her!

SWEET-JUICY FULL LENGTH FEATURES TO GET YOU OFF!



S-105
 With a cast that includes AMBER LYNN, TAJA RAE, MAI LIN, HERSHEL SAVAGE, and lots more of the best-looking and best-performing artists in Porn, this is a really great little movie! All the action you can imagine, particularly when CANDY SAMPLES struts her stuff as the "Madame" of this house!



S-106
 Two beautiful sisters who break ALL the rules - along with their Daddy who likes the old two-on-one bit! BUNNY BLEU and CARA LOTT are the hot-to-trot sisters, who like to play all kinds of sexual games with their Daddy, their boyfriends, and even an occasional stranger who likes a two-way!



S-108
 Take a walk on the wild side with some of Hollywood's hottest, wildest, youngest hookers! See these sexy little lovelies take their tricks to sleazy hotel rooms and fuck them to quivering cum! GINA VALENTINO and LAURA LEE are two of the street girls who really know how to please both their pimp and their tricks!



S-109
 Introducing LADY TERESA, Europe's most outrageous superstar, in her American debut! Here is a genuine STAR, who knows more about fucking in all its nuances, than all of your local porn stars combined. She turns her co-stars every way but loose, in a magnificent display of sexual virtuosity! Don't miss this!

\$54.95 EACH
2 or MORE
\$49.95 EACH

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

We guarantee every videotape to be genuine hard-core showing full insertion, action and climax or your money back.

Postage & Handling Charges of \$4.00 per order must be added.

CANYON VIDEO DEPT. H5-86
 6515 Sunset Blvd. Suite 311
 Los Angeles, CA 90028

OFFER VOID IN CANADA

INDICATE ITEMS DESIRED

☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Name _____

☐ H-107 ☐ H-110 ☐ S-105 ☐ S-108

Address _____

☐ H-108 ☐ H-111 ☐ S-106 ☐ S-109

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ H-109 ☐ H-112

METHOD OF PAYMENT ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

Order Amt. \$ _____

Card No. _____ Exp. _____

In Calif. Add 6 1/2 % Tax \$ _____

Signature _____

Post. & Hand. \$ **\$4.00**

I am over 19 years of age and request this material.

☐ Please send free illustrated brochure.

Total \$ _____

I'M THE QUEEN OF DOMINATION
... SO
Don't defy
your mistress

**SLAVERY
HUMILIATION
FETISHES
BONDAGE
S & M**

818-906-7666
M/C, VISA, AE 24 HRS

*Whip me,
Beat me
Fuck me,
Eat me
Call me -*

"LET'S CLIMAX TOGETHER!"

Jill

FREE Call Backs - ALL Major Credit Cards
(818) 906-3041

**HOT LIPS
PHONE SEX**

"Wanna watch me suck-off this little blond bitch, baby?"
Julie

**(212)
307-7829**

MC/VISA/AE

FREE PHONE SEX

- Get Off Over the Phone •
- Call our sexy ladies now •
- Free •
- **1-901-452-5786** •
- Girls, guys, couples and bl's names •
- and phone numbers local who want •
- to meet you •
- Call Swingers Hot Line •
- Free **1-901-458-6593** Free •
- P.O. Box 22705 •
- Memphis, TN 38122 •

GET LUCKY!
No Coded Ads!
24 HRS A DAY!
(1-212) 262-9800

CALL NOW!
Direct Contacts!
BOX 59238, CHICAGO, IL 60659
THE LOVE CLUBS

"I'd love to spread my legs WIDE OPEN and let you CUM DEEP INSIDE ME. Call Jeanie and let's satisfy our desires together. I'm horny and waiting."

(213) 934-3072
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

EXPLODE WITH ENERGY!
TABS & CAPS FROM \$1.99!

TABLETS & CAPSULES*
FROM \$1.99 — 9.99/100
\$4.99 — \$34.99/1000

UNLIMITED SUPPLY-SLEEP AIDS AVAILABLE

Our **HIGHEST QUALITY** mental alertness aids and sleep aids are now available at **incredibly low prices!** We carry a **TREMENDOUS SELECTION** of non-prescription pharmaceuticals to choose from: 357 Magnums; 20/20's; 30/30's; Pink Hearts; Mini Hearts; Mini Whites; White & Black Moles and many more too numerous to mention in this ad.

For the **BIGGEST SAVINGS AND FASTEST SERVICE**, call or send in your orders **TODAY!** All orders shipped within 24 hours, C.O.D., plus postage & handling.

USA DRUGS
P.O. BOX 3465 • OMAHA, NB 68103-3465

CALL NOW!
1 (402) 556-8081
24 HRS A DAY, 7 DAYS

*Use only as directed. This offer void where prohibited. No sales to minors. Prices subject to change without notice. This product does not contain amphetamines, narcotics or barbiturates.

I NEED IT-BAD

Sometimes I get the itch so bad that all 113 pounds of me cries out to be crammed full of your love. Are you man enough for me? If you think so, I'll send you 8 photos of me nude, posed just the way you'd want me. Please enclose \$3 to cover the costs. Please hurry!

DEBBIE GREENE,
P.O. Box 483- N211
Bridgeport, Ohio 43912
(P.S. I'm not a pro, but a real small town girl with an itch for the big time.)

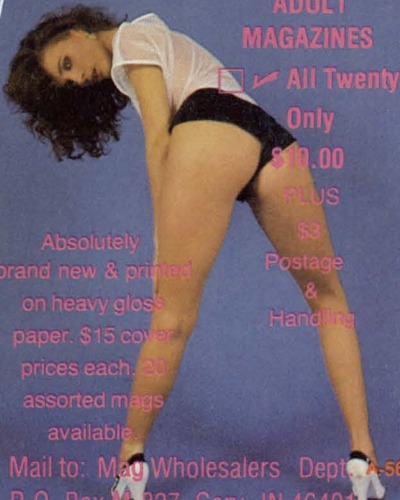
HEADS or TAILS?
You choose ... Oral or Anal

VISA
AE
M/C

Ask for Toni

(213) 854-3425
Direct Call Back upon request

ADULT MAGAZINES & VIDEO TAPES



ALL COLOR ADULT MAGAZINES

☐ ☒ **All Twenty Only \$10.00 PLUS \$3 Postage & Handling**

Absolutely brand new & printed on heavy gloss paper. \$15 cover prices each. 20 assorted mags available.


Mail to: **Mag Wholesalers Dept. A-56**
P.O. Box M-827 Gary, IN 46401



TEN 60 MIN VIDEOS FOR \$4.00 EACH
JUST THE COST OF A BLANK TAPE SO YOU CAN SEE OUR QUALITY PRODUCT

☐ ☒ **ALL TEN VIDEOS ONLY \$40.00**
Plus \$3 Postage & handling


Mail to:
CENTRAL VIDEO DIST. — Dept.: A-56
P.O. Box M-827
Gary, IN 46401
Specify VHS or BETA



THEY'LL BRING THE BEST OUT OF YOU!


THREE ASSORTED VIDEOS 60 MIN EACH

SEND ONLY \$15 PLUS \$3 P&H for all three programs
VIDEO DOMINATIONS DEPT. A-56
664 N. Michigan Ave.,
Suite 1010-2M40-
Chicago, IL 60611
Specify VHS or BETA



BLONDE GIRLS DO IT ALL — XS NEVER BEFORE IN EXPLICIT ACTION VIDEOS!

All Three Videos Available for \$15 plus \$3 P & H. Featuring all your favorite blondes: Cody, Nicole, Linda Shaw, Bunny Bleu, Cara Lott, Stacey Donovan. Three assorted volumes available. To order send \$15 plus \$3 P&H to: **VIDEO TO VIDEO • Dept. A-56**
664 N. Michigan Ave.
Suite 1010-2M40 • Chicago, IL 60611
Specify VHS or BETA



FULL SIZE ADULT MAGS 8 1/2 x 11 EACH

ONLY \$1.25 EACH IN QUANTITY

☐ ☒ **ALL 16 MAGS ONLY \$20 EACH & EVERY MAG IS FULL COLOR GLOSSY STOCK & EXPLICIT IN EVERY DETAIL**

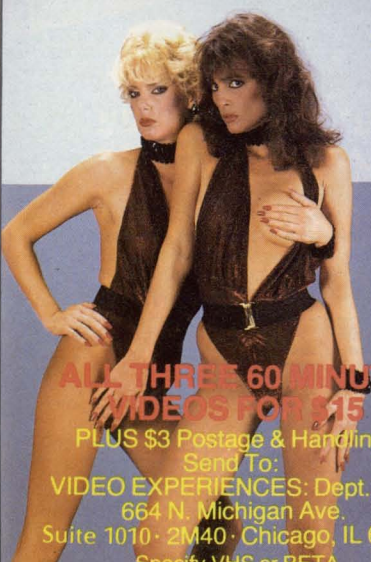
SEND TO:
MAG DISCOUNTERS
Dept: A-56
P.O. Box M-827, Gary, IN 46401



BUN BUSTERS
Live on Video Tape

3 assorted explicit action packed videos for \$15 plus P&H. Gorgeous girls & searing bun busting, featuring all your favorite stars. To order send \$15 plus \$3 P&H for 3 — 60 minute videos.

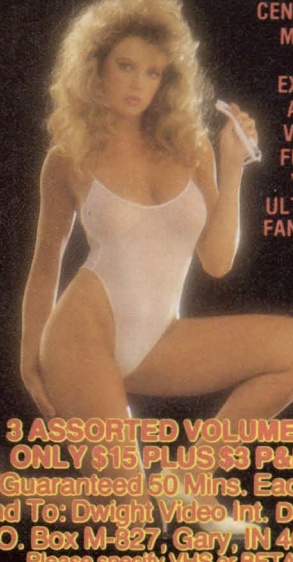
VIDEO MOVIES DEPT. A-56
P.O. Box 5460, Chicago, IL 60680
Specify VHS or BETA



SAPPHO SEX VIDEOS
Featuring Tracy Lords, Christy Canyon, Cody Nicole, Tina Marie & Mona

ALL THREE 60 MINUTE VIDEOS FOR \$15
PLUS \$3 Postage & Handling


Send To:
VIDEO EXPERIENCES: Dept. A-56
664 N. Michigan Ave.
Suite 1010-2M40 • Chicago, IL 60611
Specify VHS or BETA



CENTERFOLD MODELS IN EXPLICIT ADULT VIDEOS FULFILL YOUR ULTIMATE FANTASIES

3 ASSORTED VOLUMES ONLY \$15 PLUS \$3 P&H
Guaranteed 50 Mins. Each.

Send To: **Dwight Video Int. Dept. A-56**
P.O. Box M-827, Gary, IN 46401
Please specify VHS or BETA




BIG, BUSTY GIRLS — In explicit action videos. Huge gazoongas & hot sex action make for 3 hours of enjoyable viewing. Featuring Tina Marie, Kay Parker, Christy Canyon, Tracy Lords & other breast queens. Three assorted volumes of your favorite fetish, only \$15 plus \$3 P&H.

Send to: **VIDEO SPECTACULARS, Dept. A-56**
P.O. Box M-827, Gary, IN 46401
Specify VHS or BETA

"The ultimate phone fantasy."
— Swank Magazine

Hot dreams.



"Isn't it bedtime now baby?"
Amber

MC/VISA/AE **212-307-7829**

**Live Phone Sex
FREE For 1 MONTH!**
Just Join Our Club & Call As Often As You
Like You Will Talk To Live Kinky Girls FREE!
FOR MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:
Call Anytime (213) 656-7628
No Callbacks • No Credit Cards • Immediate Service

**Meet Real Women
Into Kinky Sex**
Just For Fun – Not the Money
(213) 656-7627

Kinky!



Wild!

HOT PHONE SEX

Let my lips love you!
Any scene you want!
Join our Boner Club - 5 calls = 1 free
VISA/MC/AE **(415) 474-6050**



MISTRESS EVA LIVE PHONE SEX

**NOTHING TOO
BIZARRE IN
DOMINATION**
CALL
ANYTIME
1-901-454-6026
(3 CALLS \$25.00)
ALL MAJOR
CREDIT CARDS

SWINGERS CONTACT 1-901-323-9401

"Hi, I'm Bonnie.
I want to be Butt Fucked
by your big, stiff cock."
"I love it up
the Ass."




M.C.
VISA
AMEX

(213) 657-5580
Ask for FREE Long Distance Call Back

HORNEY CHEERLEADERS

Hi, my name is Lauri,
and my friends and I are
real CHEERLEADERS. We
have some real sexy
color pictures of us,
taken in and out of our
uniforms. Wouldn't you
like to see?



All Color Photos
Sample \$3, Full Set \$11
Lauri, P.O. Box 29557 (A)
Thornton, CO 80229

CALL ME FIRST!

My Reputation is at stake...

If I don't give you the best ass you've ever had,
my reputation will be on the line. You'll
know it and so will I...
So, I'll do anything to please a man!

Diane



Call the direct line to my bedroom...
415-974-1010

VISA M/C



Cum with us! We're Molly and Cindy and
we like hot, sizzling 3-way climaxes with
big, hard studs like you. We're wet and
ready anytime! Call now!
(213) 934-4543 CREDIT
CARDS

2 FAST ACTING FORMULAS! The REAL THING

Liquid SPANISH FLY

spurious

Use on the coldest women to heat them up fast! Motivates
body action and urges her to desire you. No harmful ef-
fects. Just drop in food or drink and boost your make-out
score! ☐ one bottle \$5 ☐ Special! 3 for only \$10

and be ready for
the action with... **ERECTOS**

Have large and prolonged erections for extended periods.
Use a few drops of ERECTOS and achieve fantastic
results. You'll hang in there for as long as you want.
She'll love you for it — so be prepared for this one!
☐ one bottle \$5 ☐ Special! 3 for only \$10
☐ SAVE \$5 extra! 6 bottles (3 each) only \$15

Send , check or M.O. to: **LIQUIDS** Dept. 5015
1626 N. Wilcox, Hollywood, California 90028

STIMULANTS!

STIMULANTS

		Price Per Bottle	
		1000	100
20. D&E 127™	250mg	\$30.00	\$5.00
21. Mole	325mg	30.00	5.00
22. 357 Magnum	357mg	35.00	5.00
23. 20/20	300mg	25.00	5.00
24. D&E 250™	250mg	20.00	5.00
25. D&E 225™	225mg	20.00	5.00
26. D&E 85/25™	110mg	18.00	5.00
27. D&E 190™	175mg	30.00	6.00
28. D&E 290™	325mg	35.00	6.00
29. D&E 260™	225mg	25.00	5.00
30. D&E 160™	175mg	25.00	5.00
31. D&E 500™	350mg	35.00	5.00
32. 30/30	300mg	25.00	5.00
33. D&E 200™	200mg	20.00	5.00
34. D&E 25/25™	110mg	15.00	5.00

CAUTION: Individuals under medical care should consult their physician.



35. **D&E 25™ Thin White Cross:**
Ephedrine Sulfate 25mg.

1000 Tablets - \$15.00
100 Tablets - \$5.00

36. **On-The-Go™:** Natural Stimulant
Guarana in a special blend for pep and
energy the natural way.

90 Tablets - \$9.98

DIET AIDS

37. **Weight-No-More™:** (3-A-Day) A
special formula that curbs your appetite
through the meal while reducing diet-
ing fatigue. 1000 Capsules - \$30.00
100 Capsules - \$6.00

38. **Diet Time™:** (1-A-Day) Only one
capsule needed to continuously control
appetite throughout the day.

90 Day Supply - \$9.95

39. **The Milford Plan™:** Dieting
Breakthrough! Two products that control
your appetite and revitalize the essential
needs of the body. Lose weight and
maintain healthy nutrition.

90 Day Supply \$19.95



CALL TOLL FREE: 1-800-221-1833

3-Easy Ways to Order:

1. **Charge It — Use**
Visa or MasterCard.



2. **C.O.D. — We ship today and**
you pay on delivery.

3. **Send Payment in Full — Add**
\$3.50 for Shipping and Handling.

(N.J. Residents add 6% Sales Tax - No Personal Checks, Please)

D&E PHARMACEUTICALS, INC. - 206 Macopin Road, Bloomingdale, N.J. 07403

IN NEW JERSEY CALL (201) 838-5254

Specials

SAVE! - Order any 10
Bottles of 100 Tablets or
Capsules of stimulants
for only **\$40.00**

EXTRA DISCOUNT!

10% Off all orders for

On-The-Go Natural Stimulant tablets.

FREE!

**SEX CATALOG!...64 CUM-
DRIPPING COLOR PAGES TO
MAKE YOUR COCK ROCK-
HARD & READY!**



As a Valentine customer you'll be eligible to receive FREE PRODUCTS AND CATALOGS and even win CARS and CASH in our regular contests! All this plus the best sex products money can buy!

• **\$20.00 WORTH OF FREE SEX PRODUCTS!**

We'll send a game card with your catalog - you can win up to \$20.00 in FREE SEX PRODUCTS for just a small mailing and handling charge!

That's right! Just fill in the coupon below and we'll rush you our newest catalog packed with hundreds of red-hot magazines, videos, body oils and cunt-filling vibes and dildoes. Plus a chance to play our Magic Sexspot Game.

AND MORE!

Send in your coupon TODAY!

Valentine Products, Inc.
Dept. FC 339
P.O. Box 5041, South Norwalk, CT 06856

Please send me my "Bedside Companion" in an unmarked envelope absolutely FREE!

Canadians! Send coupon to: TLC Marketing, Inc., P.O. Box 722, Niagara Falls, Ont. L2E6V5. All orders shipped from within Canada. PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT CLEARLY!

NAME _____
SIGNATURE (I am over 18 years of age) _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

**YOUR MISTRESS
IS WAITING**

She will fulfill all your fetishes and fantasies on the telephone

**MISTRESS MORGAN
(212) 582-8181**

24 hrs. MASTER or VISA only

Lonely and Horny

Please call me. I ache deep inside for your intimate touch. Let's satisfy our secret urges together.

Credit Cards (213) 934-2249

ENLARGE YOUR PENIS TO ITS' MAXIMUM POTENTIAL

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

ONLY \$9.95

HEAVY DUTY VACUUM BULB BUILDS UP AMAZING AMOUNT OF SUCTION

GENUINE CLEAR ACRYLIC CYLINDER

CHECK VALVE ASSURES SUSTAINED SUCTION

SURE SEAL RIM NEEDS NO RUBBER GASKET. SIMPLY APPLY LUBRICANT FOR PERFECT BOND.

DON'T JUST FANTASIZE ABOUT IT

Private Encounters

Meet Hot Liberated ladies interested in new erotic experiences! Call today for outrageous and uninhibited sex!

(213) 630-0813

The Swingers Exchange

Open minded couples and bi-sexual girls seeking horny single swingers. Call Monica anytime for free information

(213) 602-2307

**YOUR WILDEST FANTASIES CUM TRUE!
4 GREAT WAYS TO MEET WOMEN!**

GREAT DATES

Sexy but sweet girls interested in love, dating and marriage. Call Nancy

(213) 630-0932

MADAM HELGA'S

Explore the secrets of dominance, S+M, B+D, anal sex and other forbidden pleasures.

(213) 630-8419

MEET REAL WOMEN WHO WANT REAL SEX



Have you ever envied men who had tremendous penis dimensions? ... erect measurements of 8, 9, even 10 inches? Many devices have been put on the market to massage, exercise and enlarge the male penis, but none comes close to the **MEASURE-X**. We gladly stack our product against any other enlarger on the market, regardless of price. Even electric models costing \$60 and more. And to back up our claim we give you something no other company dares to give you - a **money back guarantee** with 10-day free trial. Amazing offer ... amazing product. Won't she be surprised & delighted when she sees the new you?

ADD \$2 POSTAGE & HANDLING

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Ten-day trial offer. Full refund if you don't find the **MEASURE-X** produces the greatest suction and most pleasurable enlargement massage of any enlarger on the market, regardless of price.

Send To: **VICTOR PRODUCTS, Dept. HU107**
11736 Vose St., North Hollywood, CA 91605

IN CALIF. ADD 6½% SALES TAX • PLEASE PRINT.

Name _____
Addr. _____
Zip _____
☐ CHECK ☐ M.O. ☐ VISA ☐ M.C.
Card # _____
Expires _____
(\$1 surcharge on credit card orders)

HU107

SUPER HARDLORE

MAGAZINES & VIDEO TAPES

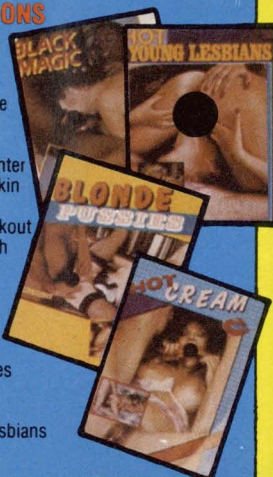
Now
GUARANTEED!!! At Discount Prices!

All items feature genuine hardcore photography (full fuck insertions with gooey cum-shots). In full color & first quality printing & video transfers or your money back!!!

ALL COLOR HARDCORE MAGS

CHECK SELECTIONS

- ☐ Sweet Cream
- ☐ Blonde Pussy
- ☐ Lesbian Desire
- ☐ Humpin Dick
- ☐ Lesbian Lust
- ☐ Cum Cunt Hunter
- ☐ Mama Tit Fuckin
- ☐ Anal Sluts
- ☐ Ass Hole Workout
- ☐ Shaved Snatch
- ☐ Ass Banger
- ☐ Fill My Cunt
- ☐ Double Treat
- ☐ Black Magic
- ☐ Lesbian Love
- ☐ Cock For Babes
- ☐ Cunt Struck
- ☐ Hot Cream
- ☐ Hot Young Lesbians
- ☐ Erotic Penis



☐ All Twenty Only \$15



8 HOURS
OF
SEARING HOT SEX
LIVE ON
VIDEO TAPE

Approx. 60 mins. each
8 hours of hardcore sex
Featuring: Tina Marie, Cody Nicole,
Tracy Lords, Christy Canyon,
Cara Lott, Linda Shaw, Janey Rob-
bins, Amber Lynn and more.

TITLES AVAILABLE CHECK SELECTIONS

- ☐ Fuck'em All
- ☐ Cum Again
- ☐ Spectacular Orgasms
- ☐ Big Boob Ball
- ☐ Ass Attack
- ☐ Anal Thrust
- ☐ Cunt Hunters

- ☐ FOUR VIDEOS only \$20
- ☐ ALL EIGHT VIDEOS only \$30

Mix and Match for greater savings

☐ ALL TWENTY

MAGAZINES AND
FOUR VIDEOS

Only \$29.00 (Save \$6.00)

☐ ALL TWENTY

MAGAZINES AND
EIGHT VIDEOS

Only \$39.00 (Save \$6)

Use entire ad to order

Send To: **SELECT DISTRIBUTING** DEPT. A-56

P.O. Box M-827 - Gary, IN 46401-0827

Rush items indicated. I enclose \$_____ plus \$3 p&h.
☐ Money Order ☐ Check _____ as payment in full.
Canadians remit in U.S. funds — no foreign C.O.D.'s
☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$5 extra, plus \$3 p&h. Please
specify: ☐ VHS or ☐ BETA.

NAME (Print) _____

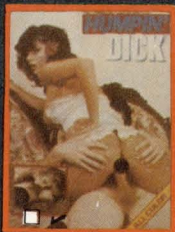
ADDRESS/APT. # _____

CITY _____ STATE/ZIP _____

Signature/Age/Date _____

I am over 19 yrs. of age and request this material.

CHECK YOUR
SELECTIONS

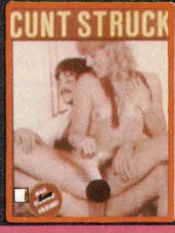
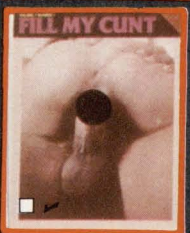
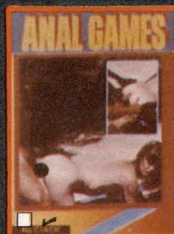
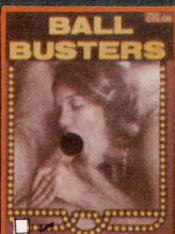


BIG 8 1/2 x 11

ALL COLOR HARDCORE MAGAZINES

Up to 68 pages thick

Only \$2.00 each in quantity



* SATISFACTION GUARANTEED *

We guarantee full credit towards future purchases if
you are not 100% delighted with your purchases.

MAGAZINE PRICES

1 @ 8.00, 3 @ \$12.00, 6 @ \$18.00
10 @ \$25.00, 16 @ \$32.00

MAG MASTERS

DEPT. A-56

664 North Michigan Ave., Suite 1010-2M40 - Chicago, IL 60611

GENTLEMEN! Please send me the item(s) indicated. I enclose \$_____ plus \$3 p&h.

☐ Check ☐ Money Order — note fastest service
money order ☐ Ship C.O.D. I enclose \$5 extra as deposit plus \$3 p&h.
Foreign orders payable in U.S. funds — no foreign C.O.D.'s. Note: we specialize
in Canadian, foreign, APO & FPO orders. Please add 10% extra for 1st class
postage & handling.

NAME _____

ADDRESS/APT. # _____

CITY _____ STATE/ZIP _____

SIGNATURE/AGE/DATE _____

I am over 19 yrs. of age.

SAVAGE ANAL SEX

only \$10
each
when purchasing both

On two 60 min. videos

VIDEO #1

ANAL FUCK

10" cocks penetrate tight
assholes until the juices
flow

VIDEO #2

ASS ATTACK

A blonde takes a savage
ass reaming and he cums
right in her asshole!!!

☐ \$15.00 @ one ☐ \$20.00 @ two

VIDEO VENTURES DEPT. A-56

P.O. Box 10935 - Merrillville, IN. 46411

Rush items indicated. I enclose \$_____ plus \$3 p&h.

☐ Money Order ☐ Check _____ as payment in full.
Canadians remit in U.S. funds no foreign C.O.D.'s ☐ Send
C.O.D. I enclose \$5 extra, plus \$3 p&h. Please specify:
☐ VHS or ☐ BETA.

NAME (Print) _____

ADDRESS/APT. # _____

CITY _____ STATE/ZIP _____

Signature/Age/Date _____

I am over 19 yrs. of age & request this material.



CUM ALL OVER

two 60 min.
videos
Only \$10
each in quantity

The juiciest wet endings of the
hottest, hardcore films — scene
after scene of squirting cocks as
gorgeous, cum-hungry girls suck,
fuck & stroke hard throbbing cocks
to explosive climaxes — on huge
tits, in slurping mouths, on
bouncing buns & juicy cunts — the
jets of jism never stop! Two hours
of total cum-filled action!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must be completely satisfied
or return for full credit.

Send to: **VIBRATIONS VIDEO** DEPT. A-56

P.O. Box 5460 - Chicago, IL. 60680-5460

Rush items indicated. I enclose \$_____ plus \$3 p&h. _____ as payment in full

☐ Money Order ☐ Check _____ as payment in full

☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$5 extra, plus \$3 p&h. — no foreign C.O.D.'s

PRICES ☐ One for \$15 ☐ Two for \$20

NAME _____

ADDRESS/APT. # _____

CITY _____ STATE/ZIP _____

SIGNATURE/AGE/DATE _____

I am over 19 yrs. of age & request this material.

Bad Girls
PHONE SEX

We're Nasty Girls Looking For Big, Hard Cocks To Fuck And Suck Dry!

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

(213) 453-0561

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Erotic phone Sex!

"Once you've called us you'll keep kumming back"

LIVE! 24 hours

IN PA 1-800-833-7500
OUTSIDE OF PA 1-800-441-9995
Mastercard & Visa

....GUYS / GALS CALL TELEKUM

GODDESS MONIQUE
The supreme mistress!



(212) 349-6229 MC/VISA 24 HRS.
DIRECT CALL AVAILABLE



SWINGERS ACCEPT SINGLES

WILD SWINGING ACTION FOR SINGLE MEN & COUPLES!
NAMES, ADDRESSES & MUCH MORE!

Call Bob, Sherri or Melinda at 1-312-262-9802
BOX 345, Kenilworth, IL 60043

"I want you to taste my luscious lips and tongue my juicy pussy. Call Lauren anytime."

(213) 934-2306

Credit Cards

I'M MISTRESS "DI"

Princess of Domination, Pain and Punishment

Call me I'll make you CUM to your knees

All major credit cards

714-752-2299

ANYTIME AND ANY WAY YOU WANT IT
Just Call ANNIE

818/994-6991
714/250-9092



"I may be new but I'm NAUGHTY"

MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

I love when men watch me get undressed.



Call me and I'll tell you all about it!

CALL SHERRY (212) 741-0971

MC/VISA 24 HOURS

"Hey Baby Cum slide your Hard, Throbbing Cock Deep Inside my HOT, WET Pussy."



Ask for Ginger

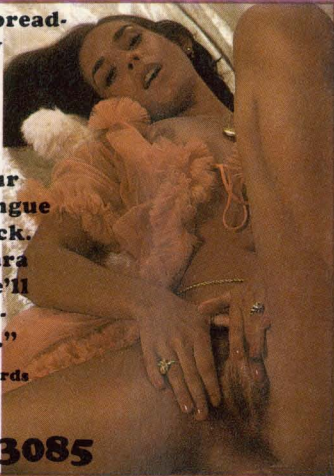
(213) 657-5580

VISA/MC/AMEX DIRECT CALL BACK UPON REQUEST

"I'm spreading my cunt lips WIDE OPEN for your hot tongue and cock. Call Tara and we'll cum together."

Credit Cards

(213)
934-3085



TRACY'S TALK-LINE

\$19.95

(415)
346-3209



MISTRESS DIANA GIVES PHONE TRAINING

S/M
W/S
B/D
ANAL
ETC...

V-MC-AMX

(213)874-5223



Mistress Helga

World Famous
DOMINATRIX

Call Me - I'll give you
all the PUNISHMENT
you DESERVE!

VISA/MC/AE
FREE long distance call backs

(818)
760-8171

XXXX VIDEO! Why pay more? BUY DIRECT! Fetish - Kink Our Specialty. Low Prices. Send \$2 for color brochure. RoMark Videos, P.O. Box 7425, Chicago, IL 60680

LADIES! MEET AVAILABLE MEN! Names, addresses, phone number, photos. **DIRECT CONTACTS** for **WOMEN!** Call The Love Club 1-312-262-9800. Box 59238-H, Chicago, IL 60659.

CHICAGO'S FINEST PHONE-SEX! All Fantasies - All Fetishes 1-312-878-9640, M/C, VISA, AE, \$35.

FETISH HOT LINE! (415) 731-0717, LIVE Dominant and Submissive Women, 24 hrs! \$20, M/C, VISA, A/E.

MEN! MEET 100's of rich, Sexy, Women! Call Linda at Success Dates 1-312-262-6900 (Day/Night) or send \$2.00 to Linda, Box 300-H, Kenilworth, IL 60043.

\$15 DAWN'S PHONE FUCK! Kinky coeds discuss anything. All Major credit cards 415-931-8421.

PHONE 415-668-5773! Your Complete Fantasy Phone Service. LIVE HOT 2-girl Calls, M/C, V, A/E.

NEW! Southern Exposure now introduces **MIDWESTERN & EASTERN** contacts. **GUARANTEED GIRLS** in all States! Call **TODAY!** Unattached, marriage-minded & Fun-Loving only, 1-800-621-5136, 24 hours.

EXHIBITIONIST HOUSEWIVES! Photos, Videos, Tease, Nudes, Sample \$1. Karen-H, Box 538, Island Lake, IL 60042

\$14.95 TELESEX!! by JOY, 100's of Ladies. M/C, V, AE, HOT 2-Girl call \$25, 1-415-567-6969. LIVE!

ADULT MOVIES! Guys/Gals needed! Call Darlene Dawn 1-312-262-9030.

CINDY'S HOT TALK! (415) 621-7637. \$20, M/C, VISA, AE, HOT 2-girl Call \$40 LIVE 24 hrs.

\$20 HOT PHONE! M/C, VISA, A/E 24 HRS. HOT 2-Girl Call \$40. (415) 861-4666. LIVE!!

MEN! HAVE FUN! MAKE MONEY! Provide special intimate services to ladies who request and pay for it. Details \$2, Special Services, Box 210-H, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302.

\$19.95 S&M PHONE. Daring Forbidden Fantasies. 415-346-3209, Credit Cards.

KINKY PHONE SEX! M/C, VISA, A/E 24 hrs. LIVE! \$20 call (415) 558-8222.

MATURE WOMAN LOVES TO TALK to DISCREET, MATURE MEN! For the time of YOUR LIFE send \$10, your name, phone number and best time to call to Sandra, Box 405-FC, Wilmette, IL 60091

ESCORTS UNLIMITED Women that come to you. CHICAGO 312-335-2650, LOS ANGELES 213-439-4393. Pretty Ladies needed.

\$10 PHONE SEX! So Hot you'll be Cuming back for more. (313) 238-2606, 24 hrs. M/C, VISA.

BEAUTIFUL, Sexy Mexican girls seek boyfriends! All ages. Free photo selection. Latins, Box 1716-HC, Chula Vista, CA 92012, PH# (619) 425-1867.

CUTE, SINCERE BI GIRLFRIENDS love to talk dirty to guys. Call Andrea & Chrissy at home 415-863-7966. Send \$15 ck, mo: KZK P.O.B. 15000, #211, S.F., CA 94115.

EAROTICA - 1-312-883-7294. We love to Fuck & Suck. Specialists in any and all Fetishes, just for you. VISA/MC/AMEX.



The EROTIC TELEPHONE NETWORK



NEW YORK, N.Y.
(212) 929-9227

HOUSTON, TEX.
(713) 650-9244

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
(213) 859-8590

BOSTON, MASS.
(617) 266-9302

SEATTLE, WASH.
(206) 467-6655

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
(612) 338-7028

PHOENIX, ARIZ.
(602) 252-0119

DETROIT, MICH.
(313) 949-6840

DENVER, COL.
(303) 623-4214

ROCKVILLE, MD.
(301) 933-2690



CHICAGO, ILL.
(312) 454-9267

ATLANTA, GA.
(404) 432-4160

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
(415) 362-3118

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
(215) 925-2168

KANSAS CITY, MO.
(816) 474-1361

MIAMI, FLA.
(305) 374-1260

MEMPHIS, TENN.
(901) 527-0605

WASHINGTON, D.C.
(202) 463-3064

CLEVELAND, OH.
(216) 781-1696

WINDSOR, ONTARIO
(519) 252-6356

Call in **YOUR AREA** to explore your most intimate fantasies with a beautiful, sexy, uninhibited woman.

Call now for a sizzling-hot conversation!

MC/VISA

24 HOURS

IS IT WORTH \$20 IF WE
GUARANTEED YOU COULD

**ADD 3 INCHES
TO YOUR
PENIS!**

AND **GUARANTEED**
YOU COULD STAY HARD
AS LONG AS YOU WISH!

If the answer is yes, you
need the APEX METHOD, a
modern miracle that helps
you to enjoy a fuller,
longer lasting sexual
performance.

OUR PROVEN LATICES
PROCEDURE WILL ALMOST
INSTANTLY SHOW A
DRAMATIC INCREASE IN
PENIS LENGTH AND DIAMETER.

- ADD 3 INCHES OR MORE TO YOUR PENIS.
- INCREASE YOUR PENIS DIAMETER 30%.
- HELPS YOU CONTROL PRE-MATURE CLIMAX.
- ALL THIS WITHOUT PUMPS, VACUUMS,
WEIGHTS, STRAPS OR PLASTIC SURGERY.

SPECIAL OFFER!
Send half now and pay the balance only
when you are completely satisfied.

☐ Regular Apex Method — gain up to 3 inches.
Guaranteed gain 2 inches...\$20. Send \$10 now
and balance when you are satisfied.

☐ Super Apex procedure — gain up to 4 inches.
Guaranteed gain 3 inches...\$30. Send \$15 now
and balance when you are satisfied.

**SATISFY YOURSELF. SATISFY YOUR SEX
PARTNER. END SEXUAL FRUSTRATION
AND DISAPPOINTMENT FOREVER!**
VALLEY MEDICAL - ROOM 1105 Dept. 5H
Box 1381 No. Hollywood, Ca. 91604



STAR FANTASY

\$25

EXCELLENT NOT EXPENSIVE

SHORT & LONG CALLS
SAME or DIFFERENT GIRL EACH TIME
MC/VISA
214/458-0400
ONE & TWO GIRL CALLS
ALL DISCIPLINES
24 HRS

"Hi. I'm Vicki.
I want to feel
your cock
between
my big,
beautiful
breasts."

Call me.

Phone
sessions
only.

Credit
Cards

(213) 934-3217

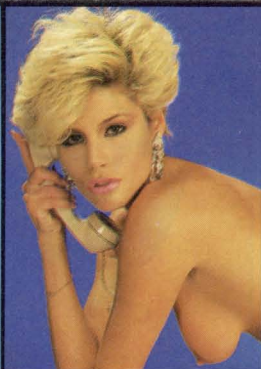


**LIVE
PHONESEX**

**EROTIC YOUNG
MODEL HAS
WARM LIPS TO
SUCK YOU
WET PUSSY TO
FUCK YOU**

**CALL ERIKA
AND REALLY GET
IT OFF**

(213) 657-4054
M/C VISA AMEX
DIRECT CALL BACK
UPON REQUEST



R E D H O T S E X C A L L S

Call and Feel the Heat!

714-261-1116
212-614-9101

MC VISA 24 HRS.



We're ONE CLASS ACT

I'm GABRIELLE
My Girls and I want
YOU ... Cum with
us NOW!
24 hrs., low
per min. rates

818-906-7666
213-466-4511

Call
AMEX, VISA,
M/C, M.O.

P.O. Box 480962
L.A., CA 90048



PHONE NYMPHO
will do anything!

Jill

(212) 227-8299 MC/VISA
DIRECT CALL AVAILABLE 24 HRS.



HARDCORE SPECIALTY VIDEOS

For The price of a blank tape just so you can see the great products we have to offer! 90 min. cassettes featuring hrs. & hrs. of hardcore action.

OUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

We guarantee these videos to be all color, hardcore, showing complete insertions & wet climax or your money back.

ONLY \$1.50
Each In Quantity

CHECK SELECTIONS

- ☐ Black Anal
- ☐ Blow Jobs
- ☐ Blonde Fucks
- ☐ Loads of Lust
- ☐ Sweet Ass
- ☐ Hot Juicy Pussy
- ☐ Oral Lesbians
- ☐ Blondes Who Suck
- ☐ Hot Wet Pussies
- ☐ Girls in Heat
- ☐ Pussy Poking
- ☐ Fill My Cunt
- ☐ Doggie Style
- ☐ Cunt Suckers
- ☐ Cum All Over
- ☐ Cum On My Tits
- ☐ Double Fucker
- ☐ Girls Who Eat Cum

Prices:

☐ Any One @ \$10 ☐ Any Five @ \$15 ☐ All 18 @ \$27

PLEASE SPECIFY ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

USE ENTIRE AD TO ORDER — CHECK PRICES & SELECTIONS

SEND TO: **DEAL VIDEO** DEPT. A-56
P.O. Box 5460, Chicago, IL 60680

Rush items indicated, I enclose \$ _____ Plus \$3 P & H. ☐
☐ Money Order ☐ Check, as payment in full, **Canadians remit in U.S. Funds. No Foreign C.O.D.'s** ☐ Send C.O.D., I enclose \$5 extra. Plus \$3 Postage & handling.

Name _____
Address/Apt. _____
City/State/Zip _____
Signature/Age/Date _____
I am over 19 yrs. of age & request sexually oriented material.

ALL COLOR HARDCORE MAGAZINES ALL TWENTY ONLY \$10.00



Plus Postage & handling. Every page in brilliant color. Every page is glossy stock. Every page filled with cum dripping blow jobs. Juicy orgasms & more....

☐ 20 ASSORTED MAGS AVAILABLE ONLY \$10.00

VIDEO TAPES

Five Assorted Videos Available

ONLY \$15.00 FOR ALL FIVE

Approx. 60 mins. each. 5 hrs. of hardcore sex!!!
Featuring: Tracy Lords, Christy Canyon, Kim Carson, Harry Reems, Ron Jeremy, Bunny Bleu & more brand new - not old shit!!!

We Guarantee every film to be brand new, All Color, Uncensored Hardcore or your money back.

USE ENTIRE AD TO ORDER — CHECK PRICES & SELECTIONS

SEND TO: **ACTION WHOLESALE** DEPT. A-56
P.O. Box M-827, Gary, IN 46401-0827

Rush items indicated, I enclose \$ _____ Plus \$3 P & H. ☐
☐ Money Order ☐ Check, as payment in full, **Canadians remit in U.S. Funds. No Foreign C.O.D.'s** ☐ Send C.O.D., I enclose \$5 extra. Plus \$3 Postage & Handling.

Name _____
Address/Apt. _____
City/State/Zip _____
Signature/Age/Date _____
I am over 19 yrs. of age & request sexually oriented material.

NEW RELEASES!

60 MIN. HARDCORE ACTION VIDEOS

Here are the latest available adult video hits the wildest raunchiest erotica from the premiere film makers in the world!!!

Featuring
A
Cavalcade
Of
Porn's Best ...
Tracy Lords
Christy Canyon
Tina Marie
Kay Parker
Ron Jeremy
Eric Edwards
Cody Nicole
Cara Lott
Tiffany Clark
Herschel Savage
Harry Reems
Kim Carson
Bunny Bleu
Rikki Blake
Craig Roberts
Erica Boyer
Laurie Smith
Serena
Nicole West
Gina Valentino



Any One Just \$7.50

Any Five Just \$29.50

All Ten Just \$45

CAN YOU BELIEVE THESE PRICES
ALL TEN VIDEO IN THIS AD FOR THE UNHEARD OF PRICE OF **\$4.50 each**
OR ANY FIVE JUST **\$5.50 each**
AND ANY ONE FOR **ONLY \$7.50 each**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

We guarantee these videos to be all hardcore, showing complete insertions and wet climax or your money back.

Rush items indicated, I enclose _____

Plus \$3 P & H. ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Check, as payment in full, **Canadians remit in U.S. Funds. No Foreign C.O.D.'s** ☐ Send C.O.D., I enclose \$5 extra. Plus \$3 Postage & Handling.

PLEASE SPECIFY ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

VIDEO BLOCKBUSTERS - 664 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 1010 - 2M40, Chicago, IL 60611 DEPT. A-56

Name _____
Address/Apt. _____
City/State/Zip _____
Signature/Age/Date _____
I am over 19 yrs. of age & request sexually oriented material.



FABULOUS NEW ALL COLOR PHOTO BOOKS

ONLY \$1.50
EACH IN QUANTITY

GUARANTEED

* FULL SIZE
* ALL COLOR
* ALL HARDCORE **8 1/2 X 11**

PRICES ☐ Any 1 @ \$8 ☐ Any 4 @ \$12
☐ Any 10 @ \$18 ☐ All 16 Just \$24

SEND TO: **LITHO U.S.A.** DEPT. A-56
664 N. Mich. Ave., Suite 1010 - 2M40
Chicago, IL 60611

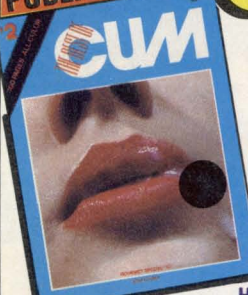
Rush items indicated, I enclose \$ _____ Plus \$3 P & H. ☐
☐ Money Order ☐ Check, as payment in full, **Canadians remit in U.S. Funds. No Foreign C.O.D.'s** ☐ Send C.O.D., I enclose \$5 extra. Plus \$3 Postage & Handling.

Name _____
Address/Apt. _____
City/State/Zip _____
Signature/Age/Date _____
I am over 19 yrs. of age & request sexually oriented material.

232 HARD CORE COLOR PHOTOS
FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF **CUM**

YOURS FREE
just to get you on our mailing list.

Send \$2 Postage & Handling to
GOURMET OFFER
P.O. Box 39
Hollywood, Ca. 90028



PUSSY ANIMAL

Let me bring out the animal in you,
Caressa

Call Caressa:
305-966-1411
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
DIRECT CALL BACKS AVAILABLE



Hi, I'm Sharon

I'm kinky and love to get into wild fantasies over the telephone.

CALL ME
(212) 807-8124

MC/VISA
24 HOURS



ANAL SEX - CALL AMBER
SHOOT YOUR HOT CREAMY LOAD
IN MY TIGHT ASS - I LOVE IT

Ask for Amber

(213) 657-5580
VISA/MC/AMEX DIRECT CALL BACK UPON REQUEST



LET'S GET NASTY... I LOVE MEN!

"I'm Cheryl and am 19 yrs. old. I grew up in a very strict military family in Arlington, Virginia. It wasn't until I came out to California to go to Stanford University that I began experimenting with all kinds of sex! Since then I've realized I've been horny all my life but never fully expressed it. Now I want to share my most intimate, taboo sex acts with you."



I can't wait...call me now!

415-543-3033 VISA M/C

LOSE POUNDS & INCHES WITH OUR HIGH QUALITY DIET AIDS AND KEEP IT OFF WITH OUR SUBLIMINAL TAPES AND PLAN



**FREE
SILVER
OFFER**



**BIG
RE-ORDER
DISCOUNTS**

GET 1/2 OUNCE .999 PURE SILVER COIN FREE WITH \$45.00 PURCHASE
GET 1 OUNCE .999 PURE SILVER COIN/BAR FREE WITH \$75.00 PURCHASE
LIMITED TIME OFFER ONLY! ORDER TODAY!

TRIPLE STRENGTH

1. .44 MAGNUM . . . 355mg caf.
2. MAGNUM . . . 350mg caf.
3. WHITE BIRD . . . 325mg caf.
4. BLUE BIRD . . . 325mg caf.
5. .357 MAGNUM . . . 325mg caf.
6. REBEL . . . 300mg caf.
7. EXCALIBUR . . . 300mg caf.
8. DEXLENE . . . 250mg caf.

9. FASTLENE . . . 250mg caf.
10. VALENTINE . . . 250mg caf.

REGULAR STRENGTH

11. LIT DONNA . . . 100mg caf.
12. DIET AID 100 for \$5.00
12. FLASH diet TAB 37.5mg PPA

SUBLIMINAL/SELF HYPNOSIS WEIGHT LOSS CASSETTE TAPE

\$9.95
OTHER TAPES AVAILABLE

13. DECONGESTANT
FLASH TAB . . . 25mg ES
500-\$15.00 1000-\$25.00
ADD \$2.00 POSTAGE

7 DAY 24 HOUR ORDER ONLY
Am Ex•COD•VISA•MC

1-800-428-2352

INDIANA AND INFO

CALL 317-631-8718

OR MAIL ORDER

CK•MO•VISA•MC

Am Ex•COD

BODY DYNAMICS INC.

P.O. BOX 11063

Indianapolis, IN 46201

NOT SOLD TO MINORS

Not for children, elderly, pregnant, those taking other drugs, or those with high blood pressure or thyroid conditions.

Exceeding recommended dose may cause nervousness, sleeplessness or change in heart rate and rhythm. Not to be taken with alcoholic beverages.



VIDEO SALE!

BUY ANY 2 AND GET ONE ABSOLUTELY FREE!!! That's right! You get 3 ROCK-HARD ADULT VIDEOS for less than you'd normally pay for just one! ORDER NOW, and we'll also include our FULL COLOR CATALOG of videos, mags, films, and adult toys! HURRY----quantities are limited!



CANDY'S BEDTIME STORY

Candy Samples, the "48-EE Queen of Sex" has got the BIGGEST, FIRMEST, MOST SUCCULENT knockers in creation! In this cock-stiffening showcase video you'll see Candy do her famous "sweet-throat" blowjob, her 48" melon-massage, and a super-hot tit-fucking that makes her boyfriend gush jism all over her monumental mammaries! Don't miss it! 1 Hour Tape

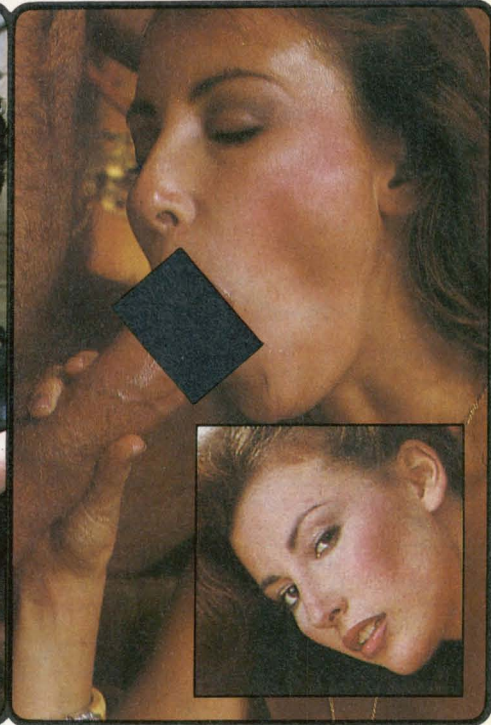
#FVM-33



LITTLE ORAL ANNIE

"Little Oral Annie" is famous for one thing: INCREDIBLE DEEP-THROAT COCK-SUCKING! When you see Annie swallow her lover's huge, fat tool RIGHT DOWN TO THE NUTS AGAIN AND AGAIN, you won't believe your eyes! Order now, and see why they call her "The Crown Princess of Cocksucking!" 1 Hour Tape

#FVM-13



MASQUERADE

Pound-for-pound, petite (98 lb.) LONI SANDERS is the HOTTEST piece of ass in sex films! She absolutely LOVES to have hot sperm squirt on her face! In this video she teams up with superstar BRIDGET MONET and her boyfriend for a CUM-SOAKED 3-WAY sex encounter that'll knock your eyes out! 1 HOUR TAPE

#FVM-7

NOW \$29.95
WERE \$69.95 ea.
ea.
LIMITED OFFER!

SUPER SPECIAL!

BUY 2 GET ONE **FREE!**
ALL \$59.95
ONLY 3 VIDEOS

DIVERSE INDUSTRIES, INC. 7651 Haskell Ave., Van Nuys, Calif. 91406

BUY 2 GET ONE FREE!

PLEASE SPECIFY:

☐ VHS ☐ BETA

- ☐ CANDY'S BEDTIME STORY #AFVM-33 only \$29.95!
- ☐ LITTLE ORAL ANNIE #AFVM-13 only \$29.95!
- ☐ MASQUERADE #AFVM-7 only \$29.95!
- ☐ SUPER SPECIAL: ALL 3 VIDEOS #AFVM-40 only \$59.95!

1. TOTAL PURCHASES.....\$
2. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.....\$
3. Postage, handling, guaranteed delivery insurance...\$ 3.00
4. For Rush Priority (Air Mail, U.P.S.), add \$1.50.....\$
5. TOTAL ENCLOSED (Or Charged).....\$

FREE! with your order, a GIANT Explicit Video Catalog or send \$1 for Catalog alone.



ORDER BY PHONE

24 HRS. A DAY · 7 DAYS A WEEK · MASTERCARD OR VISA ONLY!

(818)365-4593

VISA		ACCOUNT NUMBER		INTERBANK NO. (The number on your Name)	
MasterCard	Exp. Date: Mo. Yr.				

DO NOT ALTER THIS AFFIDAVIT! I DECLARE THAT I AM AN ADULT BEING 19 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER. I desire to receive sexually oriented advertisements in the mail. I have not requested the Post Office Department, or anyone else, to "protect" me against receipt of sexually oriented advertisements. I am not a postal inspector.

MUST BE MINIMUM OF 19 YEARS OLD

Signature _____ Age _____
Print Your Name _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

DIVERSE INDUSTRIES, INC. DEPT. D-586
7651 Haskell Ave., Van Nuys, Calif. 91406

STIMULANTS

LOW DISTRIBUTOR PRICES
AVAILABLE

24 HRS TOLL FREE
VISA • MASTERCHARGE • COD
1-800-547-4447

REGULAR STRENGTH

YELLOW CROSS TABLET
with BLACK SPECKS . . . 100 mg. CAF. 10 mg. BENZ.
SPECIAL PRICES! 500-\$10.00 OR 1000-\$15.00

WHITE HEART TABLET with
GREEN AND BLUE SPECKS 250 mg. CAF.
and 37.5mg PPA

DOUBLE STRENGTH

PINK & BLACK CAPSULE 250 mg. CAF.
and 37.5mg PPA

PURPLE & BLACK CAPSULE 250 mg. CAF.
and 37.5mg PPA

RED & BLACK CAPSULE 250 mg. CAF.
and 37.5mg PPA

TRIPLE STRENGTH

WHITE TABLET with
RED & YELLOW SPECKS 325mg CAF. and 37.5mg PPA

WHITE MOLIE CAPSULE 325mg CAF. and 37.5mg PPA

357 MAGNUM TABLET 325mg CAF. and 37.5mg PPA

DECONGESTANTS

RED CROSS TABLET 25mg ES

SPECIAL PRICES! 500-\$10.00 OR 1000-\$15.00

100 pills	500 pills	1000 pills
\$7.50	\$17.50	\$30.00

5 BOTTLES of 100'S for \$30.00
10 BOTTLES of 100'S for \$50.00

PRODUCTS CONTAIN: Caffeine, Phenylpropanolamine, Ephedrine sulphate, Benzocaine

ADD \$2.00 FIRST CLASS POSTAGE

TO MAIL ORDER, SEND **TRIOXIN™ PRODUCTS**
P.O.Box 534

☐ CHK ☐ M.O. ☐ COD Noblesville, IN 46060

NOT SOLD TO MINORS. It is a violation of Federal laws to make further distribution of these products unless properly labeled. All products are trademarked. Medical purpose for weight loss only. **WARNING:** Not for children, the elderly, pregnant women, those taking other drugs, or those with high blood pressure or thyroid conditions. Exceeding recommended dosage may cause nervousness, sleeplessness, or change in heart rate or rhythm.

JENNIFER'S 415 929-6963



- NO collect callbacks
- ALL major credit cards
- 24 hours

XXX
phoneline

\$25.00

DOMINATION AVAILABLE



*Lets
make love
over the
phone*

Call Wendy
and her
sexy friends

CALL (212)
741-0216
MC/VISA 24 hrs.

STARVING ACTRESS

NEEDS TO EARN

\$

OVER THE PHONE

Ask for **SUSIE -**

**"I'LL MAKE
YOU CUM!"**

FREE Long Distance Call Backs/MC-VISA-AMEX
(818) 789-4150

WANTED! MEN!

Financially
secure women
nationwide
looking for
love / sex!

**1-312-
262-6900**

Linda, Box 300
Kenilworth, IL
60043



WE'RE TWICE AS MUCH FUN!

*"My roommate and I are
looking for an uninhibited
guy with a hard, horny
cock... that's because
we're horny too!"*

Join us
in a sizzling
hot threesome!



415-957-0605



*"Oooh baby, you
surprised me with
your big, stiff dick
in your hand!
C'mon baby, stick
it into Candy's
tight, little
asshole! I want
to ride that
big cock of
yours now!"*

**(213)
934-3123**

CREDIT CARDS



KELLIE'S OF LAS VEGAS

(702) 739-1449

LIVE PHONE SEX
LAS VEGAS GIRLS DO IT BETTER!
24 HRS.

VISA • M.C. • AM. EXP.

NO RESTRICTIONS
OR LIMITATIONS
DOMINANCE



THESE SEX STIMULATORS MAKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ROUTINE PLEASURE AND A FAR-OUT EXPERIENCE THAT'S ABSOLUTELY NOVEL!

ANAL AROUSER



Is that tight little bung-hole a little tough to get into, without a quart of KY and a broken back? Try the ANAL AROUSER - it slips in nice and easy, then by using the bulb you can pump it up, and your partner's asshole opens. It also vibrates, and has a remote control that will quiver your balls while you watch him (or her) squirm with pleasure!

141P

\$15.00

EJACUMATIC



Try it, you'll cream all over it. Made of lifelike latex, it has a little motor built-in that'll shake your socks off! Press the squeeze ball pump and pump up for some real fun. Requires two AA batteries, not included. Prepare for a BLAST!

272D

\$23.00

SLIM-LINE VIBRATOR



This handy little VARIABLE SPEED VIBRATOR delivers BIG, BIG SENSATIONS right where you want them. A solid 6" of sturdy plastic, it's powerful pulsator will DRIVE HER WILD! Small enough to take anywhere and use anywhere—on her CLIT, in her PUSSY, or up the ASS! Cums in RED or BLACK. BATTERIES INCLUDED!

264C 264D **\$6.00 EACH**

BEDROOM TICKLER KIT

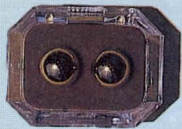


This is a SIX-PAC of penis add-ons (put-ons, too) that'll bring a smile to your face, her face and anyone else watching. Soft, prickly-tickly condom-like sleeves that are KINKY to the look and FUNKY to the feel. Multi-colored, multi-fingered fun.

190B

\$13.00

GOLD BEN WA BALLS

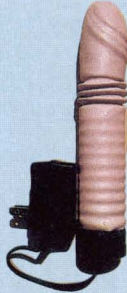


Present it to her in this elegant, cut-glass-style lucite gift case, nestled in red velvet. These sensuous Ben Wa balls will give her the sex secret of the centuries: two heavy metal globes swirling inside her vagina, offering orgasmic delight.

237B

\$10.00

JACK HAMMER



Give her a 110 Volt charge. Just plug this eight-inch electric plunging penis-shaped vibrator into the wall — and watch her climb the walls. Soft-latex covering a ribbed, springy go-getter. Get this and get her going!

266U

\$25.00

PENIS ENLARGER PUMP



The PENIS ENLARGER comes complete with that famous book: "How to Enlarge Your Penis." Make the girls cry — for MORE! Do you dream of gagging Linda Lovelace with your huge dong? Do it to it. It's helped thousands of men, why not you, too?

272A

\$25.00

PLEASURE PECKERS



Six, seven or eight-inch ersatz penises. Strap one on her for that she-male look! Or slide it over your cock and drive her wild with double-dick dreams. This is a lifelike penis that stands rigid yet is soft and supple, hollow inside and LOTS of FUN!

103A 103B 103C

\$6.00 ea.

SUPER POCKET PAL

This will get you off as well as a tight pussy! It vibrates, it clings to your cock, tightens up like a friendly asshole, and squirms like a warm and wet mouth! In the event you haven't a hole to turn to, the "SUPER POCKET PAL" will thrillingly help you out of your horniness!



152H

\$16.00

MAN HANDLER DUKE STUD SUPER STUD



259G 259H 259K 259Y

THE BOLD BUNCH

Put some fun in your sex life! These hot vibrators are the life of the party! Each is flexible, yet strongly-rigid. Natural-shaped and ready for any kinky kind of action you want—or she wants. Left to right: THE MANHANDLER is a 9" dandy that is tough and formidable looking and just the right size for that big, big bang. THE DUKE has an 8" shaft that will tease and tantalize you and your mate to the highest pitch of passion. THE STUD is an 8½" vibrator that might steal the scene, arouse your ardor fast... to the fucking fullest. The Super Stud is 10" of pleasure that will fill up all available holes. Buy all four and add a spice of pleasure to her life.

\$12.00 EACH

ANAL INTRUDER KIT



FOR THE SERIOUS COLLECTOR OF EROTICA WHO'S INTO ANAL FUN! THE ULTIMATE ANAL KIT: The foundation of the fun starts with a 7-inch vibrator, batteries included so you can get right in to action, with your partner's bottom up!

533A

\$25.00

CANDY FANTASY DOLL



Are you in for some FUN! A new process and heavy-duty construction creates CANDY, with exciting new skin textures and enormous firm breasts, hard nipples, open mouth, ready pussy, willing ass. You won't believe it till you feel it, then you'll never let go. GET HER. GET DOWN. GET GOING! She stands 5' tall, blonde, blue-eyed and a real darling!

277 R

\$45.00

ERECT-ALL



What's the worst thing that can happen, when you're SUPER-HORNY, SUPER-HOT, and SUPER-READY for a long night of terrific lovemaking? That's right...you shoot that fantastic load of cum before your beautiful lady has even gotten started! ERECT-ALL has been developed and specially formulated by sex scientists to put the punch back in your penis...and keep it there! Designed to desensitize your dong, you'll be able to fuck all night.

199A

\$6.00

THE "G" SPOT VIBRATOR



Smooth and slightly curved in just the right spot, this soft, latex, flexible vibrator is easy to maneuver into just the "right" position. Battery-operated to run and run for your exclusive pleasure.

403E

\$9.00

5 PIECE COCK RING KIT



COCK RINGS HAVE BEEN USED IN THE ARAB WORLD FOR CENTURIES. Which is why we keep hearing about those Thousand-and-One Arabian Nights! FIVE DIFFERENT COCK RINGS, FIVE SEPARATE DESIGNS, FIVE DIFFERENT PLEASURES. Each ring gives you that SPECIAL LIFT, while providing UNUSUAL STIMULATION for her...like tiny fingers, a wide tongue, a deep probe. Let your imagination run wild, while she CRAWLS THE WALLS. Very much a re-quired aspect of every cocksman's repertoire.

343-L

\$8.00

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-421-7251 DEPT. HU142
FOR VISA OR MASTERCARD USE ONLY

ERIK IMPORTS

2326 Cotner Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90064
Add \$3.00 per order for handling & postage.
Calif. residents add 6½ % Sales Tax.

OFFER VOID IN CANADA

X _____
Signature I certify I am 19 years of age.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Charge my credit card as follows: ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Card No. _____ EXP. _____

<input type="checkbox"/> 141P	\$15.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 272A	\$25.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 259K	\$12.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 272D	23.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 103A	6.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 259Y	12.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 264C	6.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 103B	6.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 533A	25.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 264D	6.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 103C	6.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 277R	45.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 190B	11.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 152H	16.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 199A	6.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 237B	10.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 259G	12.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 403E	9.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 266U	25.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 259H	12.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 343L	8.00

☐ Please send free illustrated brochure.

HORNY?

Phone Sex



*Six Calls
for the
Price of One!*

1-203-886-5501

*Six Calls for
\$30!*

within a 30 day period.

**NOW OPEN
24 HOURS**

We accept MasterCard and
Visa or send Money Order
to:

*Donna's
Phone-Mates*

P.O. Box 466
Norwich, CT 06360

Want To Hear Me
TALK SEXY?



Call For A Free Sample

NEW YORK	DETROIT
(212) 929-5056	(313) 949-6400
WASH., D.C.	SEATTLE
(301) 294-0506	(206) 698-3378



**NO. 1 PHONE FANTASY
SERVICE IN THE USA**

LET'S COME TOGETHER
ON THE TELEPHONE

LORI (212) 307-5570
24 HRS. - MASTER/VISA

STAY ALERT

STIMULANT PRODUCTS



**\$25.00 PER 1,000
\$5.00 FREE GOODS**

- # 1 Blue & Clear Capsule
- # 2 Large Diet Aid Capsule
- # 3 Small Yellow Capsule
- # 4 Little Sweetheart Diet Tablet
- # 5 30/30 Tablet
- # 6 Large Black Capsule
- # 7 Triple Layer Magnum (Longer Acting)
- # 8 Pink Tablet (Heart)
- # 9 Cap-Tan-Sun
- # 10 Magnum Tablet
- # 11 "Love Last" Adult Only Formula
- # 12 Maximum Strength Sleep Aid
- # 13 Green A Clear Capsule
- # 15 20/20 Tablet
- # 16 Small Cross Tablet
- # 17 Mole Capsule
- # 18 Large Red and Black Capsule
- # 19 Large Yellow Capsule
- # 20 Spec Tablet
- # 21 Small Black Capsule

800-645-1441

MON.-FRI. 9:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. (EST)
IN N.Y. (516) 589-1131

CAUTION: Persons under medical care should consult their physician. Products not intended for repackaging or resale.

CALL CHRISTIE

I love to
spread
my ass-
cheeks
and let
you
thrust
your
hard
cock
in me.
I want
it bad!!

MC/VISA/AX

(213) 934-3213



**BONDAGE
BLISS**

FEEL THE
PLEASURE
OF PAIN

CALL YOUR
MISTRESS,
DESIRÉE

305-962-4099

Direct Call-Backs Available Major Credit Cards Accepted

*Private
Moments*

Telephone Fantasies

I'm beautiful,
aggressive,
and demanding...

My affairs are
always very,
very special!

CALL SUSAN
(212)
807-8123

MC/VISA
24 HOURS



ORAL OR ANAL SEX - CALL

"SUGAR LIPS"

**CUM IN MY MOUTH
I LOVE IT!**



(213) 657-4054

VISA/MC/AMEX

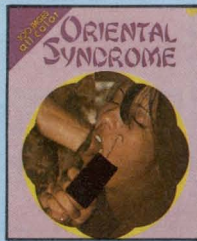
DIRECT CALL BACK
UPON REQUEST

**Full Color
Magazines**

AS LOW AS **99¢** ea. IN QUANTITY

**NO GRAB BAGS
NO SUBSTITUTIONS**

THE EXACT MAGS SHOWN HERE



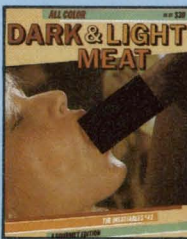
#4508



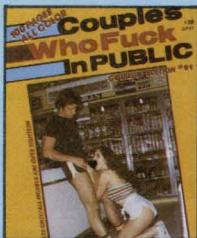
#4509



#4510



#4512



#4513



#4515

Additional Titles

- ☐ #4506: Best of Cum
- ☐ #4507: Ass Masters Special
- ☐ #4511: Big Fuckin' Tits
- ☐ #4514: Girls Who Crave Big Cocks
- ☐ #4516: Girls who Eat Cum
- ☐ #4517: Girls who Take it Up the Ass

PRICES—1 Mag., \$3 • 3 for \$6
6 for \$9 • All 12, only \$11.88 (99¢ EA)

CHECK ITEMS DESIRED, CLIP WHOLE AD, SEND TO:

PERSONAL SERVICE, Dept. HU-107
Box 55093 • Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Name _____

Addr. _____

Zip _____

In Calif. add 6½% sales tax.

Order Total\$_____

Add \$2 postage & handling for up to 6
magazines, \$3 for 7 to 12.

**CALIFORNIA GIRLS
GIVE THE BEST...**



ORAL SEX

**Linda's HOT
TALK**

Phone
Sex

415/626-0994
ALL FETISHES SATISFIED
24 hrs-ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

**MISTRESS
AVA**

Dominatrix

Sexual Punishment
Bondage
Humiliation
Fetishes
Slavery

VISA/MC/AMEX
Ask for FREE Long
Distance Call Back



(213) 652-7442

**THE ULTIMATE IN
ORAL PHONE SEX**



TINA : (212) 245-6222

7 days-24 hours MASTER/VISA only
PRE-PAYMENT: 3 calls for \$100. Send check or
M.O. to P.A. Inc. P.O. Box 1098 N.Y. 10101

"I need to
feel your
hot load
deep
inside
me."

"I'll satisfy
you."

**213
934
4482**

**Call
Lorraine**

**Credit
Cards**

**FREE LIVE
PHONE SEX**

Buy 1 Call, Get 10 Free

■ Live, not a recording ■ Visa / Mastercard accepted ■ Call
anytime, day or night ■ No personal questions asked ■ Talk as
long as you want ■ No hassle, high satisfaction

■ (212) 809-4477

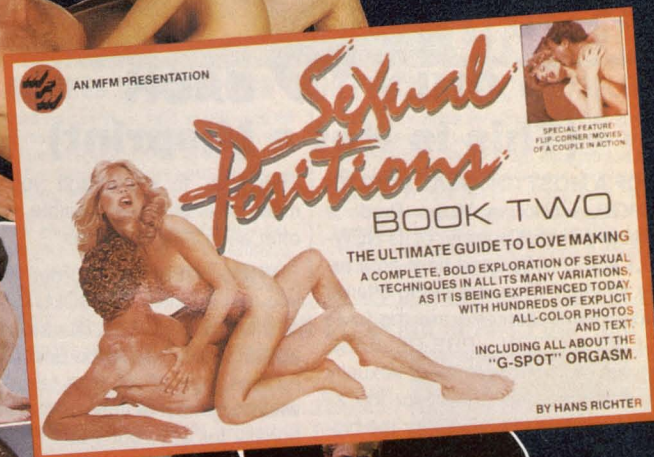
■ (213) 381-3191 ■ (314) 361-7117

MAKE YOUR NIGHT!

GET A FREE VIBRATOR WITH THE NEWEST, HOTTEST SEX GUIDE OF THE 1980's **SEXUAL POSITIONS BOOK TWO**

See it all! Like you've never seen it before! The sexiest gals and guys indulging in every kind of hot, hard and heavy action. Self sex! Group sex! Every act! Every position! Every far-out technique! Boldly, daringly spread before your astonished eyes! Over 200 pages! All in blazing full color! Plus Special Added Feature: **Flip-Corner 'Movies' of couples in ACTION!**

**ORDER NOW! GET A POWERFUL VIBRATOR FREE
WITH "SEXUAL POSITIONS: BOOK TWO" (#9100-2)
FOR ONLY \$14.95.**



**SEX BOOK BONANZA! NOW ONLY \$9.95 EA.
ORDER NOW! BUY ANY THREE - GET ONE FREE!**



ORIGINAL SEXUAL POSITIONS

The biggest selling book of its kind. Over 200 pages of explicit color & black/white photos showing everything. Plus flip-corner 'movies' of a couple in action. (#9100)

JOYS OF MASTURBATION

See every act, device and secret orgasmic pleasure of masturbation exposed in over 280 photos, many in full color. Plus flip-corner 'movies' of a girl getting off. (#9120)

ILLUSTRATED SEXUAL FANTASIES

See every imaginable erotic sexual fantasy vividly spread before your eyes in over 100 revealing photos, many in full color. (#9108)

THE SENSUAL MASSAGE BOOK

A real turn-on to exciting erotic practices. With 'how to' words and hundreds of revealing photos, many in full color. Endorsed by The Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality. (#9119)

INTERCOURSE ILLUSTRATED

A massive full-size book with over 200 up-close explicit photos of every imaginable intercourse act, many in full color. By the noted "good sex" Doctor W. Braun. (#9124)

ENCYCLOPEDIA SEXUALIS

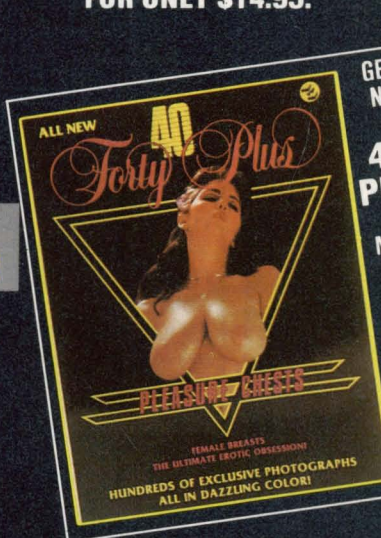
The finest book on sex information for those who want total carnal knowledge of subjects not found elsewhere. Over 120 pages of words and stimulating photos to make you expert in sex. (#9110)

ILLUSTRATED INTERRACIAL SEX

This big 100 page book explicitly reveals men and women of all races engaged in passionate and kinky sex - with hundreds of photos, many in full color. (#9103)

ACTS OF LOVE (WITH TOYS)

See sex like you've never seen it before - as couples use every imaginable adult sex toy in 65 wild and unusual sexual acts. Color photos, explicit drawings and bold text. (#9104)



**GET A FREE BOTTLE OF
NIPPLE LICK'EMS WITH
NEW BIG ALL COLOR
40+ FORTY PLUS
PLEASURE CHESTS**

A FULL-SIZED 100-PAGE
MASTERPIECE WITH HUNDREDS
OF BIG-BREADED BEAUTIES
IN REVEALING POSES.
A collector's dream: The
ultimate definitive pictorial
study of female breasts.

**ORDER NOW! GET NIPPLE
LICK'EMS ABSOLUTELY FREE
WITH "FORTY PLUS" BOOK
(#9102) FOR ONLY \$12.95.**

Please send me the following:

- ☐ SEXUAL POSITIONS: BOOK TWO PLUS FREE VIBRATOR (#9100-02) \$14.95
- ☐ FORTY PLUS PLEASURE CHESTS PLUS FREE NIPPLE LICK'EMS (#9102) \$12.95
- ☐ ANY 3 BOOKS BELOW ONLY \$28.95. PLUS A FREE BOOK OF YOUR CHOICE.
CHECK FOUR SELECTIONS OR ORDER INDIVIDUALLY AT \$9.95 EACH.
- ☐ ORIG. SEXUAL POSITIONS (#9100) \$9.95
- ☐ JOYS OF MASTURBATION (#9120) \$9.95
- ☐ ILLUS. SEXUAL FANTASIES (#9108) \$9.95
- ☐ SENSUAL MASSAGE BOOK (#9119) \$9.95
- ☐ INTERCOURSE ILLUSTRATED (#9124) \$9.95
- ☐ INTERRACIAL SEX BOOK (#9103) \$9.95
- ☐ ENCYCLOPEDIA SEXUALIS (#9110) \$9.95
- ☐ ACTS OF LOVE W/TOYS (#9104) \$9.95

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
SIGNATURE _____
(I am over 18 years old)

TOTAL	
SALES TAX	
P. & H.	\$3.00
TOTAL ENCL.	

☐ Check ☐ M.O.
Please charge to my:
☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA

Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery. No. C.O.D.s.

**MAIL TO: PLEASUREMART
17029 DEVONSHIRE ST., SUITE 155
NORTHridge, CA 91325**

Exp. Date _____

"TO ORDER DIRECT BY PHONE, CALL (818) 764-6002. HAVE VISA/MASTERCARD READY."

PUBLISHERS PROMOTION
FOR NEW CUSTOMERS

**FREE
MAGAZINES!**

NO PURCHASE
NECESSARY



Select 5 magazines FREE (a \$50 to \$60 value)! Just send us your name and address.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CLASSROOM SLUT | <input type="checkbox"/> SISTER — SUCK OFF |
| <input type="checkbox"/> WET SHOTS | <input type="checkbox"/> ASS FUCKED |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SUMMER CAMP WHORE | <input type="checkbox"/> DADDY'S DOLL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CUM EATERS | <input type="checkbox"/> PLAYGROUND BABE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VIRGIN CHERRY | <input type="checkbox"/> THE ZOO SLUT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FAMILY FUN | <input type="checkbox"/> GIANT CLITS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JUNGLE SEX | <input type="checkbox"/> BLACKS AND BLONDES |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> BIKER GANG BANG |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> FIRST MASTURBATION |



Pick any five magazines free. Enclose \$3 postage. Your order will be rushed to you with our giant discount catalog.

ENCLOSE \$3 POSTAGE

■ 24 HOUR SERVICE — ADD \$2

PRIVATE PUBLICATIONS

Box 3572 Dept. 5H Van Nuys, CA 91407

"... his teeth
bit deep in to
her nipple,
while his
hard throbbing
cock pushed
deeper..."

OH!
PLEASE!
TALK TO
ME
KAY

714-476-5000

M/C
VISA
AMEX

Melanie's Phone Affairs



I'm dreaming of a sensuous man who wants to share my intimate secrets. I long for love and passion deep inside. Please call and satisfy me.

(213) 934-4485

MC/VISA/AX

ATTENTION: VIDEO COLLECTORS!
A Public Announcement from California Video Prod.

90 MINUTE XXX-RATED HARDCORE!!

ONLY \$9 EACH
(This is Not a Misprint)

AS PART OF A MOST UNUSUAL PUBLIC-
ITY CAMPAIGN, California Video Prod. is
making available a limited number of its NEW-
EST, UNRELEASED XXX-rated hard-core ero-
tica for only \$9 each. They are being offered
prior to theater distribution and are the LAT-
EST, PRE-PRODUCTION, PRE-RELEASE
video treatments of the hottest, most sexually
explicit screen stories ever slated for the X-
rated market—written & conceived for the big-
gest name stars in the tradition of **Seka, John
Holmes, and Marilyn Chambers.**

THESE ARE NOT SLICED TOGETHER
video treatments with a hodge-podge of in-
complete bits & pieces. These are complete
90-minute stories from start to finish. Each is
separate & individually packaged. WE CERTI-
FY THAT NO MATTER WHAT THE GOVERN-
MENT MAKES US DO TO CENSOR THEM
PRIOR TO DISTRIBUTION, WHAT YOU GET
WILL BE THE ORIGINAL, UNCUT SCRIPT AS
IT WAS MEANT TO BE ENJOYED.

**HOW CAN WE MAKE THIS OFFER AT
THIS PRICE?** It's simple. We're betting that
the excitement generated by this campaign will
pay off later—with huge box-office receipts
and runaway video sales. However, to keep
processing costs down, we must request that
you order at least 3 selections.

BUT THERE IS A CATCH—All we ask in
return for making this adult entertainment
available to you is that you fill out & return the
questionnaire you'll be receiving with your order.
(It needn't be signed.) Your responses to
our questions will be a tremendous help to us
in producing X-rated pictures the public will
want. In fact, **your response** is the whole aim
of this campaign. The more selections you re-
view the more valuable your input becomes.

Therefore, to encourage you to review as
many selections as possible, we are going to
offer an additional bonus.

FREE-FREE If you order all 8 selections,
you will receive, ABSOLUTELY FREE, the
"California Sex Spectacular," our collector's
edition video-tape of the Best of Sex, featuring
no less than 25 of your favorite stars in the
wildest, hottest action you'll ever see. Sold na-
tionally for \$99, but yours FREE for ordering
all 8. **FREE TICKETS**—For each title you
order, you'll receive 2 FREE Souvenir Tickets
to the local theater premiere.

CHOOSE FROM THESE SELECTIONS—

These XXX film treatments were written & con-
ceived for big-name casts in the tradition of stars
like these.

1. "JAMMING IT"—Wild adventures of female
rock group who excels on the "skin flute"!
Seka, John Holmes.
2. "FAST & FURIOUS"—Marilyn Chambers—
stock-car racer with lust in high gear!
3. "CHERRY ORCHARD GIRLS"—2 city girls
get jobs on farm & get their cherries plucked!
Anna Ventura, Pia Snow.
4. "ONE FOOT FROM HEAVEN"—Teacher in-
herits 12-inch candle that turns her into a slut!
Jesie St. James.
5. "SLIPPERY WHEN WET"—Slipping, sliding
adventures of female mud wrestlers. Lisa
DeLeeuw, Rhonda Jo Petty.
6. "LET ME SHOW YOU HOW"—Bridget Mo-
net as private masseuse specializing in mas-
saging "love muscles"!
7. "TIGHT SITUATIONS"—2 wild & sexy girls
compete for the "tightest fit" prize! Annette Ha-
ven, Oral Annie.
8. "ALL THE WAY UP"—Exclusive swinger's
club headquartered in elevator of a high-rise!
Veronica Hart, Eric Edwards.

APPLICATION / SURVEY FORM

<p>TO OBTAIN YOUR SELECTIONS: You must fill out & re- turn this application and survey form. Photo- copies will not be accepted.</p> <p>PRICES: Any 3 selections - \$27 Four - \$36 • Five - \$45 Six - \$54 • Seven - \$63 All 8 selections - \$72</p> <p>LIMITED OFFER ONE TIME ONLY Re-orders cannot be accepted. Limit of 8 selections per house- hold.</p>	<p>Please make your selections below. (Minimum of 3, please.)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> JAMMING IT <input type="checkbox"/> FAST AND FURIOUS <input type="checkbox"/> CHERRY ORCHARD GIRLS <input type="checkbox"/> ONE FOOT FROM HEAVEN <input type="checkbox"/> SLIPPERY WHEN WET <input type="checkbox"/> LET ME SHOW YOU HOW <input type="checkbox"/> TIGHT SITUATIONS <input type="checkbox"/> ALL THE WAY UP</p> <p>I own a: <input type="checkbox"/> VHS <input type="checkbox"/> BETA <input type="checkbox"/> Yes! I qualify for the BONUS videotape.</p> <p>Age: _____ Sex: _____ Date: _____ Canadian residents remit in U.S. funds. PLEASE ADD CORRECT SALES TAX</p>
--	--

CALIFORNIA VIDEO PRODS. Dept. 5015
9903 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90212

Gentlemen: Rush items indicated. I enclose \$ _____
☐ Check ☐ M.O. as payment in full.

POSTAGE & HANDLING: You must add \$1 for EACH
selection you request. **NO C.O.D.**

YOU MUST READ & SIGN THIS:
I declare I am an adult of at least 18 years of age, interested in
receiving sexually-oriented material for use in my own home. I
promise not to copy or duplicate this material.

Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____



I'll show you

THE WORLD'S FIRST "NO HANDS" MALE MASTURBATOR UNDER \$35

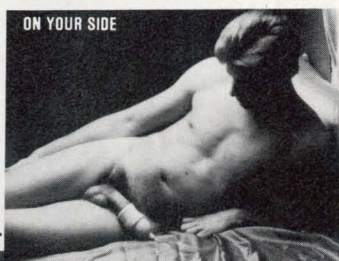
STROKES UP AND DOWN YOUR PENIS . . . ALL BY ITSELF!

Once you've introduced your penis — hard or soft — to the incredible new Oro-Simulator, your hands never touch your cock! The ingenious remote activator does all the work for you! All by itself, the Oro-Simulator slides wetly, slickly up and down, dances enticingly back and forth, even screws crazily, wildly, round and round! No hand, no mouth, or few pussies could ever mold themselves as intimately, or cling so completely to your cock! Nothing but the specially designed Oro-Simulator could wrap itself around your penis like your very own second skin — stimulating simultane-

ously every single sensitive nerve ending anywhere and everywhere on your cock! The sensation is absolutely unbelievable — like the best blow job and the wildest fuck you've ever had or ever imagined, both recreated all over again, all at once and at the same time! The "no-hands" Oro-Simulator goes to work immediately and when the time comes to climax you'll have the most soul shattering, nerve rending, hotly spasming explosion of unbridled sexual ecstasy you've had in years!

SOFT OR HARD — KEEPS ON STROKING IN ANY POSITION! EVEN WHILE YOU CHANGE POSITION!

Once you've put your Oro-Simulator on your penis, it stays on and keeps working. Change from one position to another...the Oro-Simulator doesn't care. It continues to cling, hot and wet, gliding silkily up and down, stroking with ever maddening intensity back and forth until your vision blurs with total excitement and your balls are screaming to let go! Unlike a mouth or pussy the Oro-Simulator never lets go, never gets tired, never gives up, never stops moving, unless you want it to! The pleasure is relentless, ever increasing, all consuming — at precisely the speed, motion and position that feels best for you!



ON YOUR SIDE



ON YOUR BACK



STANDING



KNEELING



SITTING

AN INCREDIBLE BARGAIN!

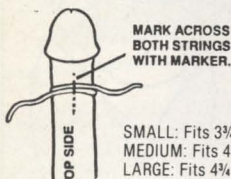
We know of only one other masturbator that frees the hands from the penis and works by remote control like the Oro-Simulator. This other unit costs from \$400 to a full \$900 depending upon the model. The Oro-Simulator was originally figured to be very competitive at around \$100. We are sure you will see Oro-Simulator offered elsewhere at \$69.95. We are pleased we can now rush one to you for the all inclusive price of \$39.95! So, for the same price or less than clumsy, old fashioned battery or electrically operated, hands-on masturbators, you can now own and enjoy the one and only Oro-Simulator.

- "No Hands" Action!
- No Batteries!
- Built-in Power Supply!
- Stays on Your Penis in Any Position!
- Fits on Hard or Soft Penis!
- Completely Portable!
- Cleans Up in a Minute!

only **\$34.95**

ACCURATE MEASUREMENTS ARE IMPORTANT

Measure your penis at full erection. Wrap a piece of string around your erection about one inch from the head. Overlap the string so that you can mark both sides. Lay string on ruler and check the measurement. NOTE: If your measurement is on the border line ORDER THE LARGER SIZE.



MARK ACROSS
BOTH STRINGS
WITH MARKER.

SMALL: Fits 3 3/4" to 4 1/2"
MEDIUM: Fits 4 1/4" to 4 3/4"
LARGE: Fits 4 3/4" to 5 1/4"

Mail to: **IMPORTANT PIECES Dept. 5015**
P.O. Box 35445 • Los Angeles, CA 90035

Gentlemen: Please RUSH me ___ ORO-SIMULATOR(S) @ \$34.95 each
plus \$3 postage & handling (total \$37.95)

select one ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

I have enclosed \$_____ ☐ Check ☐ M.O.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I enclose \$5 to cover
additional postage & handling only.

For **FASTER** service include correct postage & zip code
Canadian residents remit in U.S. funds

NAME (Print) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE/ZIP _____

Calif. residents add 6 1/2% sales tax • use ZIP code

the ORIGINAL . . . The one and only

SUPRA 10

OVER
1/2
MILLION
SATISFIED
CUSTOMERS!

the **PENIS ENLARGEMENT METHOD**
that **POSITIVELY**

GUARANTEES

**YOUR PENIS WILL GAIN 3 TO 4 INCHES
IN JUST 2 DAYS . . . OR YOUR MONEY
IS FULLY REFUNDED!**

BEFORE



AFTER



NOTE THE
INCREASE IN
DIAMETER AND
THE DRAMATIC
INCREASE IN
LENGTH OF
53% — MORE
THAN 3 FULL
INCHES.

Throw away those messy creams, weights and vacuum devices! Now with **SUPRA 10** you will reach maximum dimensions — this simple, natural way! The **SUPRA 10** method will prosthetically make your penis **3, even 4 inches longer**, also **thicker and firmer**. It will also help in the control of premature ejaculation. You simple **CAN'T LOSE**, because the **SUPRA 10** is **GUARANTEED TO WORK!** Here is your chance to overcome the problems and insecurities of a penis that is too small. Gain self-confidence and your ability to satisfy women will sky rocket! Join the half-million men who have solved their penis size problems! The original **SUPRA 10** is regularly \$30.

***** GUARANTEE *****
You must gain at least 2
inches or your money will
be refunded.

INTRODUCTORY PRICE

\$19.95

complete
plus \$3 for postage

Send \$22.95 to: **SUPRA SALES Dept. 5015**
P.O. Box 64748 • Los Angeles, CA 90064

10 INCH PENIS

**IS NOW POSSIBLE...AND
IT'S GUARANTEED!**

only
\$6.95
complete

**NO MATTER WHAT SIZE YOU ARE
NOW...YOU WILL GAIN UP TO 4
INCHES, NOT IN 6 WEEKS... BUT
WITHIN 48 HOURS...AND IT'S
GUARANTEED!**

That's right! If you are 6 inches when erect we **guarantee** to make your penis up to **4 inches longer** also **thicker and firmer**. You no longer need pills, drugs or weights. The **TENSOR** is the simple, natural way to prosthetically increase your penis to it's maximum dimensions. It will also help control premature ejaculation. The **TENSOR** does all this and we **GUARANTEE IT!** Now being sold exclusively by mail.

The regular price is \$19.95 only **\$6.95**
Special Customized Heavy Duty Model
only \$9.95

Mail to: **HOLMES & ASSOC. Dept. 5015**
P.O. Box 64748, Los Angeles, CA 90064

**I'm all alone.
Can you help me?**



24 Hrs.
MC/VISA

214/264-6633

BI-SEXUAL MAGAZINES

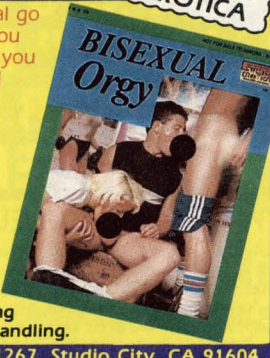
EXPLICIT Action From SWEDISH EROTICA

2 Guys & 1 Gal go at it in ways you never thought you would see. Full 8½ x 11" size, 100% Glossy Color.

☐ THIS EXACT BI-MAG\$7
☐ 3 OTHER BI-MAGS, OUR CHOICE ..\$16
☐ BOTH, ONLY \$21.

Add 50¢ per mag for postage & handling.

MARK'S, Box 1267, Studio City, CA 91604



A FANTASTIC FANTASY CONNECTION!
 1-800-922-7825
 Mich. and Canada
 1-313-669-4511

A creative sexy girl of your dreams will call you back immediately for a romantic experience of anything your **HARD** desires.



MC/VISA Put a little **JOY** in your life!

Call Mistress Marlene

I DARE YOU TO ENTER MY DUNGEON AND SUBMIT TO THE PLEASURE OF MY PUNISHMENT.

305-981-1011
 MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ONLY



Call ANAL ALICE

CUM in my REAR - I LOVE IT!



MC/VISA/AE - FREE long-distance call backs
(818) 506-8824

**Serve Me Right—
or
ELSE!!**



Phone sex

MISTRESS MARGO
 24 HOURS
 MC/VISA
 DIRECT CALLS

(212) 245-6222

Pandora's Box

NEW YORK'S HOTTEST PHONE FANTASIES
 24 Hour Service

I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT ANYTHING!

FREE CALL BACK

VS/MC/AMEX OR PRE-PAY

212/517-3958

MEN AVAILABLE ON REQUEST



- * 7 Days - 24 Hours
- * MC/VISA
- * Thousands Satisfied
- * More Phone Lines
- * More Sexy Girls

Discreet and Sensual!
 Call with any phone request, someone hot and sexy will immediately return your call — TOLL FREE!

The Original! And Still #1
Fantasy Phone®

TOLL FREE — 950-1088
After New Tone — 69-00-69
 (For Tone Phones, Metro - USA Areas)

OR TRY
1-800-521-7008
 (For USA Outside Michigan)

Our phone number won't appear on your phone bill (your phone number will appear on our bill).

If busy try again . . . or call
1 (313) 543-8500 (Not Toll Free)
 If In Canada - Only Use This.



MAJESTIC SALES 100% GUARANTEE! EVERY MAGAZINE, FILM AND VIDEO SHOWS COMPLETE INSERTION, ORAL, VAGINAL OR ANAL SEX OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

★ SATISFYING 1/2 MILLION CUSTOMERS FOR ALMOST 15 YEARS. ★ AUTHORIZED DISTRIBUTOR FOR SWEDISH EROTICA, GOURMET AND OTHER MAJOR PUBLISHERS AND PRODUCERS.

★ LOW PRICES — HIGHEST QUALITY — FAST SERVICE!

MAGAZINES

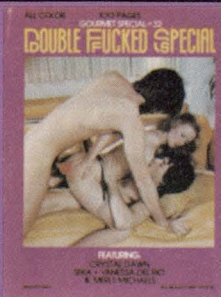
Page after page of blistering hot wet sex, fucking and sucking — guaranteed to keep you cumming!



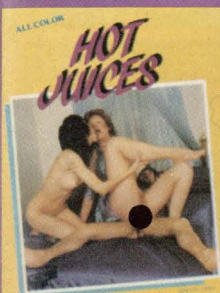
- A1. ANAL**
A2. 2 other Anal mags (our choice)
A3. All 3 mags



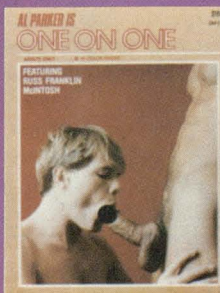
- B1. BI-SEXUAL**
B2. 2 other Bi-Sexual mags (our choice)
B3. All 3 mags



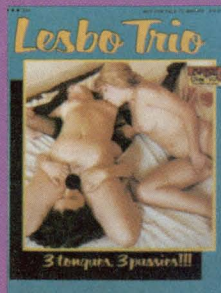
- D1. DOUBLE FUCK**
D2. 2 other Double Fuck mags (our choice)
D3. All 3 mags



- G1. GROUP SEX**
G2. 2 other Group Sex mags (our choice)
G3. All 3 mags



- H1. GAY**
H2. 2 other Gay mags (our choice)
H3. All 3 mags



- L1. LESBIAN**
L2. 2 other Lez mags (our choice)
L3. All 3 mags



- F1. FAT MAMMA'S**
F2. 2 other Fat mags (our choice)
F3. All 3 mags



- O1. COCKSUCKERS**
O2. 2 other Cocksucking mags (our choice)
O3. All 3 mags



- P1. PREGNANT FUCKS**
P2. 2 other Pregnant mags (our choice)
P3. All 3 mags



- S1. INTERRACIAL**
S2. 2 other Interracial mags (our choice)
S3. All 3 mags



- T1. SHE-MALE**
T2. 2 other She-Male mags (our choice)
T3. All 3 mags



- Y1. YOUNG**
Y2. 2 other Young Sex mags (our choice)
Y3. All 3 mags

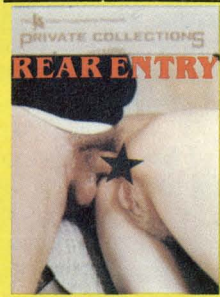
3-WAY GUARANTEE!

1. Each magazine is in color.
2. Each magazine is 32 pages or more.
3. Each magazine is 8 1/2 X 11

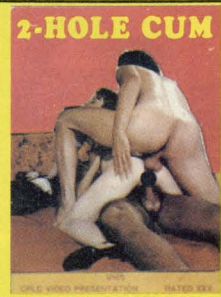
All magazines \$15 to \$17.50 cover price
Our price \$7 each — Any 3 for \$18
Any 6 for \$33 — 7 or more add \$5 each mag.

VIDEO

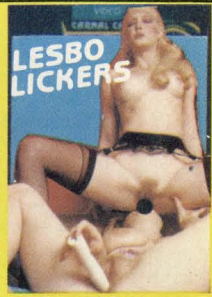
Full length 1 hour video tapes!
New movies loaded with cum - dripping action!



- V1. ANAL**
Watch these girls bend over and take it deep inside their tight asses.



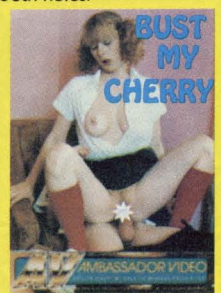
- V2. DOUBLE PENETRATION**
She makes them both cum at the same time. The juices overflowed from filling both holes.



- V3. LESBIAN**
Watch these girls please other girls with their tongues and anything they can get their hands on.



- V4. INTER-RACIAL**
His long thick black rod pushed deep into her tight blonde pussy. She begged for more after each climax.



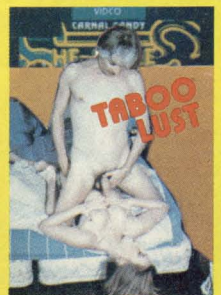
- V5. YOUNG STUFF**
Virgins cry out for stiff cock. The older men give them what they crave for.



- V6. MASTURBATION**
Lonely girls without men use fingers and dildos to masturbate themselves to juicy cums.



- V7. ORAL SEX**
If getting good head is your favorite, watch these cum thirsty honeys beg for the white love juice.



- V8. HOUSE PARTY**
At home, she enjoys the birthday party with the cake and cookies. That night he tasted his girls virgin cookies.



- V9. CUM SHOTS**
See thick throbbing penis's empty their nuts and shoot cum all over their pretty faces, pussy and ass.

We guarantee each video is an individual one-hour tape, approx. 60 min. or longer in color and sound.

Each 1-hour video is packed in its own separate box.

\$29 EACH — 2 OR MORE \$24 EACH!

MAJESTIC SALES

Consumer Dept. 5-H
Box 3531, Van Nuys, Ca 91407

Name _____

Address _____

City, State/Zip _____

- ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☐ Mastercard ☐ Visa

Card # _____

Exp. Date _____

PLEASE CIRCLE SELECTIONS

A1	A2	A3	B1	B2	B3
D1	D2	D3	G1	G2	G3
H1	H2	H3	L1	L2	L3
F1	F2	F3	O1	O2	O3
P1	P2	P3	S1	S2	S3
T1	T2	T3	Y1	Y2	Y3
MAGAZINES					
\$ _____					
Total Mags					
VIDEO <input type="checkbox"/> VHS <input type="checkbox"/> BETA					
V1	V2	V3	V4	V5	
V6	V7	V8	V9		
\$ _____					
Total Video					

Total Purchase \$ _____

Add \$3 postage & handling \$3.00

Add correct tax \$ _____

Total amount enclosed

or charged \$ _____

SIGNATURE — I am over 19 and wish to receive sexually oriented material.

FREE CATALOG WITH ORDER



Bad Girls

TALK DIRTY TO US CALL RENE & LUCY
305-983-4555
 ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS... 24 HR CALL-BACKS



INNOCENT FUN!

(1-312-274-9600)

CLUB NICE · BOX 345
KENILWORTH, IL 60043
 DIRECT CONTACTS · NO CODED ADS
CALL 24 HRS. A DAY



MISTRESS KATRINA

ANAL WORSHIP
 DOMINATION
 SEXUAL TORTURE
 EXOTIC PAIN
 SLAVERY

DIRECT CALL
 BACK UPON REQUEST

VISA M/C AMEX

(818) 506-8824

Sweet Girls

Waiting for you!

Call Mary
 for Names,
 Addresses,
 Phone Numbers
 IN YOUR AREA!

P.O. Box 345,
 Kenilworth, IL 60043

1-312-274-9600



FEEDBACK

(continued from page 6)

sexy women and the best cartoons in the business. Back in the April '85 issue several assholes were bitchin' about the cartoons. Well, to all of you who bitched about them, if you can't take a joke, fuck you! Please don't change the cartoons. I'm sure a lot of other HUSTLER readers feel the same way.

—J. H.
 Maurice, Louisiana

I like your cartoons. They're disgusting, tasteless and downright gross. I guess that means I'm a rotten son of a bitch and that I get to burn in hell. Oh, well, life's a bitch and twice on Sundays.

I'm just glad my folks let me find out about religion on my own and didn't force it on me. Let's face facts. The shit's nothing but a tool of oppression.

—E. B.
 San Quentin, California

I will start off by saying that your magazine is a disgrace to people who have respect for themselves and who respect the world and the God who made it possible for all of us to have what we do. My boyfriend bought your December '85 issue a few days ago and, as we were looking through it, we came upon your cartoon of our God being nailed to the cross with your so-called little joke.

"It's only a job," the caption read. I guess you were telling people that they can do anything—molest children, kill people, destroy our world or whatever as long as it's their job to do it. I just want you to know that your cartoon made me sick and furious as hell. Whoever was responsible for it should sit down and do some hard thinking and praying because people with that much lack of respect will never know how wonderful God and this world is.

—A Very Disgusted Reader
 Cross Plains, Tennessee

You should direct your anger at the people who use that excuse to commit foul deeds, not at us for exposing them. Look up satire in the dictionary. Incidentally, we wonder about people who list child molestation and world destruction as "jobs."

TAKING STOCK:

After reaching what appeared to be your peak—late in 1984 and early 1985—HUSTLER has steadily declined in all aspects except one: advertisements. *Beaver Hunt*, *Mail-Order Feedback*, etc., have diminished or disappeared for what seems to be more ads. *Hot Letters* is a ridiculous waste of space. Your pictorials are generally not as erotic as they used to be, concentrating now on "photographic art." HUSTLER used to be innovative and extremely erotic. What happened? For pure

"sex shots," *Club* has exceeded you. Even *Penthouse* sometimes eclipses your magazine. I would like HUSTLER to be No. 1 again. Is this my imagination, or do you acknowledge a slip?

—Name Withheld by Request
 Sherman Oaks, California

I have been a fan and supporter of your fine magazine for many years. HUSTLER has dared to do what other magazines are scared to do, which is to tell the truth. The reason I'm writing is that I'm wondering what ever became of several columns that are no longer in HUSTLER. I miss Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement*. Also your *Advice & Consent* column and *Mail-Order Feedback*. I hope to be seeing them again in the near future.

—Dave
 Scranton, Pennsylvania

Moving ahead means making changes and doing things differently. Rest assured that whenever we drop a column from HUSTLER, it's in order to make room for something even more exciting, keeping our magazine the best.

GETTING THEIR LICKS IN:

I read your *Hot Letters* aloud often while my boyfriend licks my pussy. And I would like to say that I really love HUSTLER. It has literally changed me. I really hope you print this letter in *Feedback* because I would like everyone to know how useful HUSTLER really is. It gives sex a whole new meaning.

—T. D.
 Siskiyou County, California

Your magazine shows the genitals of both sexes to bring pleasure and ecstasy, and that is exactly the reason they were made that way. Also, I want to congratulate Larry Flynt for standing up to television preachers who exploit the Lord for their own financial gain. When it comes to Judgment Day, they will have to come up with some answers, not you.

—The Prophet of the Lord
 Address Withheld by Request

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly printed) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



CORRECTION

In the March '86 *Bits and Pieces*, Publisher Larry Flynt was shown celebrating his 43rd birthday with two exotic dancers from Body Language in Los Angeles. The phone number (213-650-9952) was correct, but the firm's name was incorrect. We regret any inconvenience this may have caused.

**Suck
FEST**

**LESBIAN
HEAT**

**THE RETURNING
ANAL
BABES**

**HOLLYWOOD
SECTS**

**LESBIAN
LOVE**

TIT CREAMER

**PLEASURES
GIRLS**

WAY FUCK

Virgin ASS

**HOT CHILLY
ORGASMS**

60 MIN.VIDEO's only \$5⁰⁰ Each In Quantity

APPROXIMATELY 10 HOURS of TOTAL PROGRAM VIEWING TIME
**GUARANTEED: All Color, All Hardcore, Brand New, Famous Stars,
Not Cut Up Preview Tapes — Or Your Money Back!!!**

PRICES ☐ One for \$15 ☐ Five for \$30 ☐ Ten for \$50

CIRCLE YOUR SELECTIONS

- V-1: Tracy Lords, Christy Canyon, Chuck Martin
- V-2: Cody Nicole, Cara Lott, Rico Vespa
- V-3: Kay Parker, Eric Edwards, Gina Valentino
- V-4: Ron Jeremy, Kim Carson, Amber Lynn
- V-5: Herchel Savage, Tiffany Clark
- V-6: Lisa Deelee, Richard Gore, Rosemary
- V-7: Raven, Laurie Smith, Craig Roberts
- V-8: Tina Marie, Linda Shaw, Mark Wallace
- V-9: Tamara Longley, John Michele
- V-10: Tracy Donovan, Rocky Rome

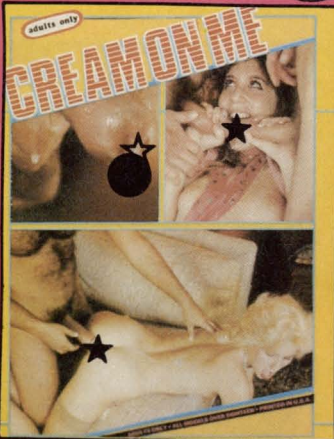
Rush Items Indicated. I enclose \$ _____ plus \$3 P&H
☐ Money Order ☐ Check ... as payment in full. Canadians remit in U.S. funds.
— No foreign C.O.D.'s —
☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$5 extra, plus \$3 P&H
Please Specify ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Send To: **DISCOUNT VIDEO DISTRIBUTORS** Dept. A-56
664 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
SUITE 1010-2M40
CHICAGO, IL 60611

Name _____
Address/Apt. # _____
City _____ State/Zip _____
Signature/Age/Date _____
I am over 19 yrs. of age & request this material

**FULL SIZE
MAGAZINES
8 1/2 X 11
All Color-All Hardcore
Guarantee!!!**

Only
99¢
Each In
Volume



16 Assorted Titles Available

- ☐ Any One @ \$6
- ☐ Any Three @ \$9
- ☐ Any Ten @ \$12
- ☐ All Sixteen Just \$16

Use Entire Ad To Order • Check Prices & Selections

Send To: **KINGSIZE PUBLICATIONS** Dept. A-56
P.O. Box M-827 - Gary, IN 46401-0827

Rush Items I enclose \$ _____ plus \$3 P&H
☐ Money Order ☐ Check ... as payment in full.
Canadians remit in U.S. funds — No foreign C.O.D.'s —
☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$5 extra, plus \$3 P&H

Name _____
Address/Apt. # _____
City _____ State/Zip _____
Signature/Age/Date _____
I am over 19 yrs. of age & request this material

Hardcore Video's
all 5 for \$19⁹⁵
VALUED AT \$35" EACH
SAVINGS OF OVER \$155"

Appr. 60 Mins. Each, All Color, Brand New
Programs. Sync Sound with Musical Score — Or
Your Money Back!!!



☐ **ALL**
Five Videos
Only \$19.95.
Plus P&H.
Appr. Five
Hours Total
Viewing Time

Send To: **STARLITE VIDEO** Dept. A-56
P.O. Box 10935 - Merrillville, IN 46411

Rush Items Indicated. I enclose \$ _____ plus \$3 P&H
☐ Money Order ☐ Check ... as payment in full.
Canadians remit in U.S. funds — No foreign C.O.D.'s —
☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$5 extra, plus \$3 P&H
Please Specify ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Name _____
Address/Apt. # _____
City _____ State/Zip _____
Signature/Age/Date _____
I am over 19 yrs. of age & request this material

**Big
Full
Color
Hard
Core
Mags
only
90¢**



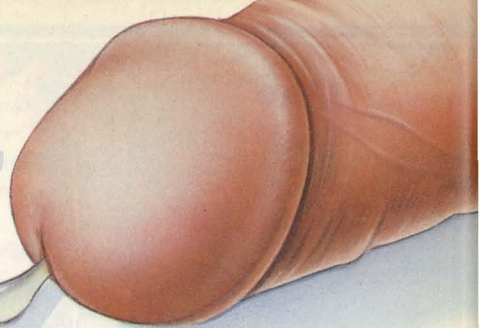
Each When Pur-
chasing All Twelve
Full credit on future
purchases if not
delighted.
Discount Prices
☐ Any One @ \$6
☐ Any Four @ \$9
☐ All Twelve
ONLY \$10.80

Send To: **TOPCO PUBLICATIONS** Dept. A-56
P.O. Box 5460 - Chicago, IL 60680-5460

Rush Items Indicated. I enclose \$ _____ plus \$3 P&H
☐ Money Order ☐ Check ... as payment in full.
Canadians remit in U.S. funds — No foreign C.O.D.'s —
☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$5 extra, plus \$3 P&H

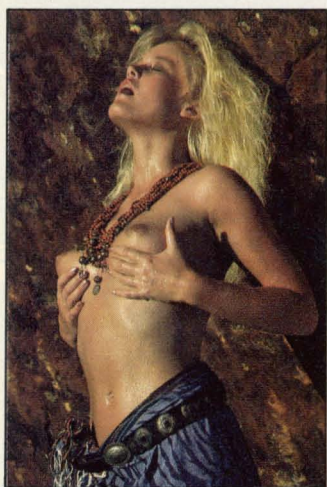
Name _____
Address/Apt. # _____
City _____ State/Zip _____
Signature/Age/Date _____
I am over 19 yrs. of age & request this material

Coming



NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER®

June issue on sale April 22, 1986



LIP SERVICE

Better-looking women than you ever dreamed possible make the June '86 HUSTLER a real collector's item. We've got an exclusive photo-spread on a French porn star, a true femme fatale who shows why Paris sizzles. Our centerfold is a tantalizing young thing who visits a shipwreck in Mexico, but spends most of her time exploring herself. A couple of lusty ladies get hot and bothered on a river ride, but find a great way of cooling each other off. Finally, after a wild party a horny guy finds himself with a drunken bimbo on his hands—but a golden champagne shower helps sober them both up.

THE HARD FACTS

New hope for physically impotent men comes in the form of penile-implant technology. Sex and family counselor William Duff, Ph.D., reveals the latest methods and their astonishing rate of success. No matter how cocksure you may be at the moment, now is the ideal time to bone up on this fascinating new science.

BOSS OF THE ROAD

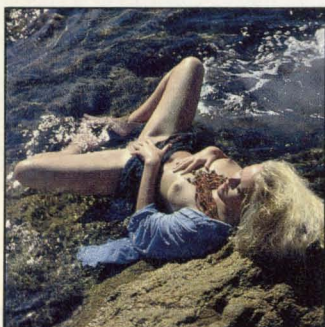
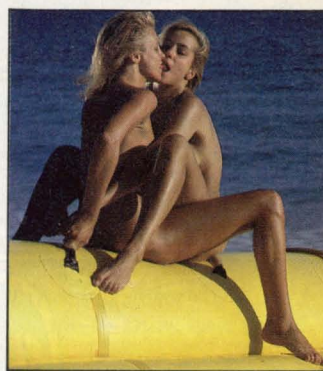
Get the lowdown on *The Superbikes of '86*. HUSTLER Associate Editor Michael Levine shows the sexy appeal and pickup quality of today's macho motorcycles in a special photo-report. Get the roar and rumble of roadbikes between your legs.

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH

When Jason meets Heather, a sex-starved love kitten hiking through the mountains, it seems like a dream-come-true. But the dream soon turns into a nightmare of wilderness survival when Heather's psychotic ex-husband comes after the both of them in *The Green-Eyed Hiker*, riveting fiction by Roney Clark.

AND MORE...

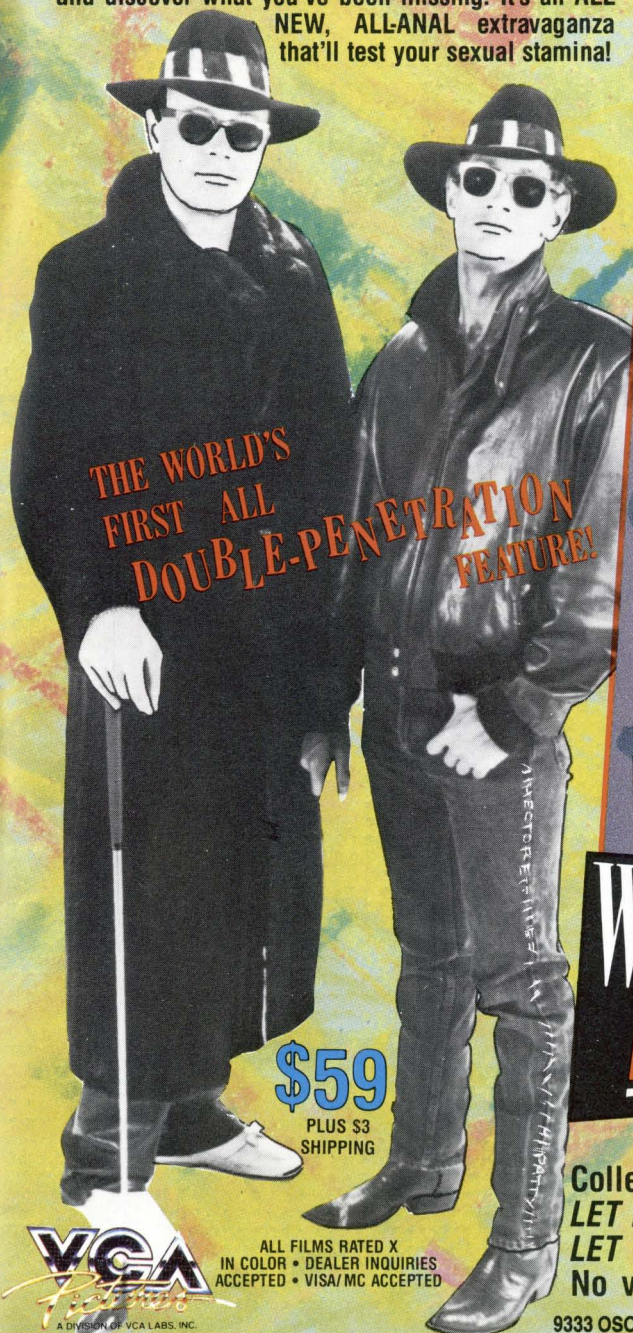
Sizzling *Hot Letters*, ball-busting *Bits and Pieces*, outrageous cartoons, fresh cooze in *Beaver Hunt*, the latest fuck flicks in *HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment*... HUSTLER delivers like nobody else.



PORN IS DEAD!

Long Live the Dark Bros.

Porn, as we know it, is dead. The infamous DARK BROS. have reshaped the history of erotic cinema by breathing new life into its stagnant cesspool of tired, moldy ideas. If you haven't discovered this for yourself, check out the DARK BROS.' latest masterpiece, *WHITE BUNBUSTERS*, and discover what you've been missing! It's an ALL-NEW, ALL-ANAL extravaganza that'll test your sexual stamina!



THE WORLD'S
FIRST ALL
DOUBLE-PENETRATION
FEATURE!

\$59

PLUS \$3
SHIPPING



ALL FILMS RATED X
IN COLOR • DEALER INQUIRIES
ACCEPTED • VISA/MC ACCEPTED

starring

KELLI RICHARDS

JENNIFER NOXT

ERICA BOYER

PENNY MORGAN

SHANNA McCULLOUGH

DICK RAMBONE

WHITE

B · U · N · B · U · S · T · E · R · S



SEE COUPON ON PAGE 25.

Collect all the DARK BROS.' erotic epics: *NEW WAVE HOOKERS*, *LET ME TELL YA 'BOUT WHITE CHICKS*, *BETWEEN THE CHEEKS*, *LET ME TELL YA 'BOUT BLACK CHICKS*, and *BLACK THROAT*. No video collection is complete without them.

9333 OSO AVE., DEPT. HU5-6C • CHATSWORTH, CA 91311-6089 • 1-800-458-4336 • IN CA. 1-818-993-5858

"YOU'VE
NEVER
SEEN A
MOVIE
LIKE THIS!"

RATED SEX

"YOU'LL
NEVER
FORGET IT
EITHER!"

"FOR THOSE WHO WANT MORE THAN 'X'!"

Starring
The DELICIOUS
DUO Of

KARI FOXX
And
MAI LIN

Featuring
FRANCIOSE PAPILLION
TIFFANI DuPONTE
JERRY BUTLER
TOM BYRON
LIZ RANDALL
MIKE HORNER

LOOK FOR HYAPATIA LEE'S
NEWEST, NASTIEST RELEASE
"THE RED GARTER"
SLIP IT ON SOON!

SEND FOR OUR FULL COLOR CATALOG TODAY, ONLY \$5.95 EACH.
MAIL TO WONDERFUL WORLD OF MAIL ORDER, P.O. BOX 1055, NORTHRIDGE, CA. 91324

'INVEST IN THE BEST'

ESSEX
VIDEO

© MCMLXXXVI,
ESSEX DISTRIBUTING, INC.